A DAILY HYMN BOOK

VOICE-PARTS PUBLISHED SEPARATELY

St. Mary's Hospital
School of Nursing.

A DAILY HYMN BOOK

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A DAILY HYMN BOOK

CONTAINING

384 ENGLISH AND LATIN HYMNS

WITH A PREFACE BY

His Eminence Cardinal BOURNE

(VOICE-PARTS PUBLISHED SEPARATELY)

NIHIL OBSTAT

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Censor deputatus

IMPRIMATUR

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Vic. Gen.

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THIS
BOOK OF HYMNS
IS
HUMBLY AND LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO
OUR BLESSED LADY
KNOWING THAT IN THE SWEET
KINDNESS OF HER MATERNAL HEART
SHE WILL GENTLY PARDON ALL ITS
DEFECTS, AND REGARD ONLY THE
LOVE WITH WHICH IT HAS BEEN
COMPILED AND THE DESIRE TO GIVE
PRAISE, GLORY AND HONOUR
TO
HER DIVINE SON AND
TO
HERSELF

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION
AUGUST 15th 1931

PREFACE

BY

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BOURNE

I have been asked to write a few words of introduction to 'A Daily Hymn Book'. I do so with some hesitation as I have no competence to express an opinion on its musical value, and I content myself with the valuable assurances which I have received on this point. But apart from this essential qualification of its merits I gladly make welcome a Hymn Book which shall be really for 'daily' use, and enable both parochial congregations and religious communities to give harmonious vocal expression to the thoughts which are in their hearts as the seasons and festivals of the Church recur each year. They have not found it easy to do so in the past. A few hymns, not always congruously chosen, have done service on many occasions. By wisely drawing on the liturgical treasures of the Church the compilers of the new Hymn Book have made provision for all the changing circumstances of the ecclesiastical year. This is the first service which they are rendering.

Indirectly they may help us to overcome another difficulty, and to remove a cause of reproach. Hymn-singing, much appreciated by people in England generally, has not yet found its real natural development in our Churches. There are obvious reasons for this. The Mass is the essential part of the worship of Christ's Church, and hymn-singing is no necessary adjunct. Unless duly chosen and ordered it may become a hindrance and not a help to worship, even at a Mass largely attended by children. Again only a well-trained, well-prepared congregation can take part in the singing of the hymns of the liturgical offices of the Church. Thus we can have the most complete worship without hymn-singing in the popular sense ever entering into it. It must in consequence always hold a subordinate place in Catholic worship. Yet there are numerous non-liturgical occasions when a hymn is the normal expression of an Englishman's devotion. Unless he sing he is at a loss how adequately to express his religious emotions.

I find, therefore, in the new Hymn Book an earnest call to a fuller appreciation of the position which singing ought to acquire among us. We need better, heartier, more general, more judicious singing in many of our Churches, precisely in those non-liturgical services which are now universal. There are numerous Churches also in which, little by little, by patient teaching and encouragement, the faithful could be led to participate more fully in the actual liturgical worship of the Church. Midway between these two avenues of hymn-singing development there is happily an increasing use of liturgical hymns in the non-liturgical services. Experience has demonstrated the very special appeal which such hymns make to the devotion of the people. They grow to like them more and more; they never tire of them; they are always glad to hear them again. May the new Hymn Book accomplish all these very useful purposes.

Feast of SS. Philip and James,
May 1st, 1932.

FRANCIS CARDINAL BOURNE
Archbishop of Westminster

EDITORS' PREFACE

THE intention of the compilers of this Book of Hymns has been to produce a kind of daily Hymn Book, providing one or more items for all the principal Feasts of the Church's year and also for those of the Saints whose names are most familiar. For this purpose a considerable number of Hymns from the Divine Office have been included. Translations of all these are given and Voice-parts (published separately) have been supplied, thus enabling whole congregations to sing and understand the beautiful words of the Liturgy, which has been fittingly described as 'the purest form of human worship'.

It is hardly necessary to remark that all Latin Hymns must be sung in Latin, a translation (very free in some cases) only being given as an aid to devotion and intelligent rendering.

The Editors desire to express sincere gratitude to all who have contributed to this work by kind advice, by hymns or accompaniments specially composed, by permissions granted for the reproduction of existing melodies or harmonies, as also for the use of words and translations of Latin Hymns. Special thanks are accordingly tendered to:

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne for the Westminster Hymns reproduced; His Grace Archbishop Goodier for his translations of Latin Hymns; The Most Reverend Lord Abbot of Downside for the Arundel Hymns reproduced; The Most Reverend Lord Abbot of Maredsous and the Reverend Father Dom Germain Morin for their permission to use 'The Divine Praises'. The Very Reverend Father Benedict Zimmerman, O. C. D. for Hymns to Saint John of the Cross and Saint Teresa of Lisieux; the Very Reverend Father Provincials of the Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits and Redemptorists; The Reverend Father F. M. de Zulueta, S. J., the Reverend Father Dom Gregory Ould, O. S. B.; the Reverend Father Lancelot Long, Mus. B., Choir-Master of Westminster Cathedral, for his careful revision of the whole work and for various contributions and compositions; to the Reverend Benedictine Fathers of the Abbaye Saint-Pierre de Solesmes, France, for their examination, suggestions and final approval of the Plainsong Hymns and Liturgical motets included in this work; the Reverend Father Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes, O. S. B., for frequent kind advice and many of the Plainsong accompaniments; the Reverend Father Leo, O. S. F. C., Mus. B. for his own compositions; the Reverend Father Augustine Firderer for his help with Latin translations; the Very Reverend Lady Abbess of Stanbrook Abbey, for permission to use Hymns from 'The Day Hours of the Church' and for several special translations of Latin Hymns; the Reverend Mother Provincial of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart and Mother Bertha Michàlek, R. S. C. J.; the Reverend Mother of the Convent of the Visitation, Walmer, for special hymns to Saint Francis of Sales and Saint Margaret Mary Alacoque; Sir Richard Terry, Mus. D. for his Carols and Hymns; William Sewell Esqr., Doctor Professor Wagner of Friburg University, Madame Biton, Paris, for her permission to use Monsieur Auguste Le Guennant's accompaniments to the 'Te Deum', 'Lauda Sion' etc., Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne and Messrs. Desclée and Co., Tournai, for leave to use several of their publications, including the new accompaniments to Vesper Hymns by Monsieur Julius Bas; Monsieur J. De Gigord, Paris, for the hymns by the Reverend Father Dom J. Pothier, O. S. B.; Monsieur Auguste Le Guennant for several of his accompaniments, and to his publisher, Messrs. Hérelle and Co. of Paris, for their courtesy in allowing these to be used; to Monsieur Ledent-Malay, Brussels, and many others who have helped in various ways and given kind advice and encouragement.

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No. 125. "Joy of Harvest," by J. Maunder.
No. 323. "Etona," by A. M. Goodhart.
No. 360. "Jerusalem," by T. W. Staniforth.

INDEX

I.

PROPER OF THE SEASON

		Number	Page
Advent	Ave Maria, gratia plena	1	2
	Creator alme siderum	2	3
	Come, O Divine Messiah	3	4
	Like the dawning of the morning	4	5
	Rorate Caeli	5	6
	The Great Antiphons	6	10
	Magnificat	7	15
	We long to see Thee so	8	16
	Veni, veni, Emmanuel	9	17
	O Master of this house	10	18
Christmas	Adeste fideles	11	19
	Puer natus	12	20
	Jesu Redemptor	13	21
	Silent Night	14	22
	Joseph gentle, husband mine	15	22
	Sleep, Holy Babe	16	24
	Sleep, Holy Babe	17	25
	At last Thou art come, Little Saviour	18	26
	Sleep well, Thou tender Little Son	19	27
	Sleep, my Little One	20	28
	Stars of Glory	21	29
	Come to the Manger	22	30
	Dear Little One	23	32
	Let sweet and holy sound	24	33
	Christ was born on Christmas Day	25	34
	He smiles within His cradle	26	35
	Gloomy night	27	36
	Let folly praise what fancy loves	28	37
	When the herds were watching	29	38
	The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap	30	39
	Mother of Christ	31 a	40
	Little King, so fair and sweet	31 b	42
	Mother Mary, Mother dear	32	43
	Regina caeli laetare	33	44
	I sing of a Mayden	34	45
Dec. 26. St. Stephen	Deus tuorum militum	35	46
Dec. 27. St. John	Exsultet orbis gaudiis	36	47
Dec. 28. Holy Innocents	Salvete, flores Martyrum	37	48
Dec. 29. St. Thomas of Cant.	Deus tuorum militum (See No. 35)	38	48

		Number	Page
Jan. 1. New Year's Day	Joy Bells	39	49
	Christ be thy Light this year	40	50
The Holy Name	Jesu dulcis memoria	41	51
	Jesu dulcis memoria	42	52
	Jesu dulcis memoria	43	53
	Jesus, the only thought of Thee	44	54
	Jesus, Name all names above	45	55
	Jesu decus angelicum	46	56
The Epiphany	Crudelis Herodes	47	57
	Bethlehem of noblest cities	48	58
	They leave the land of gems and gold	49	59
	The Angels sing around the Stall	50	60
	Come ye Shepherds	51	61
	Stabat Mater speciosa	52	62
The Holy Family	O lux beata caelitum	53	66
Lent	Aspice ut Verbum Patris	54	67
	Maerentes oculi spargite lacrimas	55	68
	Exite Sion	56	70
	Quaenam lingua	57	71
	Gloriam sacrae celebremus	58	72
	Pange lingua, ... Lauream	59	74
	Festivis resonent	60	76
	Stabat Mater dolorosa	61 a, b	78
	O quot undis lacrymarum	62	80
	What a sea of tears and sorrow	63	81
	O Mother most afflicted	64	82
	Audi, benigne Conditor	65	83
	Jesus, as though Thyself wert here	66	84
	For all the sins that cause Thee pain	67	85
	Hail Wounds which through eternal years	68	86
	Man of Sorrows	69	87
	Jesus, ever-loving Saviour	70	88
	O Sacred Head surrounded	71	89
	O turn those Blessed Points	72	90
	Glory be to Jesus	73	91
	Ye Priestly Hands	74	92
	Steep is the hill and weary is the road	75	93
	Tears on Thy Sacred Face, my God	76	94
	Once Thou wert lifted up	77	95
	On the Cross lifted	78	96
	Jesus, Lord, Who madest me	79	97
	O come and mourn with me	80	98
	Forth comes the Standard	81	99
	Behold the royal ensigns fly	82	100
	O Blessed Feet of Jesus	83	101
	Salve mundi salutare	84	102
Palm Sunday	Gloria, laus et honor	85	104
Good Friday	Vexilla Regis	86	106
Easter	Victimae Paschali laudes	87	108
	Ad regias Agni dapes	88	110
	O filii et filiae	89	112

		Number	Page
Easter	Christus vincit	90	114
	Mother of God and Mother mine	91	115
Good Shepherd Sunday	I met the Good Shepherd	92	116
	When the Loving Shepherd	93	117
Solemnity of St. Joseph	Te Joseph celebrent	94	118
The Ascension	Salutis humanae Sator	95	119
	Crown Him with many crowns	96a, b	120
	Why is thy face so lit with smiles?	97	122
Pentecost	Veni Creator Spiritus	98	122
	Veni Sancte Spiritus	99	124
	Holy Spirit, Lord of Light	100	126
	Breathe on me, Breath of God	101	127
	Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams	102	128
	Creator-Spirit, Lord of Grace	103	129
The Blessed Trinity	Jam sol recedit	104	130
	Jam sol recedit	105	131
	O Pater Sancte	106	132
	O God of Loveliness	107	133
	My God, how wonderful Thou art	108	134
	Full of Glory, full of wonders	109	135
	Praise to the Holiest	110	136
	In the light all light excelling	111	137
	Lucis Creator	112	138
Corpus Christi	Lauda Sion Salvatorem	113	139
	Pange lingua gloriosi	114	144
The Blessed Sacrament	Adoro te devote	115	146
	Adoro te devote	116	148
	Adoro te devote	117	150
	O Godhead hid	118	151
	Ego sum panis vivus	119	152
	O Esca Viatorum	120	153
	Verbum supernum	121	154
	Ave verum	122	155
	Ecce Panis Angelorum	123	156
	O Sacrum convivium	124	157
	Sit Laus Altissimo	125	158
	Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All	126	160
	Jesus, my Lord, my God, ... hear me	127	161
	Sweet Sacrament Divine	128	162
	O Bread of Heaven	129	163
	In this Sacrament, Sweet Jesus	130	165
	Hail, Thou Living Bread	131	166
	O Food that way-worn pilgrims love	132	167
	O King and Lord	133	168
The Sacred Heart	En ut superba criminum	134	170
	Cor arca legem continens	135	172
	Quicumque certum quaeritis	136	173
	Auctor beate saeculi	137	174
	O Sacred Heart	138	176
	O Sacred Heart, all blissful Light	139	177
	O Heart of Jesus, Heart of God	140	178

		Number	Page
The Sacred Heart	To Jesus' Heart all burning	141	178
	I dwell a captive	142	179
Eucharistic Heart of Jesus (Thursday after Octave of Corpus Christi)	Insidens nostris peramanter aris	143	180

II.

PROPER OF SAINTS

Nov. 29.	Bl. Cuthbert Mayne	Deus tuorum militum	144	182
Nov. 30.	St. Andrew	Decus sacrati Nominis	145	182
Dec. 1.	Bl. Edmund Campion	The road is sacred all the way	146	183
Dec. 3.	St. Francis Xavier	My God, I love Thee	147	184
Dec. 8.	The Immac. Conception	Praeclara custos Virginum	148	185
		O Virgo pulcherrima	149	186
		Alma Parens	150	188
Dec. 21.	St. Thomas (Ap.)	Exsultet orbis gaudiis	151	189
Jan. 18.	St. Peter's Chair at Rome	Quodcumque in orbe	152	190
Jan. 21.	St. Agnes	Jesu Corona virginum (See No. 306)	153	191
		Sweet Agnes, holy child	154	191
Jan. 25.	Conversion of St. Paul	Egregie Doctor Paule	155	192
Jan. 29.	St. Francis of Sales	Tuam Salesi praedicant	156a	194
		Great St. Francis, throned in glory	156b	195
Jan. 30.	St. Martina	Martinae celebri plaudite nomini	157	196
		Lumen ad revelationem	158	197
Feb. 2.	The Purification	Anthems: Adorna thalamum		199
		Obtulerunt		200
		Ave maris stella	159a	203
		Ave maris stella	159b	204
		Joy, joy, the Mother comes	160	205
Feb. 11.	Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes	Omnis expertem maculae Mariam	161	206
		Aurora soli praevia	162	207
Feb. 24.	St. Mathias Ap:	Exsultet orbis gaudiis	163	207
March 7.	St. Thomas Aquinas	Angel of Schools	164	208
March 12.	St. Gregory the Great	Anglorum jam Apostolus	165	210
March 15.	St. Clement Hofbauer	Apostolorum strenuos	166	212
March 17.	St. Patrick	Father of all those far-scattered sons of Christ	167	213
		Christ before me	168	214

			Number	Page
March 19.	St. Joseph	Te Joseph celebrent	169	214
		Dear Husband of Mary	170	215
		Saint of the Cave of Bethlehem	171	216
		Salve Pater Salvatoris	172	217
March 21.	St. Benedict	Inter aeternas superum	173	218
		Of all eternity's bright diadems	174	219
		Father of many children	175	220
March 24.	St. Gabriel	Christe sanctorum	176	221
		Placare, Christe, servulis	177	222
		Gabriel to Mary went	178	223
March 25.	The Annunciation	Angelus ad Virginem	179a	224
		Angelus ad Virginem	179b	226
		The Lord is with thee	180	228
April 8.	The Seven Dolours of Our Blessed Lady	See Friday after Passion Sunday Nos. 61–64	181	229
April 8.	Bl. Julie Billiart	Jesu corona virginum (See No. 306)	182	229
		Long have we looked to see thy day	183	230
		Blessed Julie, hear thy children	184	231
April 23.	St. George	Leader now on earth no longer	185	232
April 25.	St. Mark (Ev.)	Tristes erant Apostoli (See No. 299)	186	232
April 26.	Our Lady of Good Counsel	The way is dark	187	233
April 30.	St. Catherine of Siena	Jesu corona virginum (See No. 306)	188	234
May 1.	Sts. Philip and James	Tristes erant Apostoli (See No. 299)	189	234
May 3.	Finding of the Holy Cross	Vexilla Regis (See No. 86)	190	234
May 4.	The English Martyrs	Rex gloriose Martyrum (See No. 302)	191	234
		Tyburn's days are long forgiven	192	234
		Martyrs of England	193	236
		Martyr host so dear to me	194	237
		O Lord behold the suppliant band	195	238
May 6.	St. John (Latin Gate)	Tristes erant Apostoli (See No. 299)	196	238
May 8.	Apparition of St. Michael	Te splendor et virtus Patris	197	239
May 24.	Our Lady, Help of Christians	Saepe dum Christi	198	240
May 25.	St. Madeleine Sophie Barat	Blest be the names that stand	199	242
May 26.	St. Philip Neri	Iste Confessor (See No. 305)	200	242
May 28.	St. Augustine of Canterbury	Fecunda sanctis insula	201	243
May 30.	St. Joan of Arc	Salve, virilis pectoris virgo	202	244
May 31.	Our Lady Mediatrix of all graces	Maria quae mortalium	203	245
		Cor dulce, cor virgineum	204	246
June 6.	St. Norbert	Iste Confessor (See No. 304)	205	247
June 10.	St. Margaret of Scotland	Fortem virili (See No. 307)	206	247
June 11.	St. Barnabas (Ap.)	Exsultet orbis gaudiis (See No. 298)	207	247
June 13.	St. Anthony of Padua	Gemma lucens	208	248

			Number	Page
June 21.	St. Aloysius Gonzaga	Dear Patron, who in youthful age . . .	209	250
June 23.	Bl. John Fisher	O Lord behold the suppliant band (See No. 195)	209a	250
June 24.	St. John the Baptist	Ut queant laxis	210	251
June 27.	Our Lady of Perpetual Succour	Maria quae mortalium	211	252
		Mary from thy sacred image	212	253
June 29.	Sts. Peter and Paul	Decora lux aeternitatis	213	254
		Faith of our Fathers	214	256
		Who is she that stands triumphant? . .	215	257
		Full in the panting heart of Rome . . .	216a	258
		Full in the panting heart of Rome . . .	216b	259
July 1.	The Precious Blood	Festivis resonent (See No. 60)	217	259
		Hail, Jesus, hail	218	260
July 2.	The Visitation	O Salutaris fulgens stella maris	219	261
		Magnificat (See No. 7)	220	261
July 8.	St. Elizabeth of Portugal . . .	Domare, cordis impetus	221	262
July 9.	Bl. Adrian Fortescue	Rex gloriose Martyrum (See No. 302) . .	222	262
July 9.	Bl. Thomas More	O Thou, the Martyrs' Glorious King . .	223	263
July 16.	Our Lady of Mount Carmel .	Tota pulchra es	224	264
July 19.	St. Vincent of Paul	Iste Confessor (See No. 305)	225	265
July 22.	St. Mary Magdalen	Pater superni luminis	226	266
		From the highest heights of glory . . .	227	266
July 25.	St. James the Greater	Exsultet orbis gaudiis (See No. 298) . .	228	267
July 26.	St. Anne	Fortem virili (See No. 307)	229	267
July 29.	St. Martha	Jesu Corona virginum (See No. 306) . .	230	267
July 31.	St. Ignatius of Loyola	Dear Soldier of Jesus	231	268
Aug. 1.	St. Peter's Chains	Miris modis repente liber	232	269
Aug. 2.	St. Alphonsus de' Liguori . .	Quicumque ad astra tendere	233	270
Aug. 4.	St. Dominic	Novus athleta Domini	234	271
Aug. 6.	The Transfiguration	Quicumque Christum quaeritis	235a	272
		O Radiant Face of Jesus	235b	273
Aug. 9.	St. John B. Vianney	Iste Confessor (See No. 305)	236	273
Aug. 12.	St. Clare	Custode rerum virgine	237	274
Aug. 15.	The Assumption	O Gloriosa Virginum	238	275
Aug. 16.	St. Joachim	Iste Confessor (See No. 305)	239	275
Aug. 20.	St. Bernard	Lacte quondam profluentes	240	276
		Jesus, the only thought of Thee	241	277
Aug. 21.	St. Jane Frances de Chantal . .	Fortem virili (See No. 307)	242	277
Aug. 24.	St. Bartholomew (Ap.)	Exsultet orbis gaudiis (See No. 298) . .	243	277
Aug. 28.	St. Augustine of Hippo	Magne Pater Augustine	244	278
Aug. 30.	St. Rose of Lima	Jesu corona virginum (See No. 306) . . .	245	278
Sept. 8.	The Nativity of Our Lady . .	Who is this cometh over the mountains?	246	280
		Summer suns for ever shining	247	282
		Ave maris stella (See No. 159)	248	283

			Number	Page
Sept. 14.	The Exaltation of the Holy Cross	Vexilla Regis (See No. 86)	249	283
		Once Thou wert lifted up	250	284
Sept. 15.	The Seven Dolours of Our Lady	(See Nos. 61—64)	251	284
Sept. 17.	Stigmata of St. Francis	Salvete sacra Stigmata	252	285
		Crucis Christi	253	286
Sept. 21.	St. Matthew (Ap.)	Exsultet orbis gaudiis (See No 298)	254	287
Sept. 24.	Our Lady of Ransom	Ave plena gratiae (See No. 352)	255	287
Sept. 29.	Dedication of St. Michael	Te splendor et virtus Patris	256	287
Oct. 2.	Holy Guardian Angels	Custodes hominum psallimus Angelos	257	288
		Dear Angel ever at my side	258	288
		Is it not sweet to think?	259	289
Oct. 3.	St. Teresa of Lisieux	Immensa Christi caritas	260	290
		Lift up thine eyes unto the hills	261	291
Oct. 4.	St. Francis of Assisi	Non sola fervet poenitens	262	292
		Blessed Francis, holy father	263	293
Oct. 6.	St. Bruno	Iste Confessor (See No. 305)	264	294
Oct. 7.	The Holy Rosary	Te gestientem gaudiis	265	294
Oct. 10.	St. Francis Borgia	Iste Confessor (See No. 305)	266	295
Oct. 13.	St. Edward, King and Confessor	Iste Confessor (See No. 305)	267	295
Oct. 15.	St. Teresa	Regis superni nuntia	268	296
Oct. 16.	St. Gerard Majella	Orat Gerardus, sculptilem	269	297
Oct. 17.	St. Margaret Mary Alacoque	Caelestis aulae virginum	270	298
Oct. 18.	St. Luke (Ev.)	Exsultet orbis gaudiis (See No. 298)	271	299
Oct. 19.	St. Peter of Alcantara	Iste Confessor (See No. 305)	272	299
Oct. 23.	Our Most Holy Redeemer	Jesu nostra Redemptio	273	300
Oct. 24.	St. Raphael	Tibi Christe splendor Patris	274	301
Oct. 28.	Sts. Simon and Jude (App.)	Exsultet orbis gaudiis (See No. 298)	275	302
Oct.	Last Sunday The Kingship of Our Lord	Te saeculorum Principem	276	302
		A King when in the Crib He lay	277	304
		Praised be Jesus Christ, Our King	278	306
		King of Kings and Lord of Glory	279	307
		King of Kings, O Lord of Glory	280	308
Nov. 1.	All Saints	Placare Christe servulis	281	309
		O Paradise	282	310
		Fair are the Portals of the day	283	312
Nov. 2.	All Souls	Have mercy, Lord, on all who wait	284	314
		O turn to Jesus, Mother, turn	285	314
		Out of the depths to Thee, O Lord, I cry	286	316
Nov. 3.	St. Winifred	Jesu corona virginum (See No. 306)	287	316
Nov. 9.	Dedication of the Arch-Basilica of St. Saviour	Caelestis urbs Jerusalem	288	317
		How lovely are Thy tents	289	318
Nov. 13.	St. Stanislaus Kostka	Saint of our youth	290	319

			Number	Page
Nov. 15.	St Gertrude	Gertrudis arca Numinis	291	320
		Saint on whom the vision splendid	292	321
Nov. 18.	Dedication of the Basilicas of Sts. Peter and Paul	(See Nov. 9th. Nos. 288 and 289)	293	321
Nov. 21.	The Presentation of Our Lady	Day breaks on Temple roofs	294	322
Nov. 22.	St. Cecilia	Jesu Corona virginum (See No. 306)	295	322
Nov. 24.	St. John of the Cross	Regis aeterni, generose Miles	296	323
Nov. 26.	St. John Berchmans	Blessed Saint, so high in glory	297	324

III.

COMMON OF SAINTS

Apostles and Evangelists (Out of Paschaltide)	Exsultet orbis gaudiis	298	326
Apostles and Evangelists (In Paschaltide)	Tristes erant Apostoli	299	327
One Martyr (Out of Paschaltide)	Deus tuorum militum	300	328
One Martyr (In Paschaltide)	Deus tuorum militum	301	329
Martyrs (In Paschaltide)	Rex gloriose Martyrum	302	330
Martyrs (Out of Paschaltide)	Sanctorum meritis	303	330
Confessor and Bishop	Iste Confessor	304	332
Confessor not a Bishop	Iste Confessor	305	333
Virgins	Jesu Corona virginum (a)	306a	334
	Jesu Corona virginum (b)	306b	335
Holy Women	Fortem virili pectore	307	336

IV.

HYMNS TO OUR LORD

(Not included under special Feasts)

Before Holy Communion	Jesus, Jesus, come to me	308a	338
	Jesus, Jesus, come to me	308b	339
	Jesus, Thou art coming (a)	309	340
	Jesus, Thou art coming (b)	310	342
	My soul doth long for Thee	311	344
	I need Thee, Precious Jesus	312	344
	O Jesus, through the weary night	313	345
	Come to Me all ye who labour	314	346
	We come to Thee, Sweet Saviour	315	347
After Holy Communion	The Lord of Glory (a)	316	348
	The Lord of Glory (b)	317	350
	The Lord of Glory (c)	318	352
	Jesus, Lord, how good Thou art	319	354
	Jesus, long my soul's desired	320	355

		Number	Page
After Holy Communion	Jesus, Jesus, dearest Jesus	321	356
	Soul of my Saviour	322	357
	O Christ, my Lord	323	358
	Jesus, Gentlest Saviour	324a	359
	Jesus, Gentlest Saviour	324b	360
	O God of Gentleness	325	361
	I lift my heart to Thee	326	362
	Blest the day, the hour thrice blessed .	327	363
	My Lord, my Love	328	364
	In adoration bent	329	365
	O Jesus, what a wondrous grace	330	366
	Jesus, Lord, be Thou my own	331	367
Various Hymns	O Jesus, Thou the Beauty art	332	368
	Jesus, the only thought of Thee	333	369
	Sweet Jesus, Thou a Haven art	334	370
	O Christ the glorious Crown	335	371
	O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord	336	372
	Lord, for to-morrow (a)	337	373
	Lord, for to-morrow (b)	338	374
	Souls of men	339	375
	Grant us Thy Fear	340	376
	I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high .	341	377
	I worship Thee, sweet Will of God . .	342	378
	Live, Jesus, live	343	379
	As the Bridegroom	344	380
	Sweet Jesus, sweetest Memory	345	381
Religious Profession	O Christ, I stand beneath Thy Cross .	346	382
Evening Hymns	Jesus, the dying day hath left us lonely	347	383
	The sun is sinking fast	348	384
	The day is done and night steals on . .	349	385
	Hear Thy children, Gentle Jesus	350	386
	Sweet Saviour bless us	351a	387
	Te lucis ante terminum	351b	388

V.

HYMNS TO OUR LADY

(Not included under special Feasts)

	Number	Page
Ave plena gratiae	352	390
Audi precor, O bona Domina	352a	392
O Flower of Grace	353	394
Mother, the King, my Lord and thine .	354	395
Hail Mary, Pearl of Grace	355	396
From day to day sing loud thy lay . .	356	396
Sing, sing, each day	357	397
How to praise thee, O Mary	358	398
O Mother blest	359	400
O Mother will it always be	360	401
Ave Maria, O Maiden, O Mother	361	402
Ave Maria, thou Virgin and Mother . .	362a	403

		Number	Page
	Hail, Queen of Heaven	362b	404
	Thou art so wondrous fair	363	405
	Maria saecli asylum	364	406
	Mother of God, we hail thy heart	365	408
	Mother, Mother, I am coming	366	409
	O Maria, vitae via	367	410
	Concordi laetitia	368	412
	Maria Flos	369	412
Antiphons of Our Lady	Alma Redemptoris Mater	370a	414
Simple and Solemn Tone	Alma Redemptoris Mater	370b	415
	Ave Regina Caelorum	371a	416
	Ave Regina Caelorum	371b	417
	Regina Caeli laetare	372a, b	418
	Salve Regina	373a	420
	Salve Regina	373b	422

VI.

VARIOUS

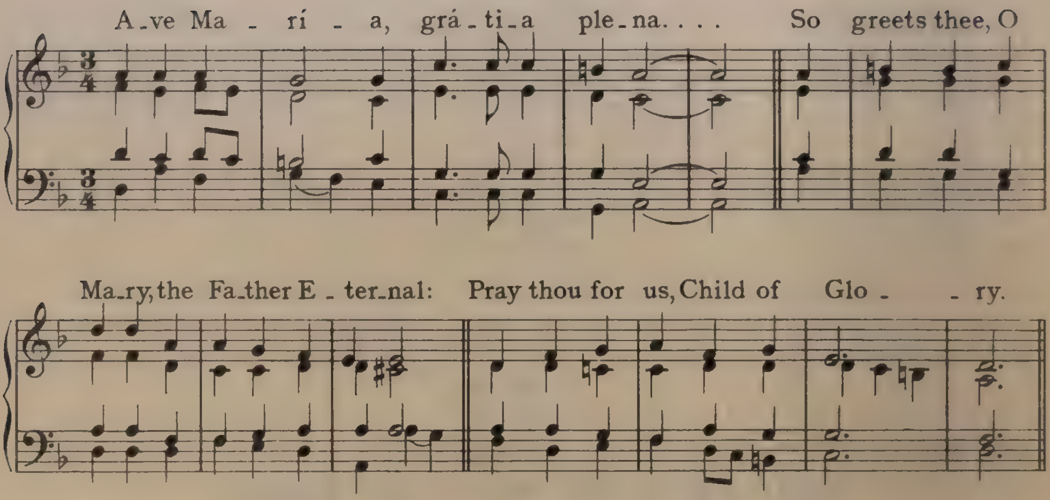
Asperges me	374	426
Vidi aquam	375	428
The Divine Praises	376	430
Benedictus	377	432
Benedictus (For Funerals)	378	434
O Salutaris Hostia (a)	379	436
O Salutaris Hostia (b)	380	437
Tantum ergo Sacramentum (a)	381	438
Tantum ergo Sacramentum (b)	382	439
Te Deum laudamus (Simple Tone)	383	440
Te Deum laudamus (Solemn Tone)	384	445

I

PROPER OF THE SEASON

1

Ave Maria, gratia plena


A-ve Ma - rí - a, grá - ti - a ple - na. . . . So greets thee, O
Ma-ry, the Fa-ther E - ter-nal: Pray thou for us, Child of Glo - - ry.

1. Ave María, grátia plena.
So greets thee, O Mary, the Father Eternal:
Pray thou for us, Child of Glory.

2. Ave María, grátia plena.
The Only- Begotten of God calls thee Mother:
Pray thou for us, Blissful Maiden.

3. Ave María, grátia plena.
The white Love of Souls is thy Bridegroom for ever:
Pray thou for us, Queen of Heaven.

4. Ave María, grátia plena.
So greet thee for ever the Blessèd in Heaven.
Pray thou for us, Joy of Angels.

5. Ave María, grátia plena.
So greet thee the sad and the sick and the dying:
Pray thou for all, Perfect Pity.

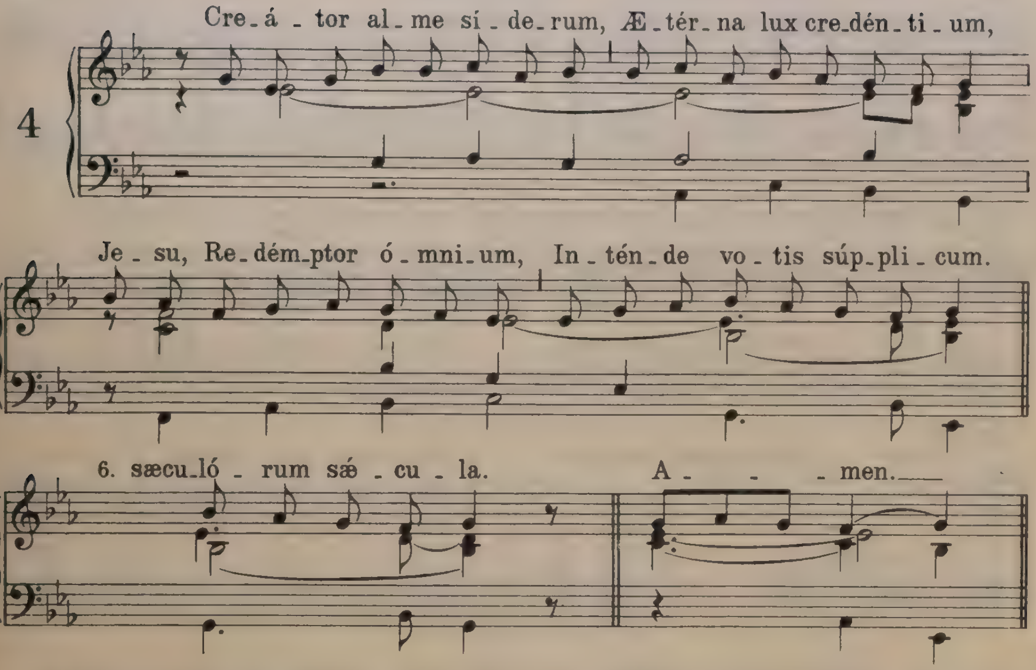
6. Ave María, grátia plena.
So greet thee the souls of the Faithful Departed:
Pray thou for them, Star of Morning.

7. Ave María, grátia plena.
So greets thee a sinner imploring thy pity:
Pray thou for me, Queen of Mercy.

(Fr. O'Connor) *(German)*

2

Creator alme siderum


4
Cre - á - tor al - me sí - de - rum, Æ - tér - na lux cre - dén - ti - um,
Je - su, Re - dém - ptor ó - mni - um, In - tén - de vo - tis súp - pli - cum.
6. sæcu - ló - rum sǽ - cu - la.
A - - - men.

1. Creátor alme síderum,
Ætérna lux credéntium,
Jesu, Redémptor ómnium,
Inténde votis súpplicum.

2. Qui dæmonis ne fraúdibus
Períret orbis, ímpetu
Amóris actus, lánguidi
Mundi medéla factus es.

3. Commúne qui mundi nefas
Ut expiáres, ad Crucem
E Vírginis sacrário,
Intácta prodis víctima.

4. Cujus potéstas glóriæ,
Noménque cum primum sonat,
Et cælites, et ínferi
Treménte curvántur genu.

5. Te deprecámur últimæ
Magnum diéi Júdicem:
Armis supérnæ grátiæ
Defénde nos ab hóstibus.

6. Virtus, honor, laus, glória
Deo Patri cum Fílio,
Sancto simul Paráclito,
In sæculórum sǽcula.
Amen.

1. Dear Maker of the starry skies,
Light of believers evermore,
Jesu, Redeemer of mankind,
Be near us who Thine aid implore.

2. When man was sunk in sin and death,
Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,
Love brought Thee down to cure our ills
By taking of those ills a share.

3. Thou, for the sake of guilty men,
Permitted Thy pure blood to flow,
Didst issue from Thy Virgin shrine
And to the Cross a Victim go.

4. So great the glory of Thy might,
If we but chance Thy name to sound,
At once all heaven and hell unite
In bending low with awe profound.

5. Great Judge of all! In that last day,
When friends shall fail and foes combine,
Be present then with us, we pray,
To guard us with Thy arm divine.

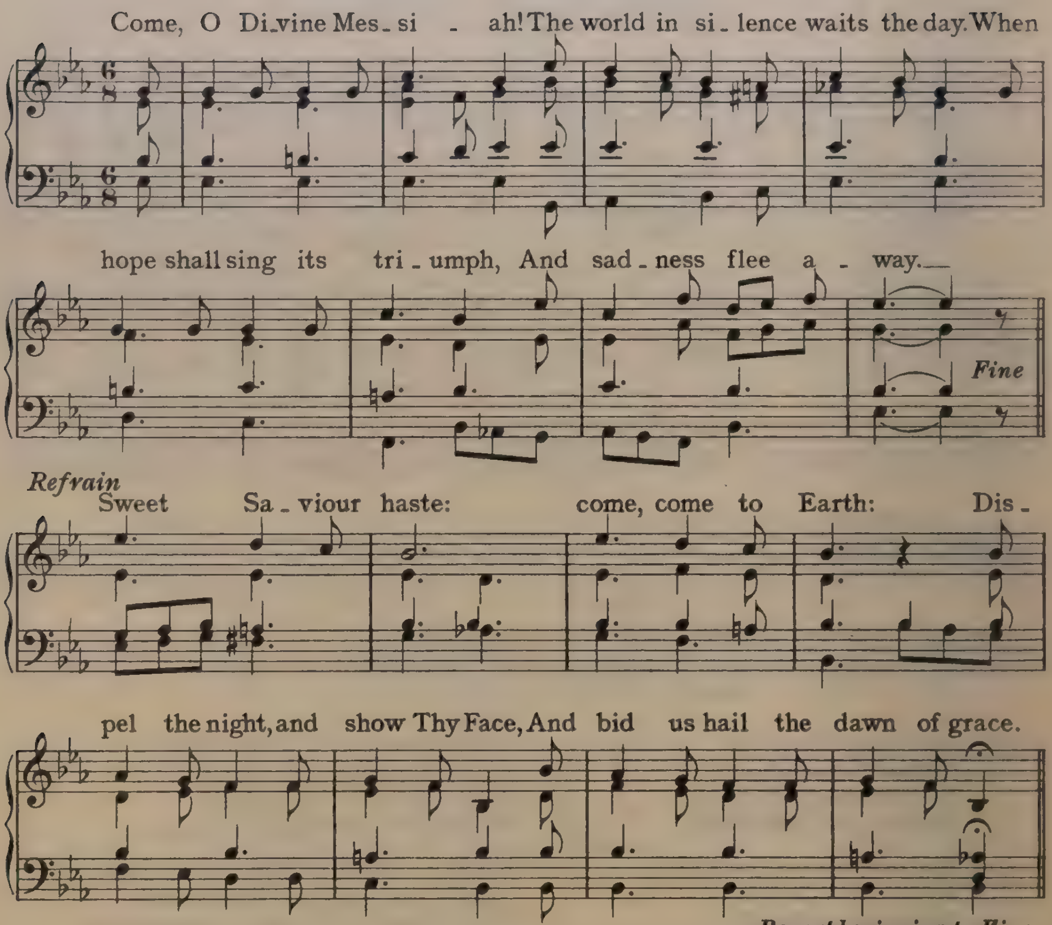
6. To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, One and Three,
Be honour, glory, blessing, praise,
All through the long eternity.
Amen.

(St. Ambrose Bp. of Milan + 397)
(Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(Accompaniment: Julius Bas)

3

Come, O Divine Messiah!


Come, O Di-vine Mes-si - ah! The world in si-lence waits the day. When
hope shall sing its tri-umph, And sad-ness flee a - way.
Fine
Refrain
Sweet Sa-viour haste: come, come to Earth: Dis-
pel the night, and show Thy Face, And bid us hail the dawn of grace.

Repeat beginning to Fine

1. Come, O Divine Messiah!
The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph,
And sadness flee away.
Sweet Saviour haste: come, come to earth,
Dispel the night, and show Thy Face,
And bid us hail the dawn of grace.
Come, O Divine Messiah!
The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph,
And sadness flee away.

2. O Thou, Whom nations sighed for,
Whom priests and prophets long foretold,
Wilt break the captives' fetters,
Redeem the long-lost fold.
Sweet Saviour haste: *etc.*

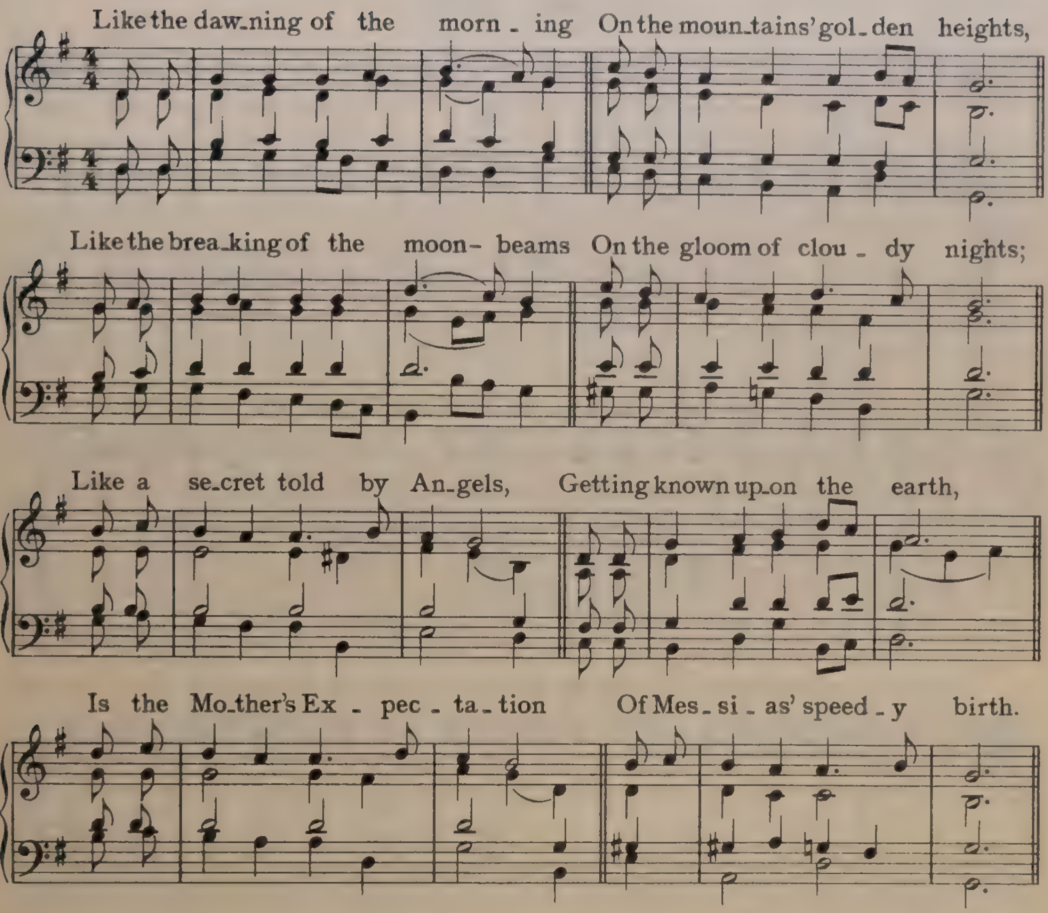
3. Shalt come in peace and meekness,
And lowly will Thy cradle be:
All clothed in human weakness
Shall we Thy Godhead see.
Sweet Saviour haste: *etc.*

(Pellegrin 1745)
Tr. S. N. D.

(French Cantique)

4

Like the dawning


Like the daw-ning of the morn - ing On the moun-tains' gol - den heights,
Like the brea-king of the moon- beams On the gloom of clou - dy nights;
Like a se-cret told by An-gels, Getting known up-on the earth,
Is the Mo-ther's Ex - pec - ta - tion Of Mes - si - as' speed - y birth.

1. Like the dawning of the morning
On the mountains' golden heights,
Like the breaking of the moon-beams
On the gloom of cloudy nights;
Like a secret told by Angels,
Getting known upon the earth,
Is the Mother's Expectation
Of Messias' speedy birth.

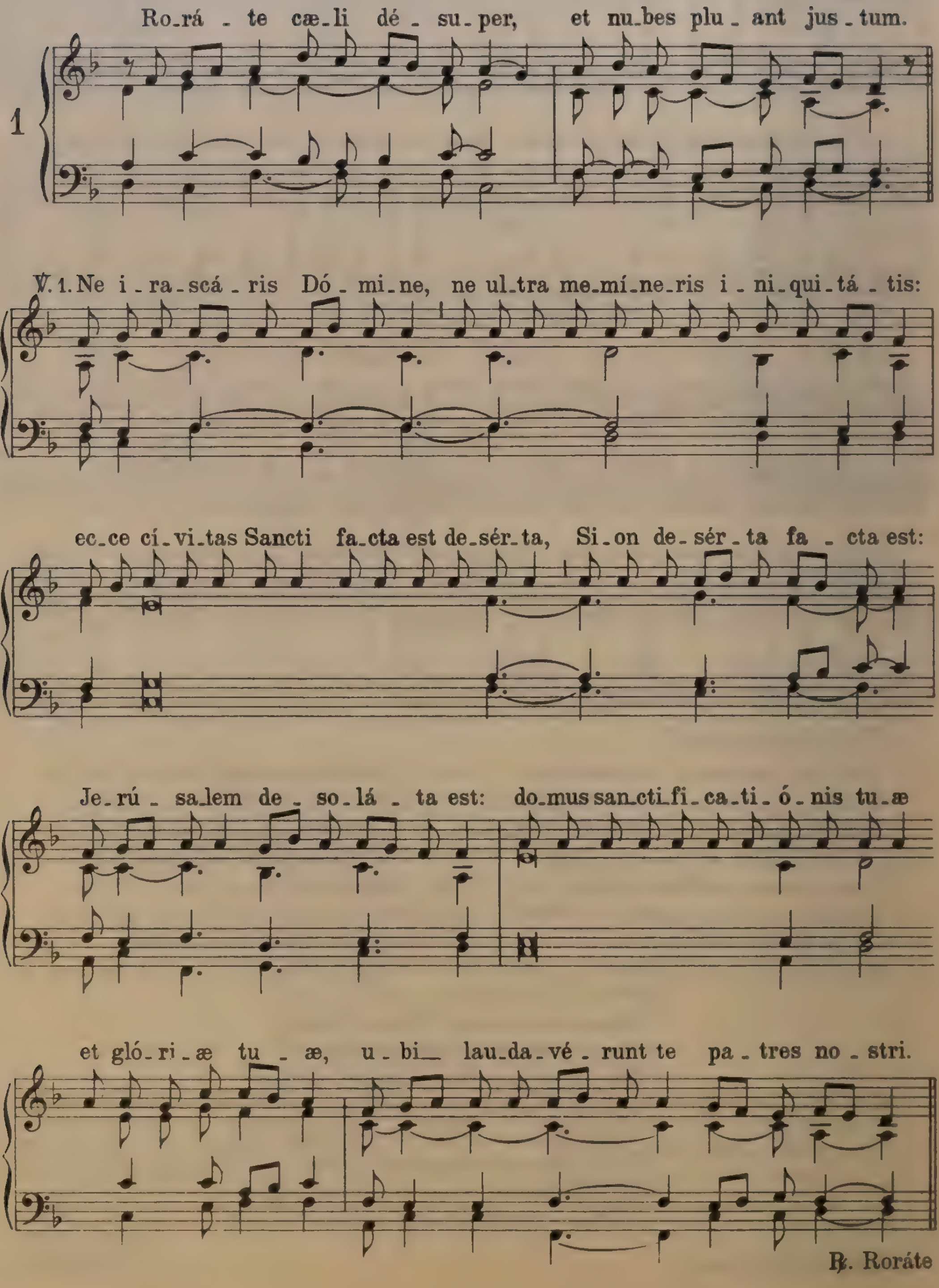
2. Thou wast happy, Blessèd Mother,
With the very bliss of Heaven,
Since the Angel's salutation
In thy raptured ear was given:
Since the Ave of that midnight,
When thou wast anointed Queen,
Like a river over-flowing
Hath the grace within thee been.

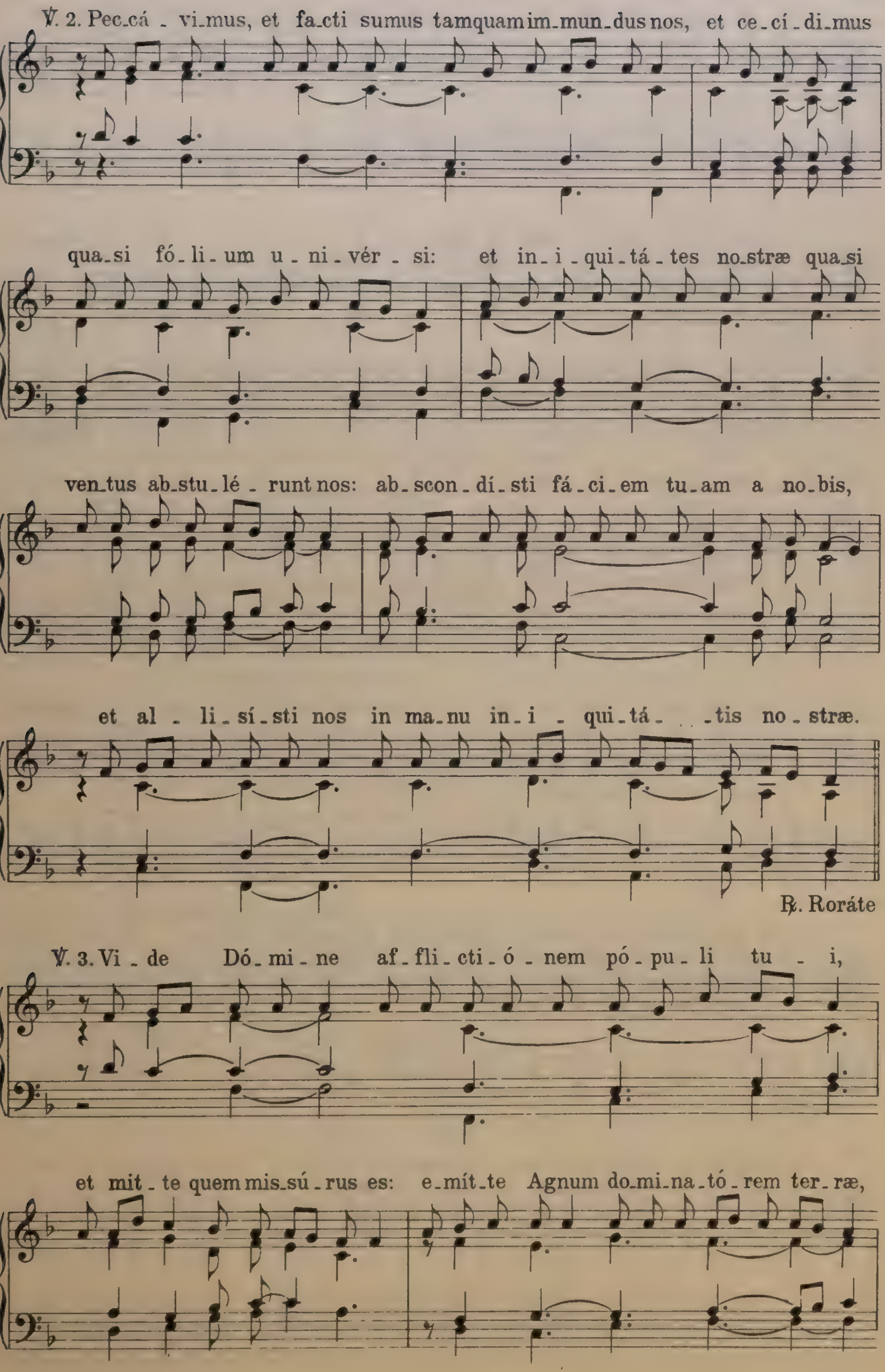
3. Thou hast waited, Child of David,
And thy waiting now is o'er;
Thou hast seen Him, Blessèd Mother,
And wilt see Him evermore!
O His Human Face and Features,
They were passing sweet to see;
Thou beholdest them this moment,
Mother, show them now to me.

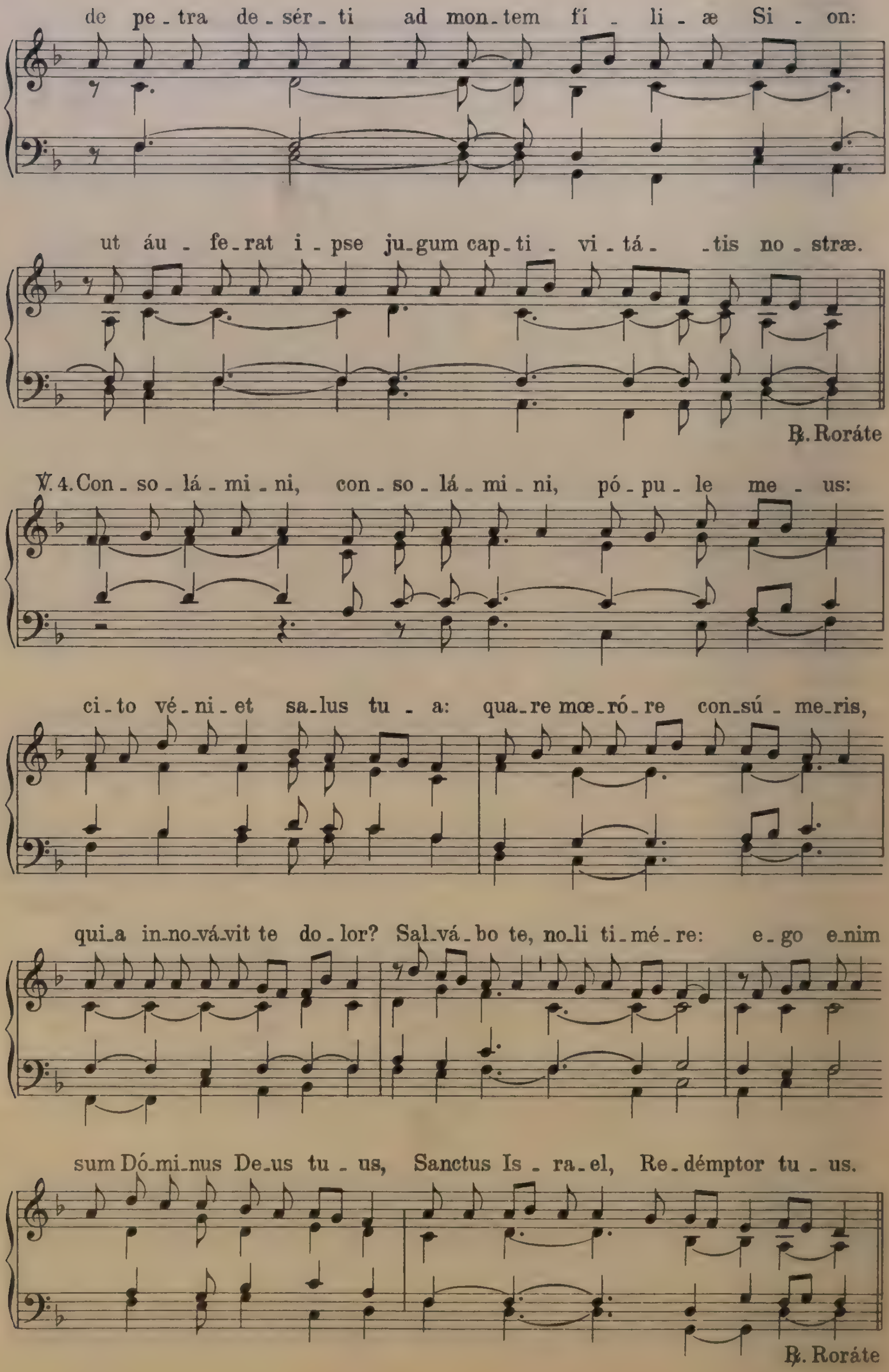
(*Fr. Faber, Oratorian* + 1863) (*Traditional*)

5

Rorate cæli


Ro_rá _ te cæ_li dé _ su_per, et nu_bes plu _ ant jus _ tum.
1
℣. 1. Ne i _ ra_scá _ ris Dó _ mi_ne, ne ul_tra me_mí_ne_ris i _ ni_qui_tá _ tis:
ec_ce cí_vi_tas Sancti fa_cta est de_sér_ta, Si_on de_sér _ ta fa _ cta est:
Je_rú _ sa_lem de _ so_lá _ ta est: do_mus san_cti_fi_ca_ti_ó_nis tu_æ
et gló_ri_æ tu _ æ, u_bi_ lau_da_vé _ runt te pa _ tres no _ stri.
℟. Roráte


℣. 2. Pec_cá - vi_mus, et fa_cti sumus tamquam im_mun_dus nos, et ce_cí_di_mus
qua_si fó_li_um u - ni - vér - si: et in_i_qui_tá - tes no_stræ qua_si
ven_tus ab_stu_lé - runt nos: ab_scon_dí_sti fá_ci_em tu_am a no_bis,
et al - li_sí_sti nos in ma_nu in_i - qui_tá - - tis no - stræ.
℟. Roráte
℣. 3. Vi - de Dó_mi_ne af_fli_cti_ó - nem pó_pu_li tu - i,
et mit - te quem mis_sú - rus es: e_mít_te Agnum do_mi_na_tó - rem ter_ræ,


de pe-tra de-sér-ti ad mon-tem fí-li-æ Si-on:
ut áu-fe-rat i-pse ju-gum cap-ti-vi-tá-tis no-stræ.
℟. Roráte
℣. 4. Con-so-lá-mi-ni, con-so-lá-mi-ni, pó-pu-le me-us:
ci-to vé-ni-et sa-lus tu-a: qua-re mœ-ró-re con-sú-me-ris,
qui-a in-no-vá-vit te do-lor? Sal-vá-bo te, no-li ti-mé-re: e-go e-nim
sum Dó-mi-nus De-us tu-us, Sanctus Is-ra-el, Re-démptor tu-us.
℟. Roráte

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One.

Be not angry, O Lord, and remember no longer our iniquity Behold, the city of Thy Holy One is desert: Sion is made a desert: Jerusalem is desolate; the house of Thy sanctification and of Thy glory, where our fathers used to praise Thee.

Drop down dew, *etc.*

We have sinned and have become as a leper: and we have all fallen as a leaf; and our iniquities have carried us away like a wind. Thou hast hidden Thy face from us, and Thou hast crushed us in the hand of our iniquity.

Drop down dew, *etc.*

See, O Lord, the affliction of Thy people, and send Him whom Thou wilt send; send forth the Lamb, the ruler of the earth, from the rock in the desert to the mount of the daughter of Sion, that He may take from us the yoke of captivity.

Drop down dew, *etc.*

The Saviour that cometh:—

Be comforted, be comforted, My people; quickly shall come thy salvation. Why art thou consumed with grief because sorrow hath invaded thee? I will save thee: for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Redeemer.

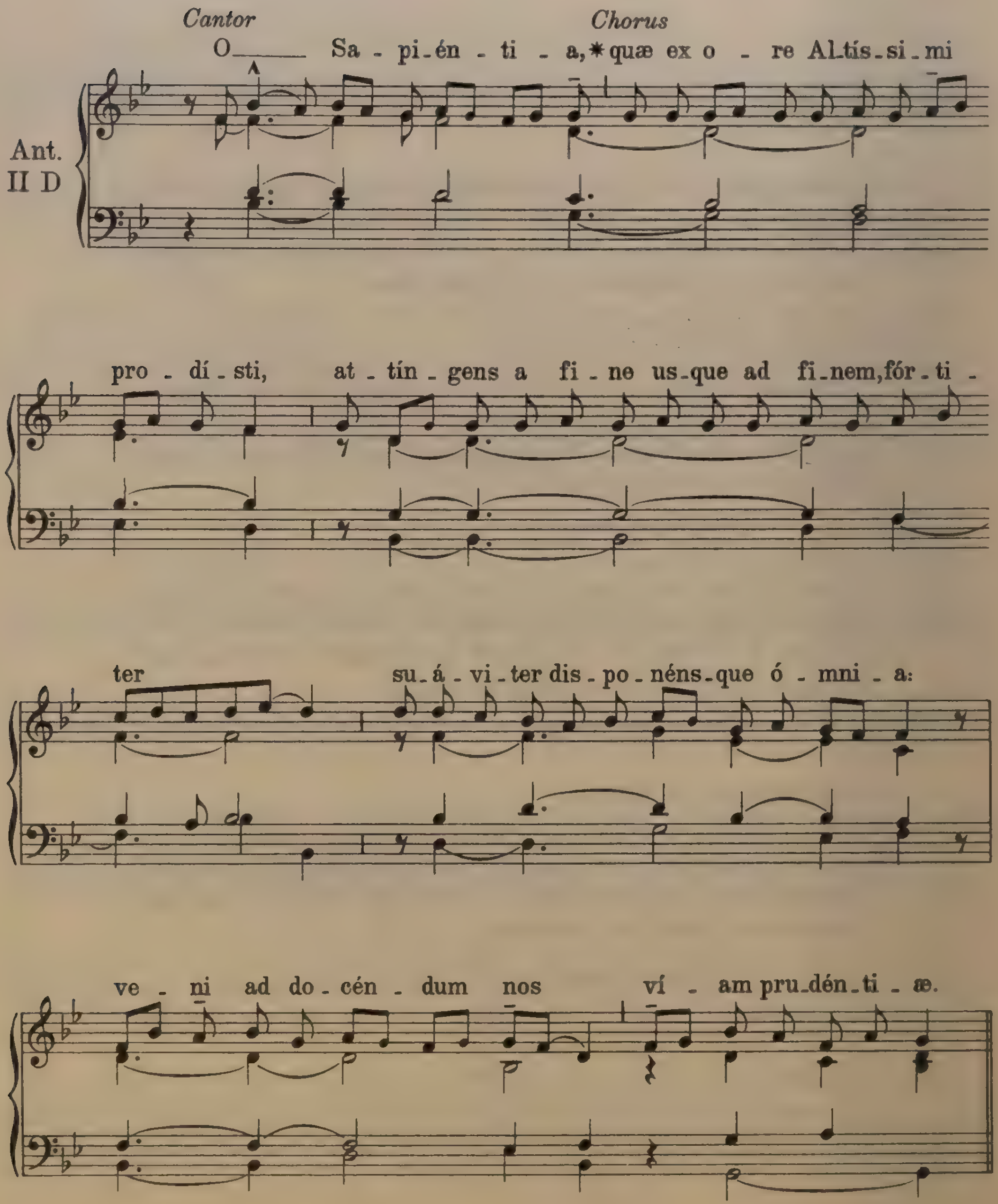
Drop down dew, *etc.*

(Tr. Liturgical Prayer Book)

6

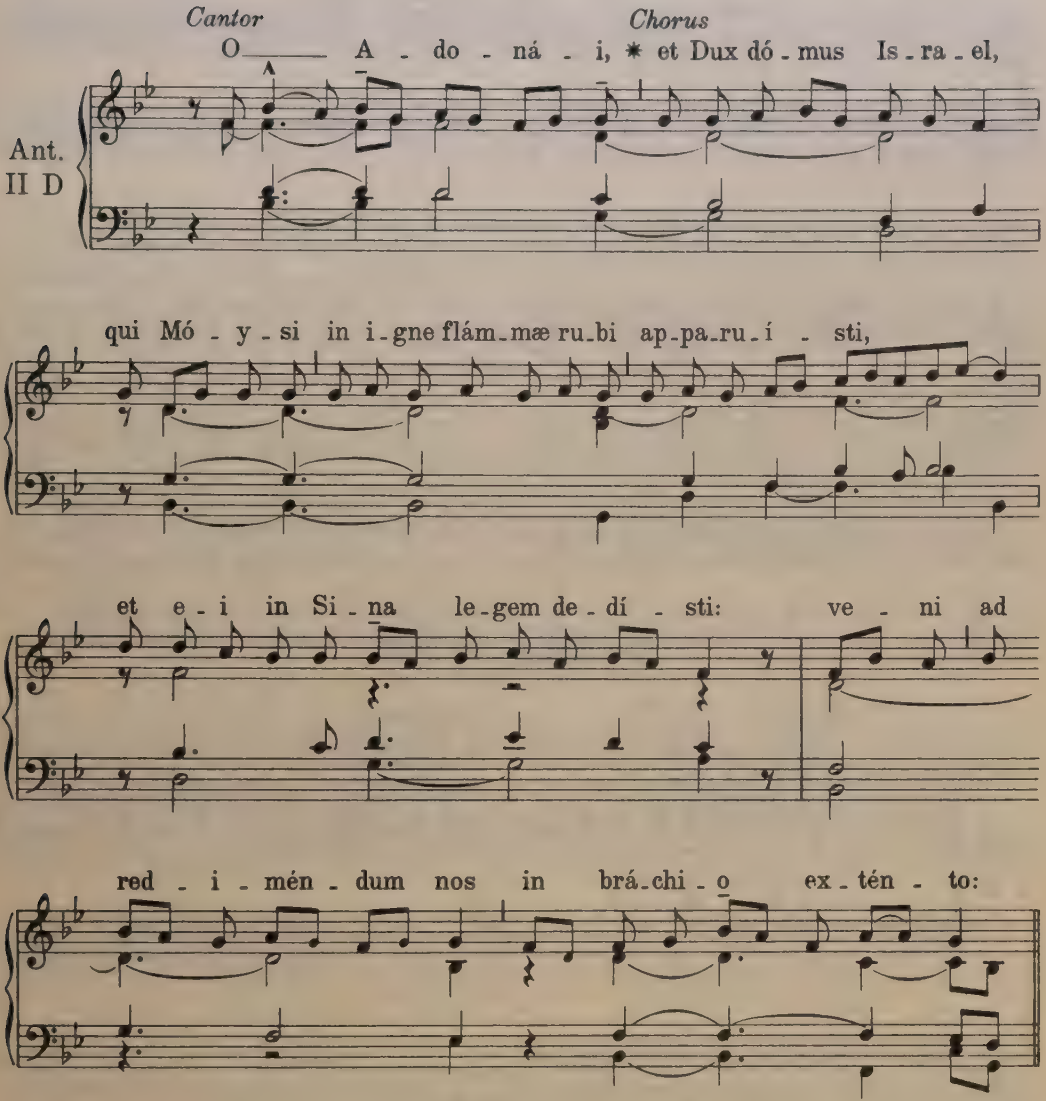
The Great Antiphons

December 17. I


Cantor
Chorus
O___ Sa - pi - én - ti - a, * quæ ex o - re Al - tís - si - mi
Ant.
II D
pro - dí - sti, at - tín - gens a fi - ne us - que ad fi - nem, fór - ti -
ter su - á - vi - ter dis - po - néns - que ó - mni - a:
ve - ni ad do - cén - dum nos ví - am pru - dén - ti - æ.

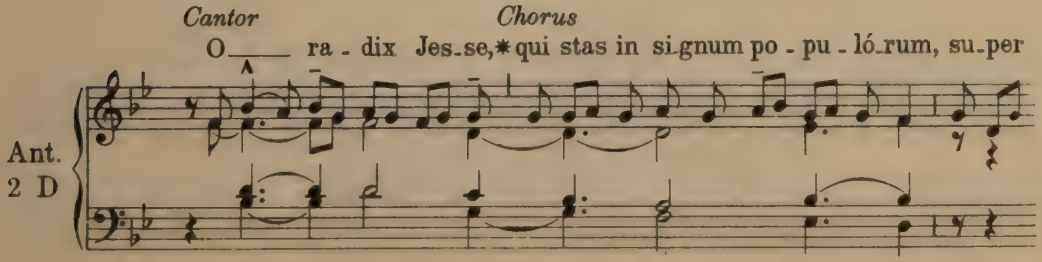
"O Wisdom! that proceedest from the mouth of the Most High, reaching from end to end mightily, and sweetly disposing all things: come and teach us the way of prudence.

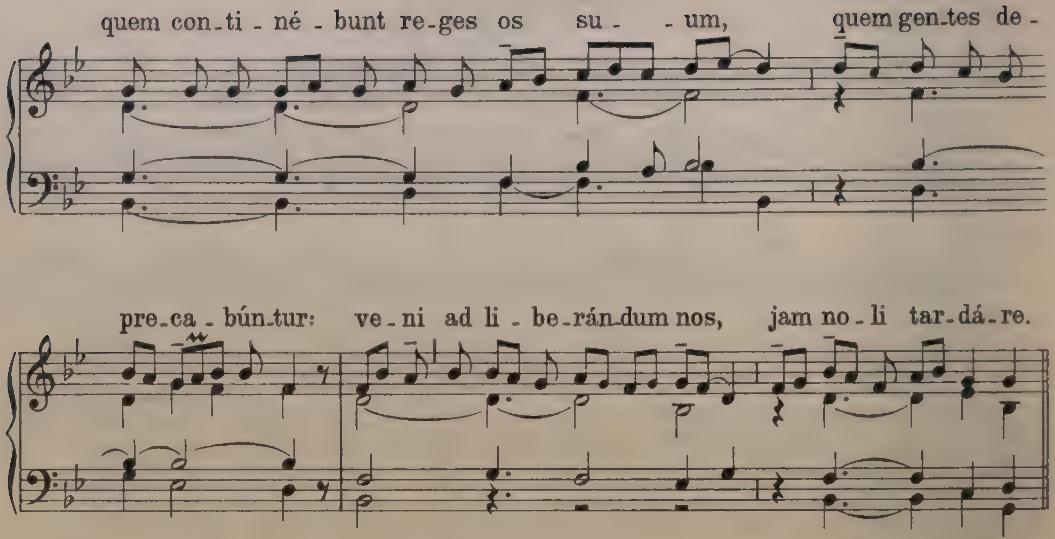
December 18. II


Cantor
Chorus
O___ A - do - ná - i, * et Dux dó - mus Is - ra - el,
Ant.
II D
qui Mó - y - si in i - gne flám - mæ ru - bi ap - pa - ru - í - sti,
et e - i in Si - na le - gem de - dí - sti: ve - ni ad
red - i - mén - dum nos in brá - chi - o ex - tén - to:

"O Adonai, and Leader of the house of Israel! Who didst appear to Moses in the fire of the flaming bush, and gavest him the law on Sinai: come and redeem us by Thy outstretched arm."

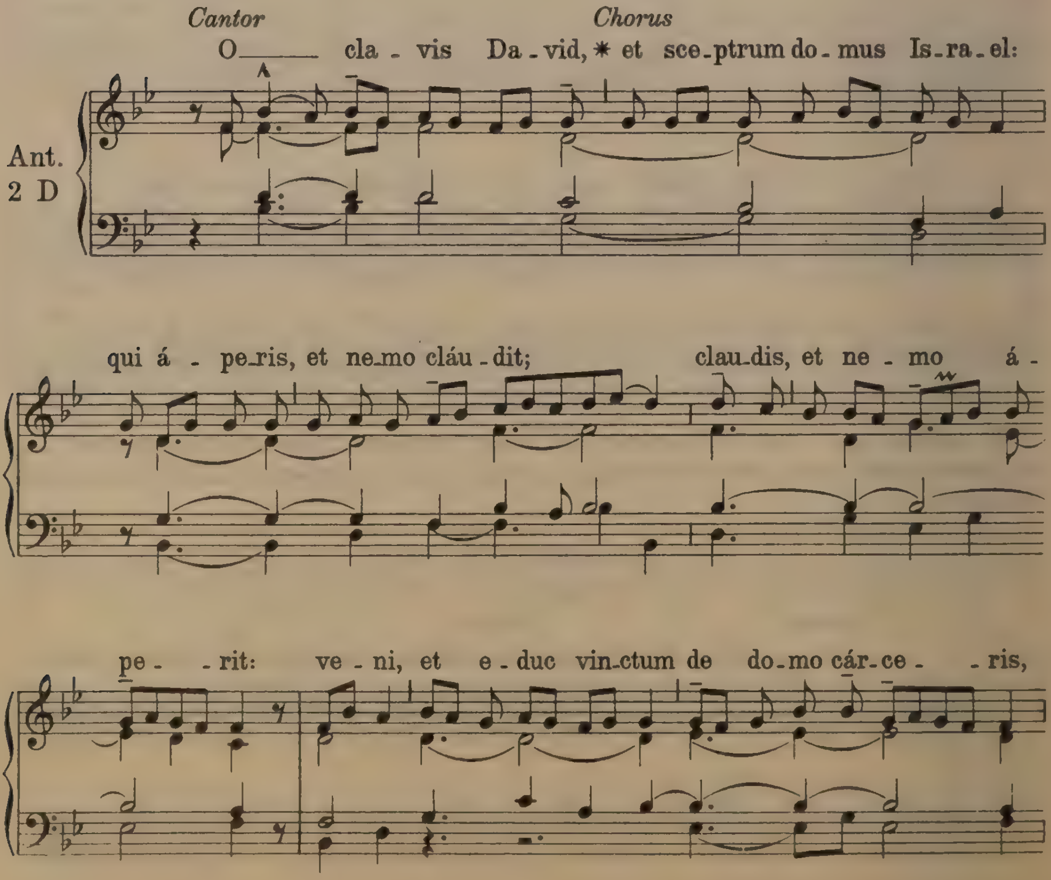
December 19. III

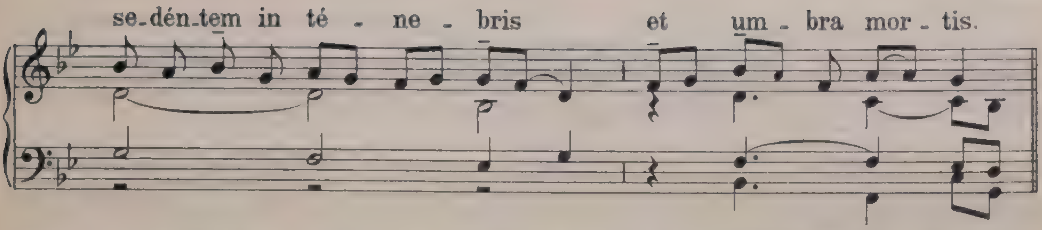

Cantor
Chorus
O___ ra - dix Jes - se, * qui stas in si - gnum po - pu - ló - rum, su - per
Ant.
2 D


quem con-ti-né-bunt re-ges os su-um, quem gen-tes de-
pre-ca-bún-tur: ve-ni ad li-be-rán-dum nos, jam no-li tar-dá-re.

"O Root of Jesse, who standest as the ensign of the people; before whom Kings shall not open their lips; to whom the nations shall pray: come and deliver us; tarry now no more."

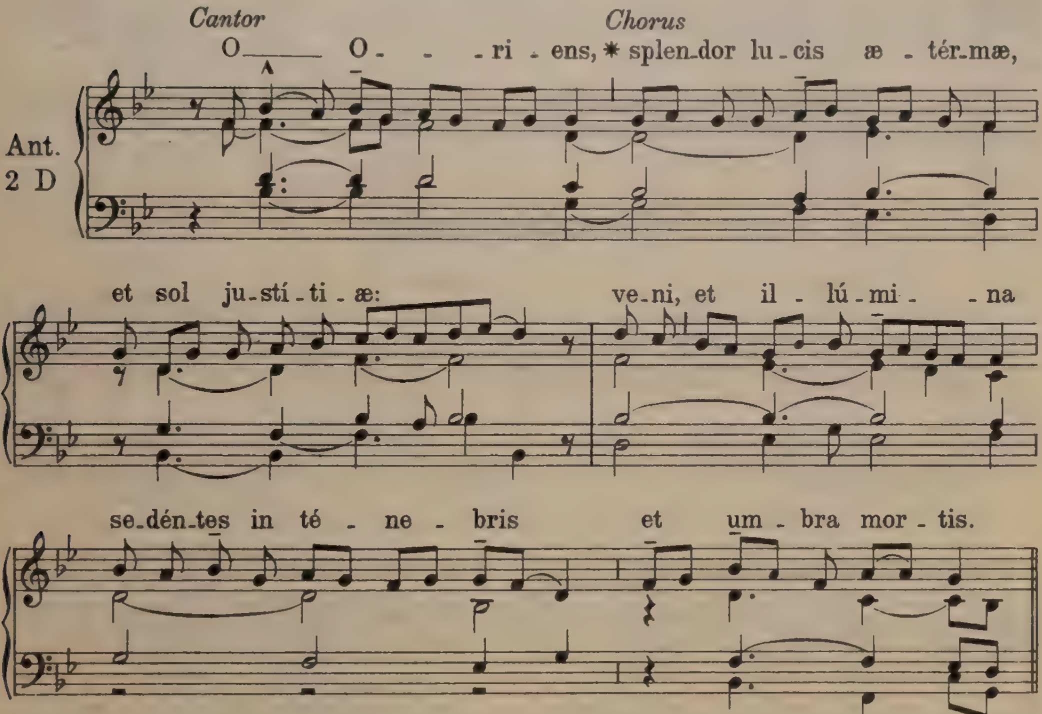
December 20. IV


Cantor
Chorus
O cla-vis Da-vid, ✱ et sce-ptrum do-mus Is-ra-el:
Ant.
2 D
qui á-pe-ris, et ne-mo cláu-dit; clau-dis, et ne-mo á-
pe-rit: ve-ni, et e-duc vin-ctum de do-mo cár-ce-ris,


se-dén-tem in té - ne - bris et um - bra mor - tis.

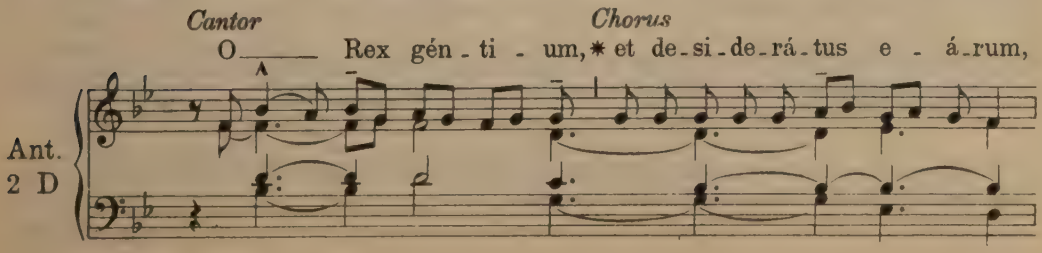
"O Key of David, and Sceptre of the house of Israel! Who openest and no man shutteth; who shuttest and no man openeth: come and lead the captive from prison, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death."

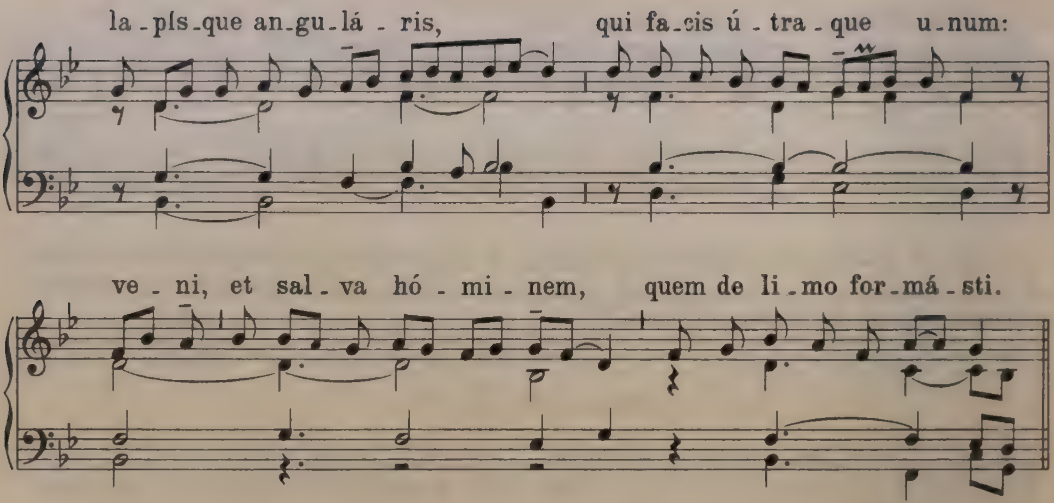
December 21. V


Cantor
Chorus
O O - - - ri - ens, * splen-dor lu - cis æ - tér-næ,
Ant.
2 D
et sol ju-stí - ti - æ:
ve-ni, et il - lú - mi - - na
se-dén-tes in té - ne - bris et um - bra mor - tis.

"O Orient! Splendour of eternal light, and Sun of Justice! come and enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

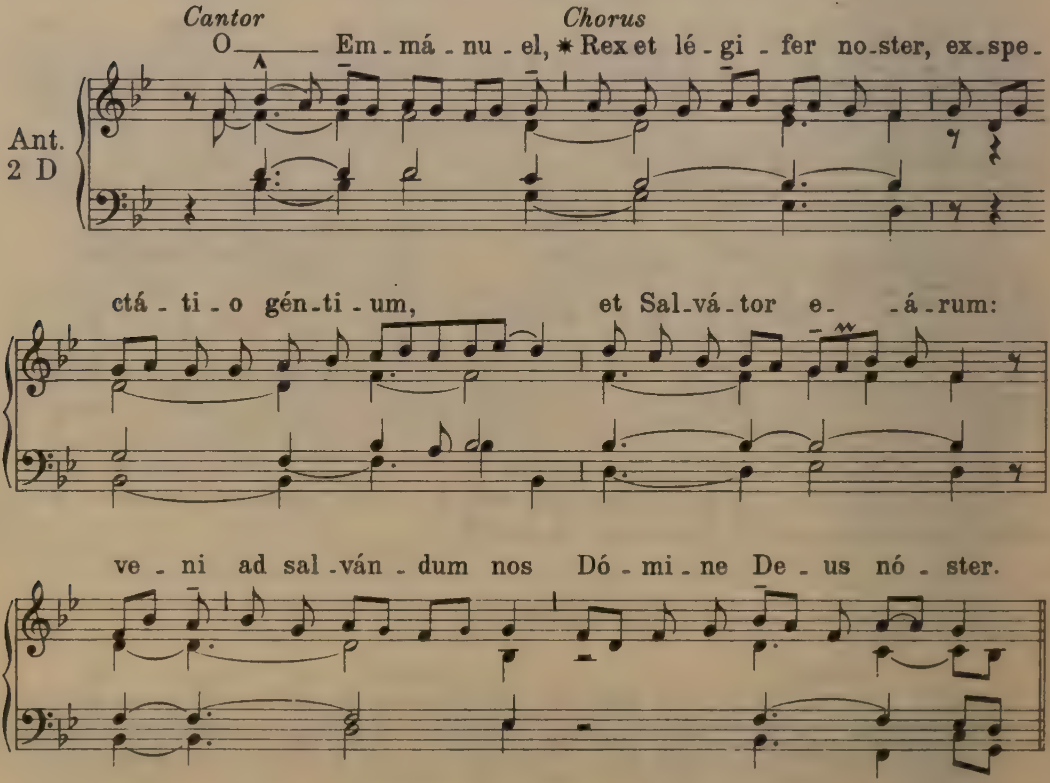
December 22. VI


Cantor
Chorus
O Rex gén - ti - um, * et de-si-de-rá-tus e - á-rum,
Ant.
2 D


la - pís - que an - gu - lá - ris, qui fa - cis ú - tra - que u - num:
ve - ni, et sal - va hó - mi - nem, quem de li - mo for - má - sti.

"O King of nations and their Desired One, and the Corner-Stone that makest both one: come and save man whom Thou formedst out of slime".

December 23. VII


Cantor
Chorus
Ant.
2 D
O ___ Em - má - nu - el, ✱ Rex et lé - gi - fer no - ster, ex - spe -
ctá - ti - o gén - ti - um, et Sal - vá - tor e - á - rum:
ve - ni ad sal - ván - dum nos Dó - mi - ne De - us nó - ster.

"O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the Expectation and Saviour of the nations! come and save us, O Lord our God".

(Accpt. Julius Bas.)

7

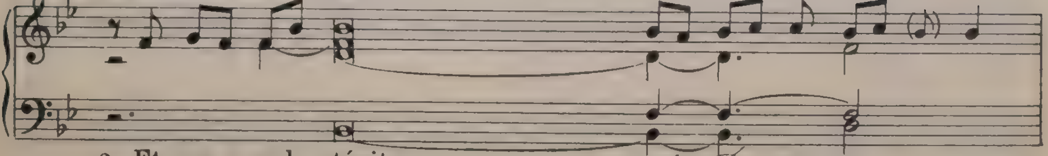
Magnificat

for The Great Antiphons

II D (Solemn Tone)

Cantor

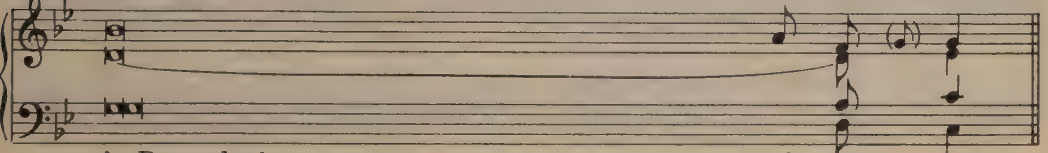
1. Ma - gní - fi - cat *



2. Et ex - sul - távit spí - ri - tus me - - us *
3. Qui - a re - spéxit humilitátem an - cíl - læ su - - æ: *
4. Qui - a fe - cit mihi ma - gna qui po - tens est: *
5. Et mi - se - ricórdia ejus a progéni - e in pro - gé - ni - es: *
6. Fe - cit po - téntiam in brá - chi - o su - - o: *
7. De - pó - su - it po - - - - tén - tes de se - - de, *
8. E - su - ri - éntes im - plé - vit bo - - nis: *
9. Sus - cé - pit Israel pú - e - rum su - - um, *
10. Sic - ut lo - cútus est ad pa - tres no - - stros, *
11. Gló - ri - a Pa - tri, et Fí - li - o, *
12. Sic - ut e - rat in princípio, et nunc, et sem - - per, *

Chorus

1. ánima me - - - - - - - - - a Dó - mi - num.

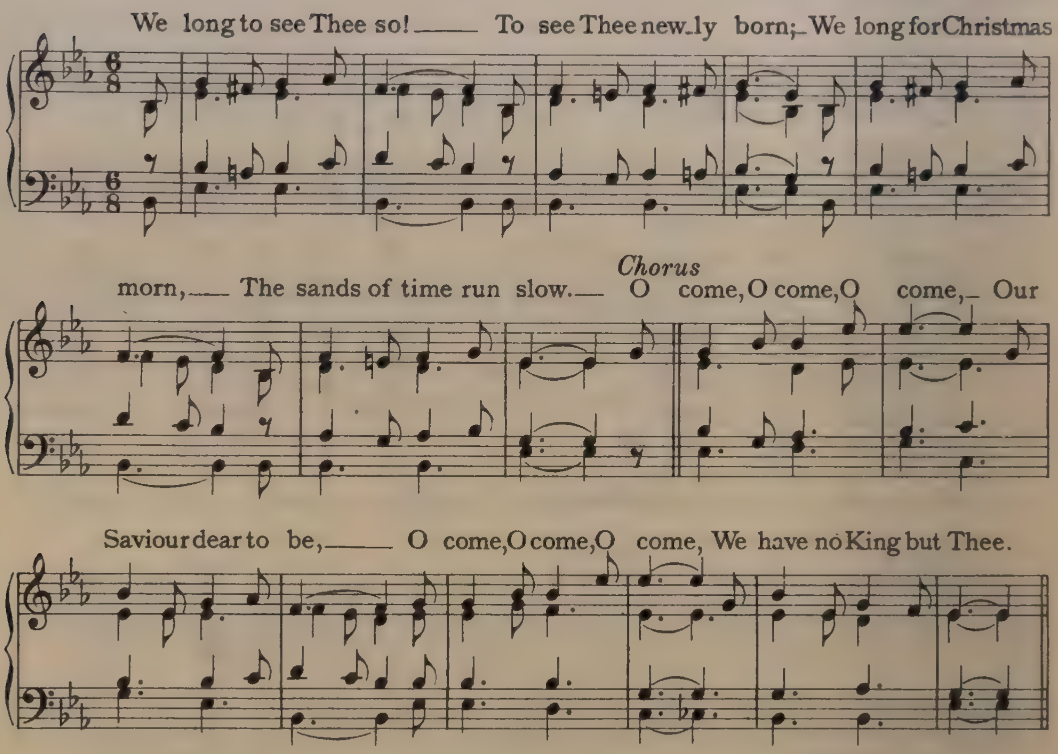


2. in Deo salutá - - - - - - - - - ri me - - o.
3. ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent omnes genera - - ti - ó - - nes
4. et sanctum no - - - - - - - - men e - - jus.
5. timénti - - - - - - - - - bus e - - um.
6. dispérsit supérbos mente cor - - - - - dis su - - i.
7. et exaltá - - - - - - - - - vit hú - mi - les.
8. et dívites dimísit in - á - - nes.
9. recordátus misericórdi - - - - - - æ su - - æ.
10. Abraham et sémini ejus in sǽ - cu - la.
11. et Spirítu - - - - - - - - i San - - cto.
12. et in sǽcula sæculó - - - - - - rum. A - - men.

1. My soul doth magnify the Lord:
2. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
3. For he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
4. For he that is mighty hath done great things unto me: and holy is his name.
5. And his mercy is from generation unto generations: unto them that fear him.
6. He hath showed might with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.
7. He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble.
8. He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away.
9. He hath received Israel his servant, being mindful of his mercy.
10. As he spake to our fathers: to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.
11. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.
12. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

8

We long to see Thee so


We long to see Thee so! To see Thee new-ly born; We long for Christmas
morn, The sands of time run slow.
Chorus
O come, O come, O come, Our
Saviour dear to be, O come, O come, O come, We have no King but Thee.

1. We long to see Thee so!
To see Thee newly born,
We long for Christmas morn,
The sands of time run slow.
O come, O come, O come,
Our Saviour dear to be,
O come, O come, O come,
We have no King but Thee.

2. We long to see Thee so!
To see the Angel's glory,
To hear their midnight story,
And with the shepherds go.
O come, *etc.*

3. We long to see Thee so!
No other joys can please us,
We want Thee, Baby Jesus,
The sands of time run slow.
O come, *etc.*

4. We long to see Thee so!
To print our kisses sweet
Upon Thy little Feet
While tears of love shall flow.
O come, O come, O come,
Our Saviour dear to be,
O come, O come, O come,
We have no King but Thee.

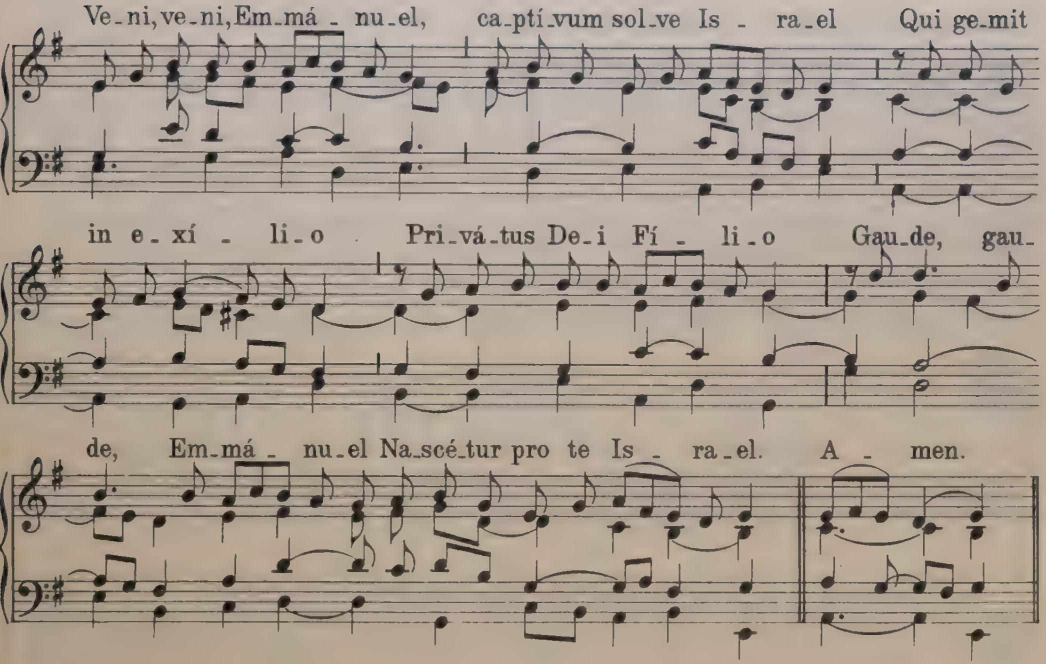
5. We long to see Thee so!
The world will not receive Thee,
But we will never leave Thee,
To whom, Lord, could we go?
O come, *etc.*

6. We long to see Thee so!
Sweet Christ-Child, do not tarry,
O bring Him to us, Mary,
Amid the frost and snow.
O come, *etc.*

(S.N.D.) *(French Melody harmonized by Editor)*

9

Veni, veni, Emmanuel


Ve-ni, ve-ni, Em-má - nu-el, ca-ptí-vum sol-ve Is - ra-el Qui ge-mit
in e-xí - li-o Pri-vá-tus De-i Fí - li-o Gau-de, gau-
de, Em-má - nu-el Na-scé-tur pro te Is - ra-el. A - men.

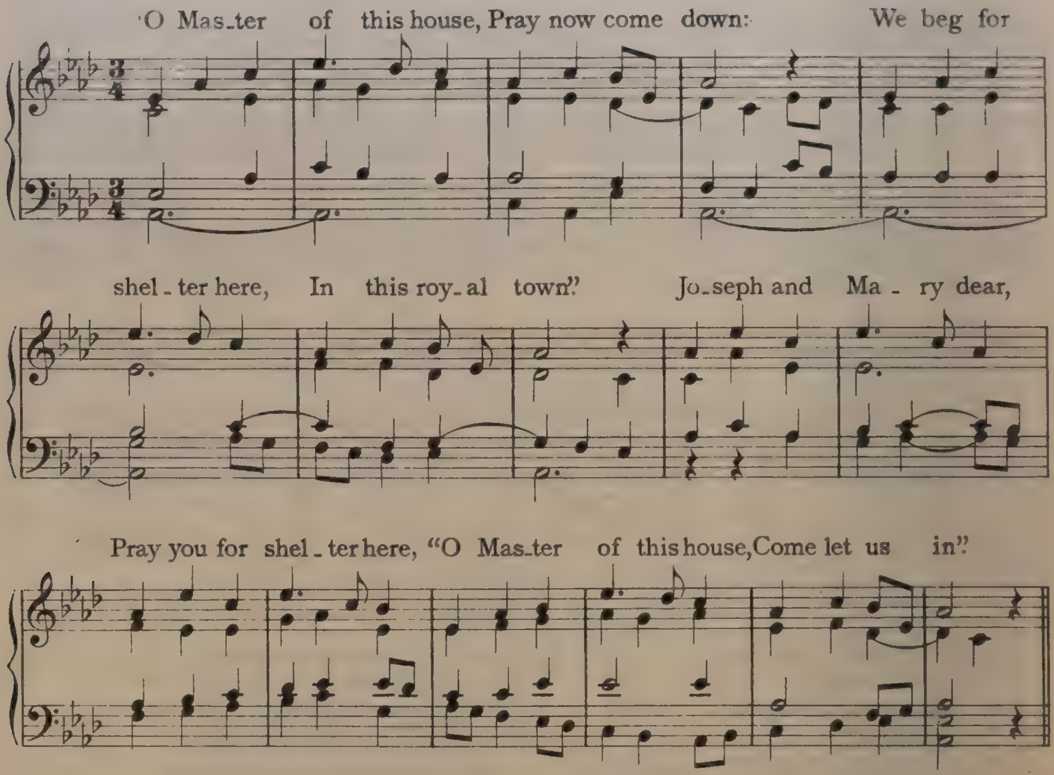
1. Veni, veni, Emmánuel, Captívum solve Israel, Qui gemit in exílio. Privátus Dei Fílio. Gaude! Gaude! Emmánuel Nascétur pro te, Israel.	*1. O come, O come, Emmanuel!* *And ransom captive Israel,* *That mourns in lonely exile here,* *Until the Son of God appear.* *Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel* *Shall come to thee, O Israel.*
2. Veni, O Jesse vírgula! Ex hostis tuos úngula, De specu tuos tártari Educ, et antro bárathri. Gaude, *etc.*	*2. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free* *Thine own from Satan's tyranny:* *From depths of hell Thy people save* *And give them victory o'er the grave.* *Rejoice,* etc.
3. Veni, veni, O Óriens! Soláre nos advéniens: Noctis depélle nébulas, Dirásque noctis ténebras. Gaude, *etc.*	*3. O come Thou Day-spring, come and cheer* *Our spirits, by Thine Advent here;* *Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,* *And death's dark shadows put to flight.* *Rejoice,* etc.
4. Veni, Clavis Davídica! Regna reclúde cœlica, Fac iter tutum súperum, Et claude vias ínferum. Gaude, *etc.*	*4. O come, Thou Key of David, come,* *And open wide our heavenly home;* *Make safe the way that leads on high,* *And close the path to misery.* *Rejoice,* etc.
5. Veni, veni, Adonái! Qui pópulo in Sínai Legem dedísti vértice, In majestáte glóriæ. Gaude, *etc.*	*5. O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,* *Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,* *In ancient time didst give the law* *In cloud, and majesty, and awe.* *Rejoice,* etc.

(Psalteriolum Cant. Cologne 1722)
Harmonized by Fr. Leo. O. S. F. C.

(From a French Missal)

10

O Master of this house


"O Mas-ter of this house, Pray now come down: We beg for
shel-ter here, In this roy-al town." Jo-seph and Ma-ry dear,
Pray you for shel-ter here, "O Mas-ter of this house, Come let us in."

1. "O Master of this house
Pray now come down;
We beg for shelter here,
In this royal town."
Joseph and Mary dear,
Pray you for shelter here,
"O Master of this house
Come let us in."

2. "Who knocks at closèd door
So late at night?
Who now in Bethlehem
Stands in such plight?"
One who is poor and sad,
One O so thinly clad,
"But with rich strangers
My house is full."

3. Joseph, that holy man,
Laments full sore,
That they no shelter find
From cold so raw.
They have walked all day long,
Walked through the heedless throng,
"Bethlehem, Bethlehem,
No pity here?"

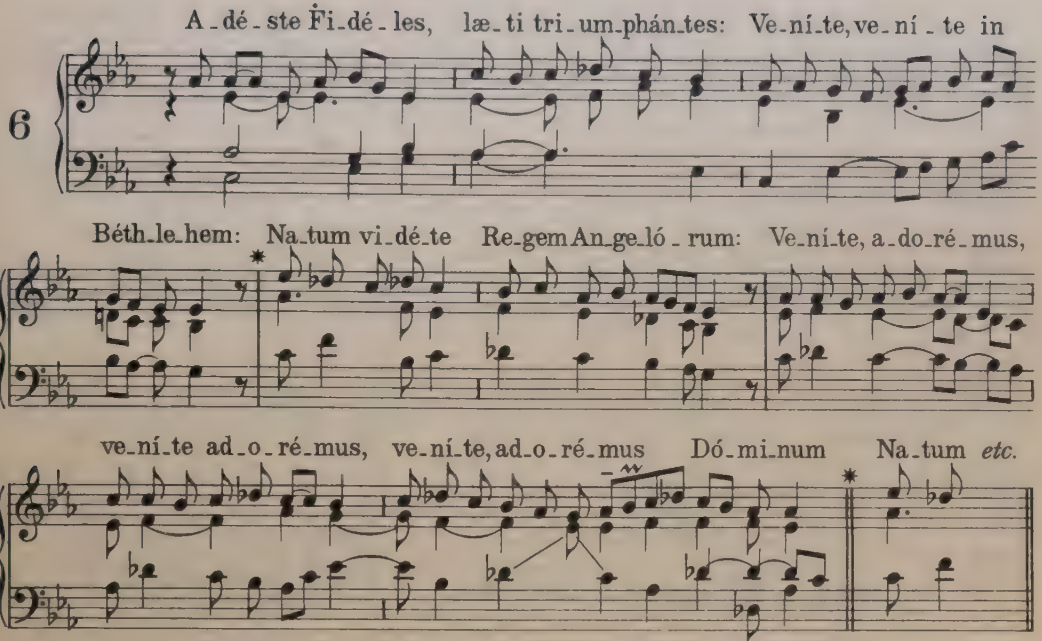
4. Mary, dear Lady,
Be no more sad;
Thy Child and Heaven's Lord
Bids thee be glad.
Maiden and Mother;
Never another;
God's fairest Daughter,
Yet He her Son.

(Bavarian)

(Old Bavarian Folk Carol
arranged by Fr. Lancelot Long. Mus. B.)

11

Adeste Fideles


6
A_dé_ste Fi_dé_les, læ_ti tri_um_phán_tes: Ve_ní_te, ve_ní_te in
Béth_le_hem: Na_tum vi_dé_te Re_gem An_ge_ló_rum: Ve_ní_te, a_do_ré_mus,
ve_ní_te ad_o_ré_mus, ve_ní_te, ad_o_ré_mus Dó_mi_num Na_tum etc.

1. Adéste Fidéles, læti, triumphántes:
Veníte, veníte in Béthlehem:
Natum vidéte Regem Angelórum:
Veníte, adorémus, veníte, adorémus,
Veníte, adorémus Dóminum.
Natum, *etc.*

2. En grege relícto, húmiles ad cunas
Vocáti pastóres appróperant:
Et nos ovánti gradu festinémus:
Veníte, adorémus *etc.*
Et nos *etc.*

3. Ætérni Paréntis splendórem ætérnum
Velátum sub carne vidébimus:
Deum infántem, pannis involútum:
Veníte, adorémus, *etc.*
Deum infántem, *etc.*

4. Pro nobis egénum et fœno cubántem
Piis foveámus ampléxibus:
Sic nos amántem quis non redamáret?
Veníte, adorémus, *etc.*
Sic nos, *etc.*

1. In triumph, joy and holy fear,
Draw near, ye faithful souls, draw near;
The Infant King of Heaven is here:
None treads aright but Bethlehem-ward;
Come hither, come, adore the Lord.

2. By Angels called that bliss to taste,
The shepherds leave their flocks and haste
To see Him in a manger placed:
Then need we further be implored
To hasten and adore the Lord?

3. The glory of the Eternal Sire
Veiled under flesh we shall admire,
Nor quail before His awful fire:
That Infant swathed shall be adored:
Come hither, come, 'tis Christ the Lord.

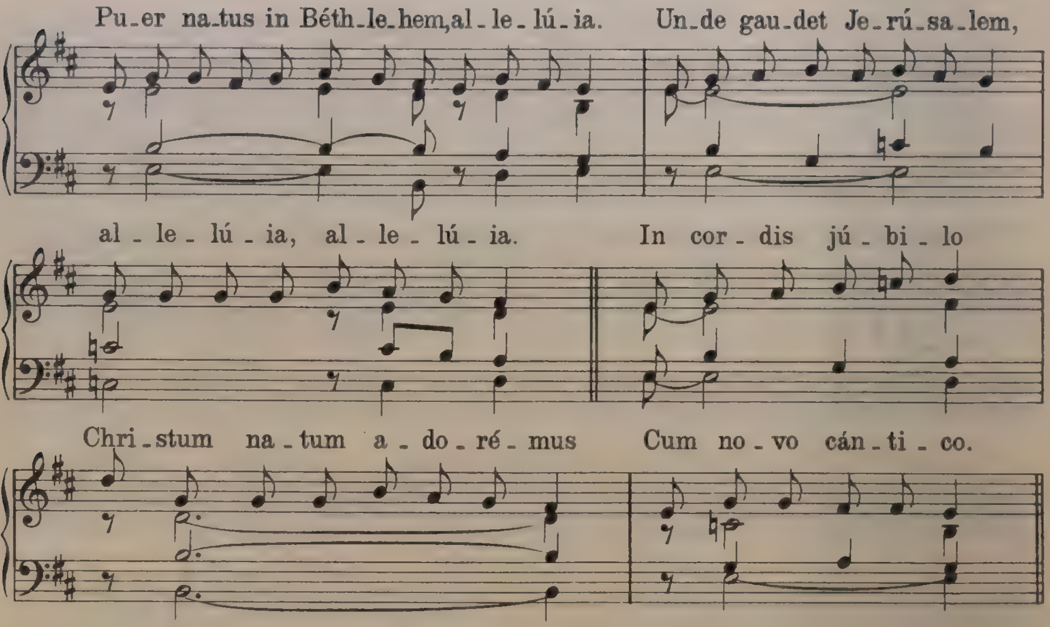
4. Such love as this-who would not yearn
To love the Lover in return?
Behold with reverent zeal we burn
To see the Babe proud kings ignored,
And kiss the Feet of Christ our Lord.

(Tr. J. C. Earle. "Annus Sanctus"
from a Sequence in a Cistercian
Gradual of the 15th-16th centuries

(Accpt. Fr. Lancelot Long. Mus. B.)

12

Puer natus


Pu-er na-tus in Béth-le-hem, al-le-lú-ia. Un-de gau-det Je-rú-sa-lem,
al-le-lú-ia, al-le-lú-ia. In cor-dis jú-bi-lo
Chri-stum na-tum a-do-ré-mus Cum no-vo cán-ti-co.

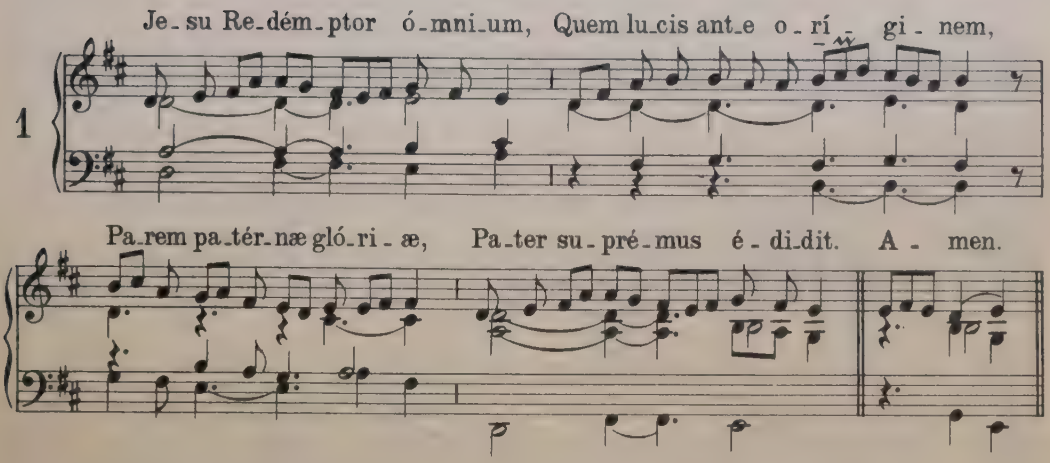
1. Puer natus in Béthlehem, allelúia. Unde gaudet Jerúsalem, allelúia. In cordis júbilo Christum natum adorémus Cum novo cántico.	*1. A Boy is born in Bethlehem,* *Joy bringing to Jerusalem.* *In songs of joy, with one accord,* *Adore the Birth of Christ our Lord.*
2. Hic jacet in præsépio, allelúia Qui regnat sine término, allelúia.	*2. He lieth in a manger poor,* *Whose Kingdom shall for aye endure.*
3. Cognóvit bos et ásinus, allelúia, Quod Puer erat Dóminus, allelúia.	*3. The ox and ass, knowing, adored* *The Infant that was Christ the Lord.*
4. Reges de Saba véniunt, allelúia, Aurum, thus, myrrham ófferunt, allelúia.	*4. The Kings of Saba come and bring* *Gold, myrrh and incense to their King.*
5. Intrantes domum ínvicem allelúia, Novum salútant Príncipem, allelúia.	*5. One after one, the cot forlorn* *Entering, they hail their Prince new-born.*
6. Sine serpéntis vúlnere, allelúia. De nostro venit sánguine, allelúia.	*6. The serpent's venom knows Him not,* *Though of our blood His own He got.*
7. In carne nobis símilis, allelúia, Peccáto sed dissímilis, allelúia.	*7. Made like to us in human kin,* *Unlike us in respect of sin.*
8. Ut rédderet nos hómines, allelúia, Deo et Sibi símiles, allelúia.	*8. That like Him He might make us be* *And with Himself and God agree.*
9. In hoc natáli gaudio, allelúia, Benedicámus Dómino, allelúia.	*9. In this birth's joy let all accord,* *And bless for ever Christ the Lord.*
10. Laudétur sancta Trínitas, allelúia. Deo dicámus Grátias, allelúia.	*10. And praise the Holy Trinity,* *Now and to all Eternity.*

(Tr. Fr Ryder, Oratorian)

(Plain Song Melody 14th century)

13

Jesu Redemptor


Je - su Re - dém - ptor ó - mni - um, Quem lu - cis ant - e o - rí - gi - nem,
1
Pa - rem pa - tér - næ gló - ri - æ, Pa - ter su - pré - mus é - di - dit. A - men.

1. Jesu, Redémptor ómnium,
Quem lucis ante oríginem
Parem patérnæ glóriæ
Pater suprémus édidit.

2. Tu lumen, et splendor Patris,
Tu spes perénnis ómnium,
Inténde quas fundunt preces
Tui per orbem sérvuli.

3. Meménto, rerum Cónditor,
Nostri quod olim córporis,
Sacráta ab alvo Vírginis
Nascéndo, formam súmpseris.

4. Testátur hoc præsens dies,
Currens per anni círculum,
Quod solus e sinu Patris
Mundi salus advéneris.

5. Hunc astra, tellus, ǽquora,
Hunc omne, quod cœlo subest,
Salútis auctórem novæ
Novo salútat cántico.

6. Et nos, beáta quos sacri
Rigávit unda sánguinis,
Natális ob diem tui,
Hymni tribútum sólvimus.

7. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui natus es de Vírgine,
Cum Patre, et almo Spíritu,
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. Jesu, Redeemer of the world,
Before the earliest dawn of light
From everlasting ages born,
Immense in glory as in might.

2. Immortal Hope of all mankind,
In Whom the Father's Face we see;
Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pour
This day throughout the world to Thee.

3. Remember, O Creator Lord,
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh
Didst our mortality assume.

4. This ever-blest recurring day
Its witness bears, that all alone,
From Thy own Father's Bosom forth,
To save the world thou camest down.

5. O Day, to which the seas and sky,
And earth and heaven, glad welcome sing;
O Day which healed our misery,
And brought on earth salvation's King!

6. We too, O Lord, who have been cleansed
In Thy own fount of Blood Divine,
Offer the tribute of sweet song,
On this dear natal day of Thine.

7. O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.
Amen.

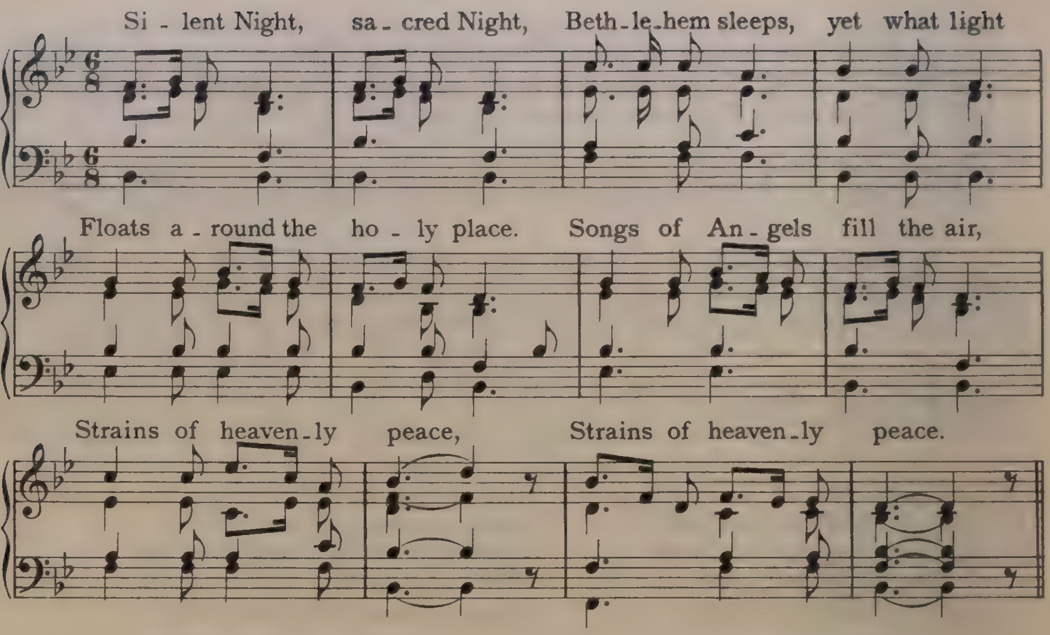
(*Attributed to St. Ambrose † 357*
Bp. of Milan. Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

14

Christmas

Silent Night


Si - lent Night, sa - cred Night, Beth - le - hem sleeps, yet what light
Floats a - round the ho - ly place. Songs of An - gels fill the air,
Strains of heaven - ly peace, Strains of heaven - ly peace.

1. Silent Night, sacred Night,
Bethlehem sleeps, yet what light
Floats around the holy place,
Songs of Angels fill the air,
Strains of heavenly peace,
Strains of heavenly peace.

2. Silent Night, sacred Night,
Shepherds first see the light,
Hear the Alleluias ring
Which the Angel Chorus sing,
Christ the Saviour has come,
Christ the Saviour has come.

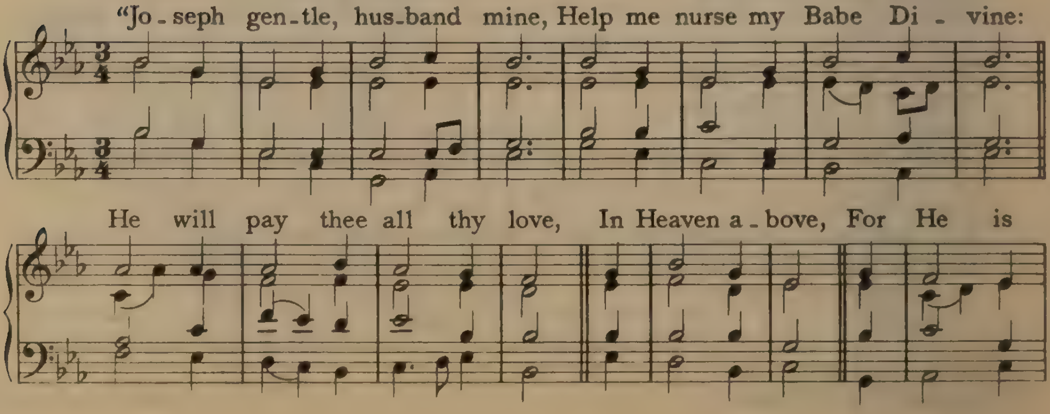
3. Silent Night, sacred Night,
Son of God, O what light,
Radiates from Thy manger-bed,
Over realms with darkness spread;
Thou in Bethlehem born,
Thou in Bethlehem born.

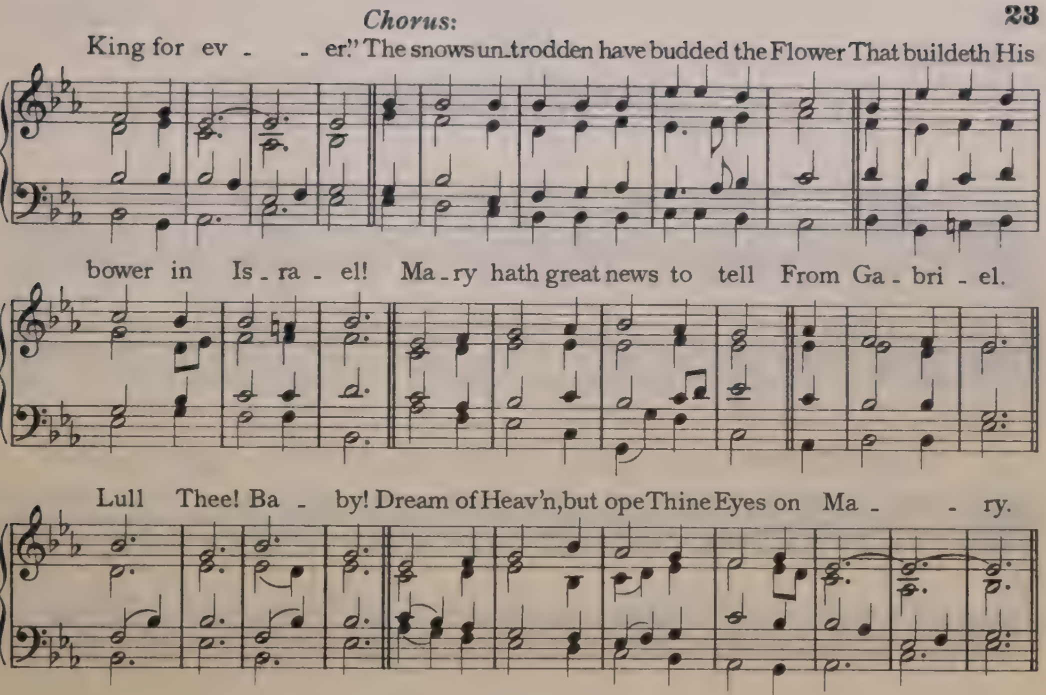
(Tr. "Minuit, Chrétiens") *(French)*

15

Christmas

Joseph gentle, husband mine


"Jo - seph gen - tle, hus - band mine, Help me nurse my Babe Di - vine:
He will pay thee all thy love, In Heaven a - bove, For He is


Chorus:
King for ev - - er." The snows un-trodden have budded the Flower That buildeth His
bower in Is - ra - el! Ma - ry hath great news to tell From Ga - bri - el.
Lull Thee! Ba - by! Dream of Heav'n, but ope Thine Eyes on Ma - - ry.

1. "Joseph gentle, husband mine,
Help me nurse my Babe Divine:
He will pay thee all thy love,
In Heaven above,
For He is King for ever."
The snows untrodden have budded the Flower
That buildeth His bower in Israel.
Mary hath great news to tell
From Gabriel.
Lull Thee, Baby,
Dream of Heav'n, but ope Thine Eyes on Mary.

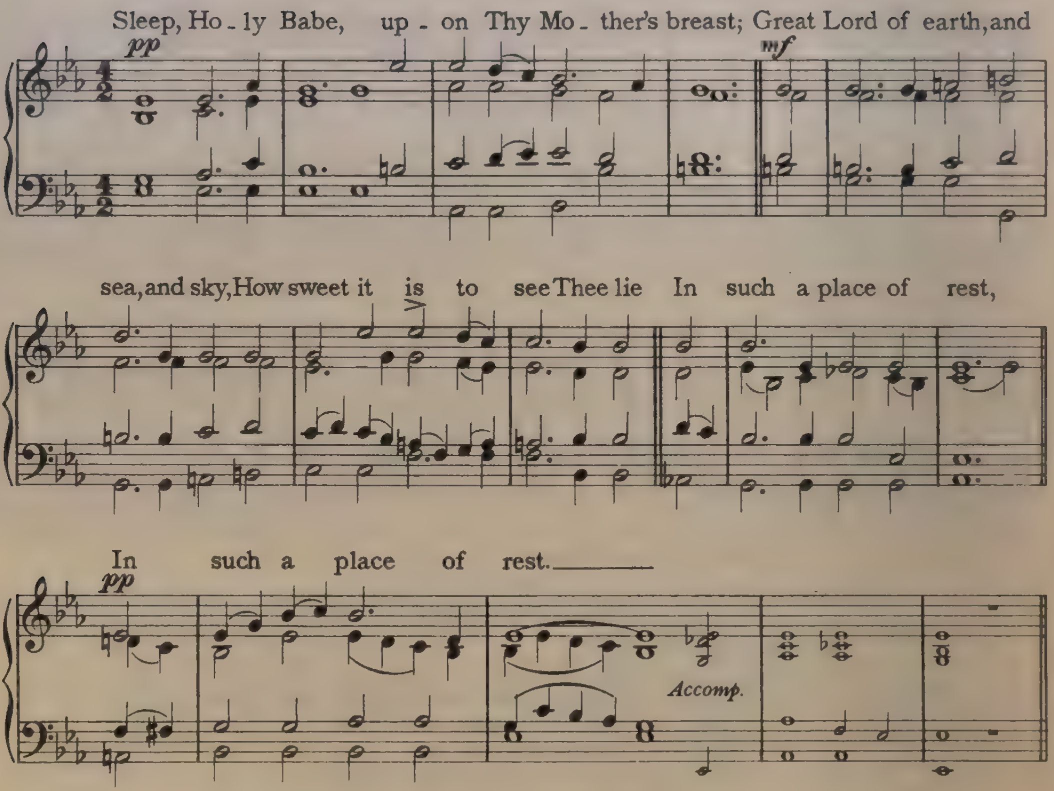
2. Angel-host of Paradise,
Ye who gaze with starry eyes
Where the Triune splendours glow,
See here how low
His love has brought the Highest.
Till now was never nor shall be again
'Mid Angels or men such bliss fore-cast;
Maiden Mother claspeth fast
The First and Last.
Lull Thee, Baby,
Dream of Heav'n, but ope Thine Eyes on Mary.

3. O that earth were sweet and mild,
As her lap to Mary's Child,
O could every heart unfold
This love untold
That shone before the day-star.
The Peaceful King hath uplifted His Throne
And ruleth alone o'er all the kings;
Mercy comes on broad'ning wings,
And Truth up-springs.
Glory! Lord God!
Peace on earth and Glory in the Highest.

(Fr. O'Connor) *(German)*

16

Sleep, Holy Babe


Sleep, Ho - ly Babe, up - on Thy Mo - ther's breast; Great Lord of earth, and
pp
mf
sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest,
In such a place of rest.
pp
Accomp.

1. Sleep, Holy Babe, upon Thy Mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest.

2. Sleep, Holy Babe. Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

3. Sleep, Holy Babe, while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there divinely plays.

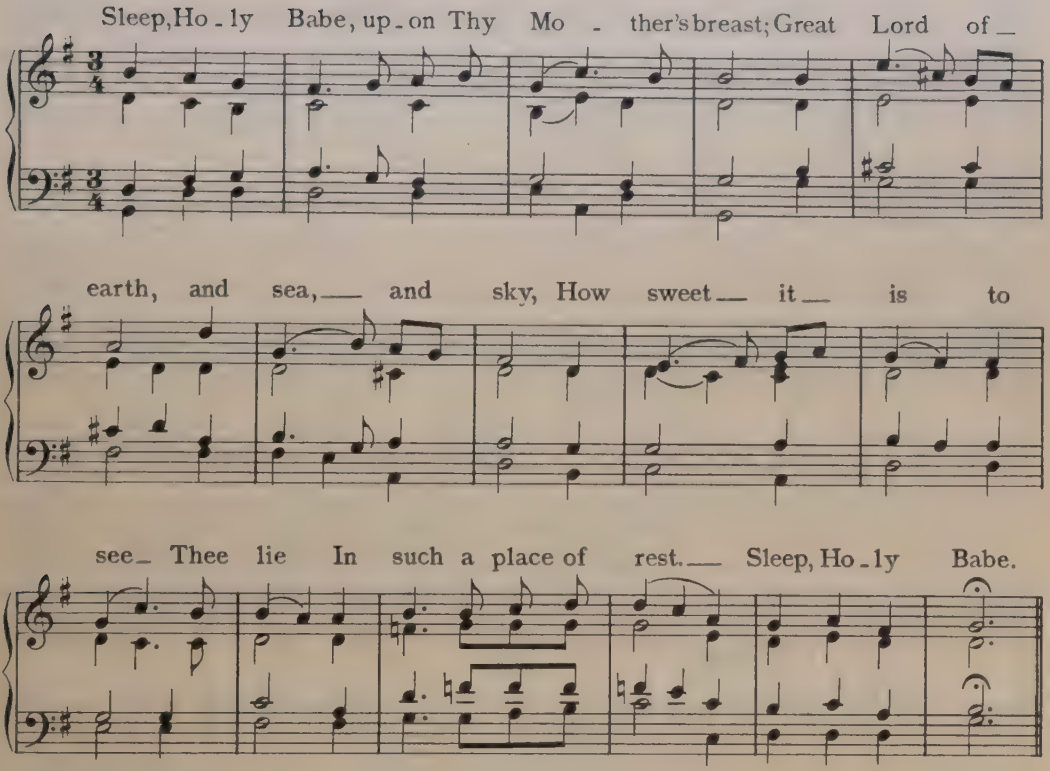
4. Sleep, Holy Babe. Ah, take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That Death alone shall close.

(Fr. Caswall)

(Dr. Dykes)

17

Sleep, Holy Babe


Sleep, Ho - ly Babe, up - on Thy Mo - ther's breast; Great Lord of _ earth, and sea, _ and sky, How sweet _ it _ is to see _ Thee lie In such a place of rest. _ Sleep, Ho - ly Babe.

1. Sleep, Holy Babe, upon Thy Mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest. Sleep, Holy Babe.

2. Sleep, Holy Babe, Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound. Sleep, Holy Babe.

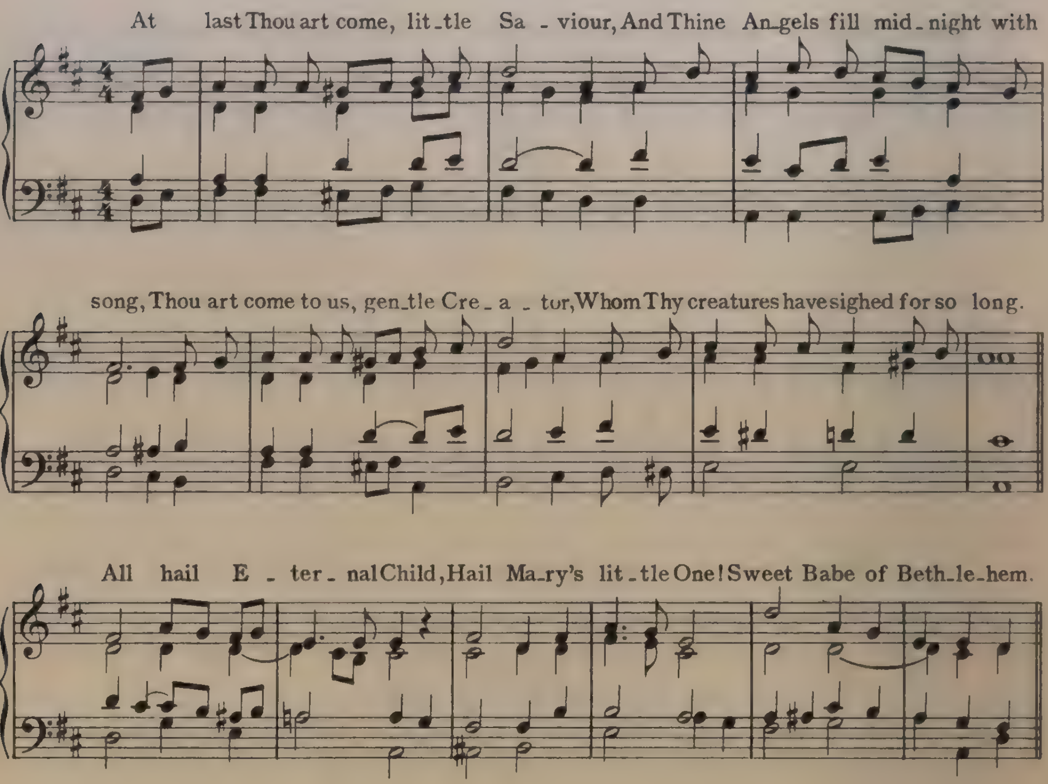
3. Sleep, Holy Babe, while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there divinely plays.

4. Sleep, Holy Babe, ah, take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

(Fr. Caswall) *(Barnett)*

18

At last Thou art come, Little Saviour


At last Thou art come, lit-tle Sa-viour, And Thine An-gels fill mid-night with
song, Thou art come to us, gen-tle Cre-a-tor, Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.
All hail E-ter-nal Child, Hail Ma-ry's lit-tle One! Sweet Babe of Beth-le-hem.

1. At last Thou art come, little Saviour,
And Thine Angels fill midnight with song,
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator,
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.
All hail, Eternal Child,
Hail Mary's little One,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

2. Thou art come to Thy beautiful Mother,
She hath gazed on Thy marvellous Face,
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary,
And she was Thy channel of grace.
All hail, *etc.*

3. Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight,
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus,
With the joy of this wonderful night.
All hail, *etc.*

4. Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary,
Yet we hardly believe Thou art come,
It seems such a wonder to have Thee,
New Brother, with us in our home.
All hail, *etc.*

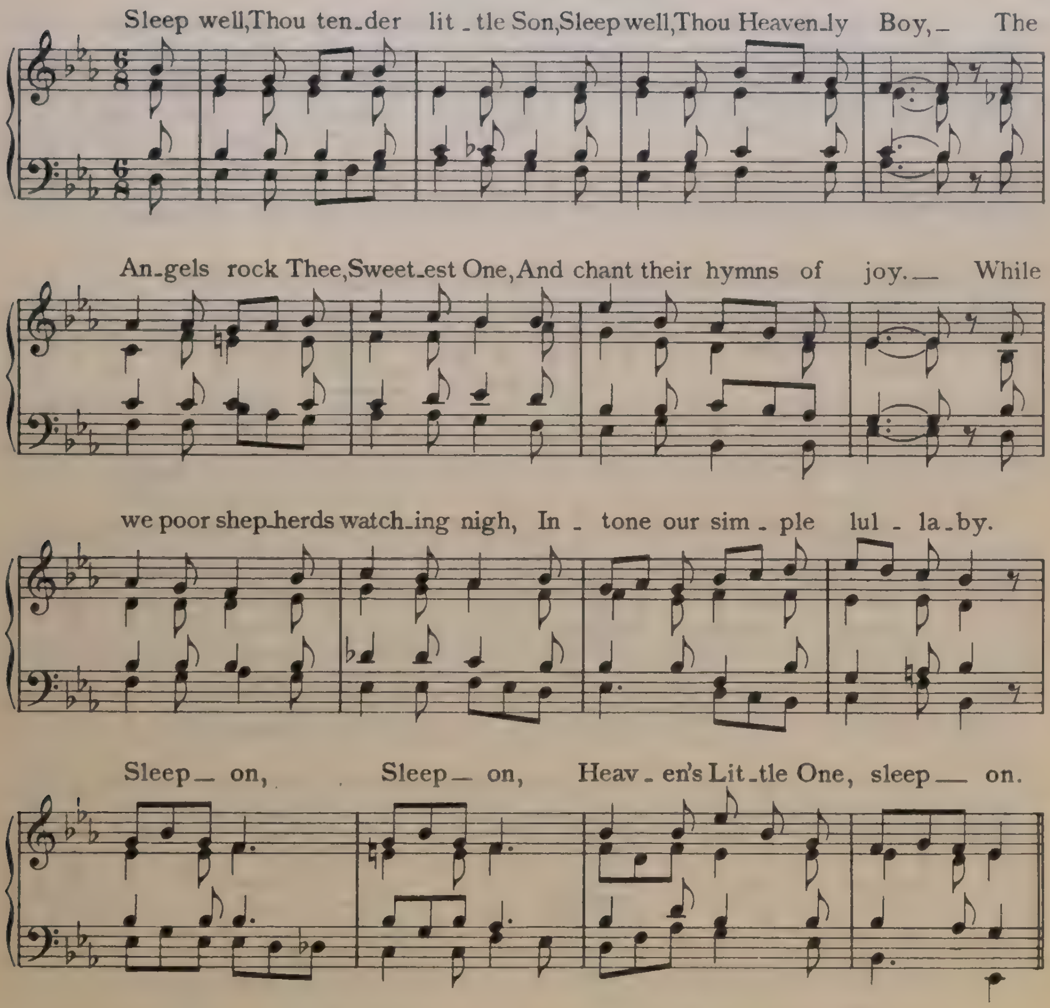
5. Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker,
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore,
We will play with Thee, Beautiful Brother,
On Eternity's jubilant shore.
All hail, *etc.*

(*Fr. Faber* † 1863)

(*Old Melody harmonized by Editor*)

19

Sleep well, Thou Tender Little Son


Sleep well, Thou ten-der lit-tle Son, Sleep well, Thou Heaven-ly Boy, — The
An-gels rock Thee, Sweet-est One, And chant their hymns of joy. — While
we poor shep-herds watch-ing nigh, In-tone our sim-ple lul-la-by.
Sleep — on, Sleep — on, Heav-en's Lit-tle One, sleep — on.

1. Sleep well, Thou tender little Son,
Sleep well, Thou Heavenly Boy,
The Angels rock Thee, Sweetest One,
And chant their hymns of joy.
While we poor shepherds, watching nigh,
Intone our simple lullaby.
Sleep on, sleep on,
Heaven's Little One, sleep on.

2. Sleep well, for now Thy little Head
Lies on Thy Mother's breast,
And Joseph stands in silent dread
Of waking Thee from rest.
Mute are our little flocks to see
In Thee God's awful majesty.
Sleep on, *etc.*

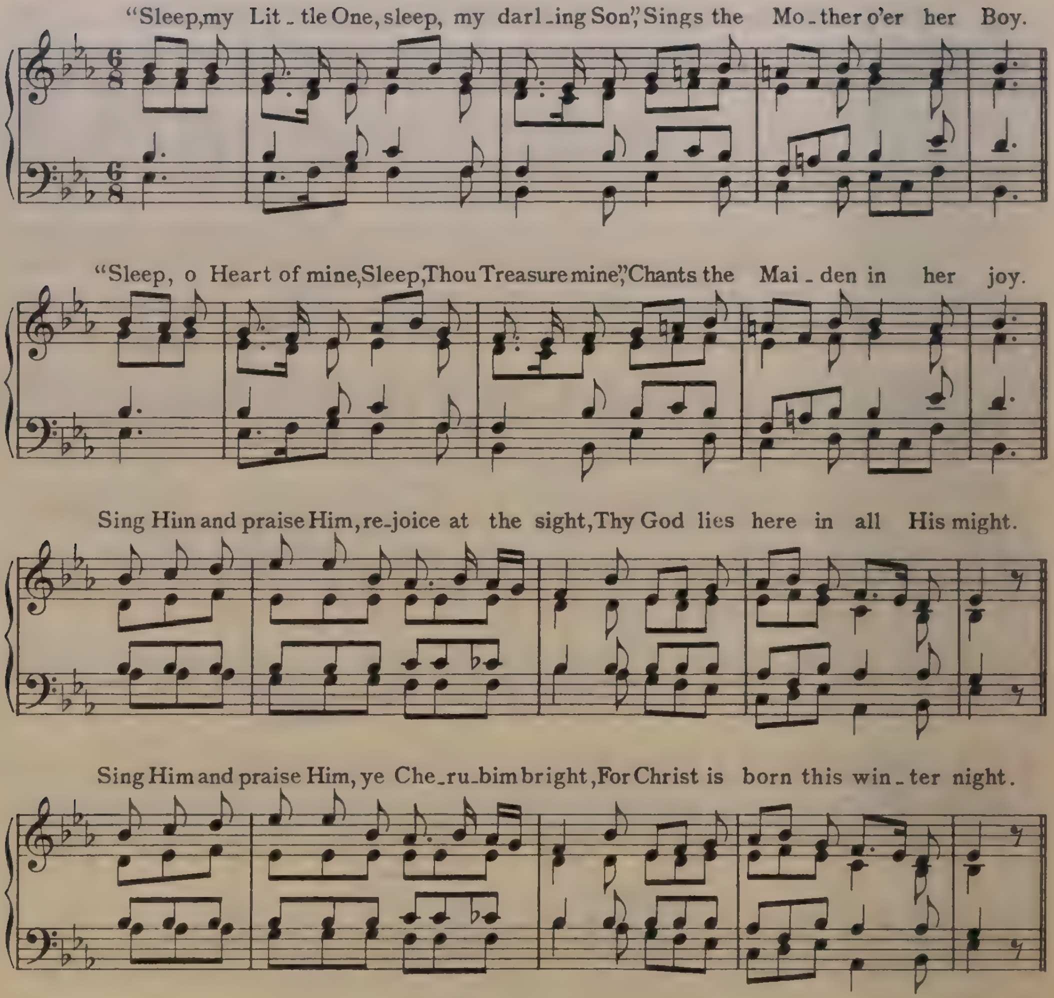
3. Sleep well, Ah! too soon wilt Thou see
Thy Blood the hill-top lave;
Man's fury nail Thee to the tree
And lay Thee in the grave.
Thy tearful eyes, then, firmly close,
Deep need hast Thou of sweet repose.
Sleep on, *etc.*

(*Anonymous*)

(*Old Melody harmonized by Editor*)

20

Sleep, my Little One


"Sleep, my Lit - tle One, sleep, my darl - ing Son," Sings the Mo - ther o'er her Boy.
"Sleep, o Heart of mine, Sleep, Thou Treasure mine," Chants the Mai - den in her joy.
Sing Him and praise Him, re - joice at the sight, Thy God lies here in all His might.
Sing Him and praise Him, ye Che - ru - bim bright, For Christ is born this win - ter night.

1. "Sleep, my little One, sleep my darling Son,"
Sings the Mother o'er her Boy,
"Sleep, O Heart of mine! Sleep, Thou Treasure mine!"
Chants the Maiden in her joy.
Sing Him, and praise Him, rejoice at the sight;
Thy God lies here in all His might,
Sing Him and praise Him, ye Cherubim bright,
For Christ is born this winter night.

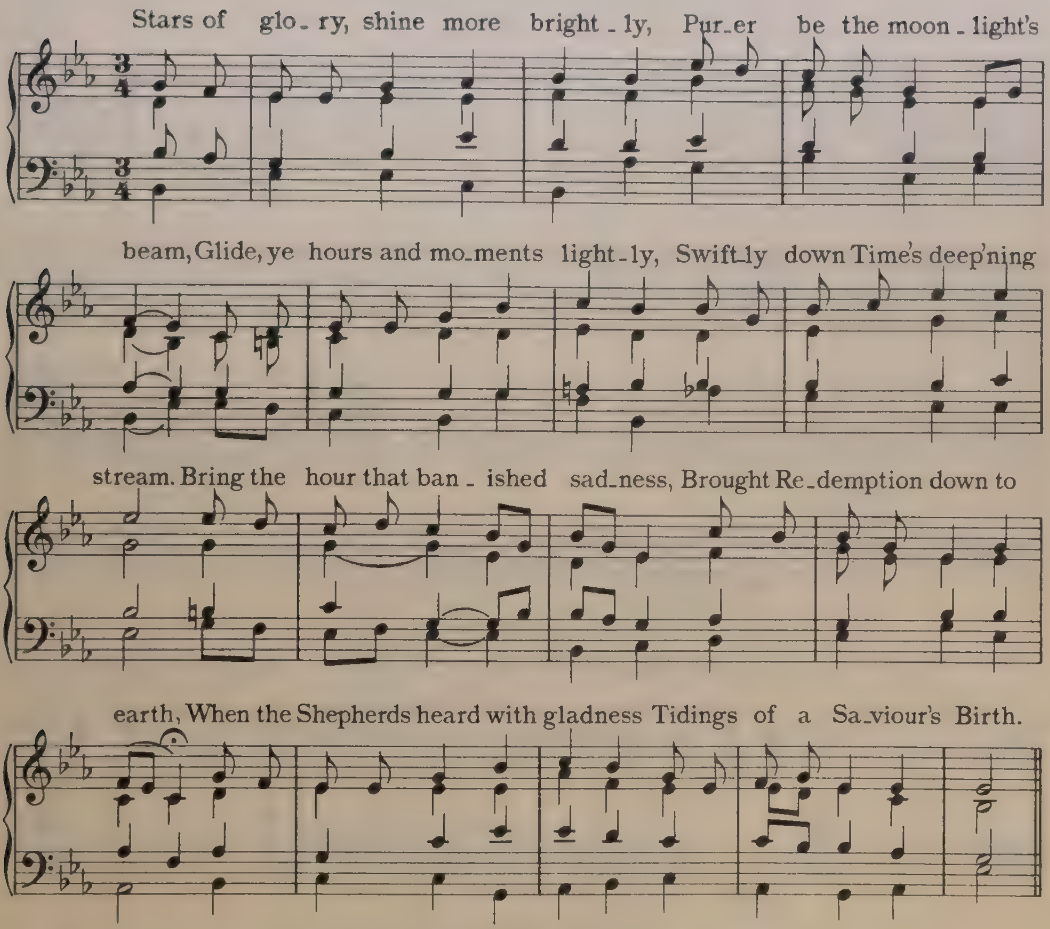
2. "Cease Thy tender cries, close Thy little Eyes,
Though the bitter winds blow free,
Sleep, my little Boy, Thy sweet rest enjoy,
Faithful beasts breathe warm on Thee."
Sing Him, *etc.*

3. "Sleep my Hope and Joy, sleep, my Baby Boy,
God of Heaven and man's best Friend,
Deep in peaceful rest be Thy slumber blest,
Sleep until the night doth end."
Sing Him, *etc.*

(?) *(Alsatian Carol)*

21

Stars of glory


Stars of glo-ry, shine more bright-ly, Pur-er be the moon-light's
beam, Glide, ye hours and mo-ments light-ly, Swift-ly down Time's deep'ning
stream. Bring the hour that ban-ished sad-ness, Brought Re-demption down to
earth, When the Shepherds heard with gladness Tidings of a Sa-viour's Birth.

1. Stars of glory, shine more brightly,
Purer be the moonlight's beam,
Glide, ye hours and moments lightly,
Swiftly down Time's deep'ning stream.
Bring the hour that banished sadness,
Brought Redemption down to earth,
When the Shepherds heard with gladness
Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

2. Lo, a beauteous Angel soaring
In the bright celestial blaze,
On the shepherds low adoring
Rest his mild effulgent rays:
"Fear not," cries the heavenly stranger,
"Him whom ancient Jews foretold,
Weeping in a lowly manger,
Shepherds, haste ye to behold."

3. See the shepherds quickly rising,
Hast'ning to the humble stall,
And the newborn Infant prizing
As the mighty Lord of all.
Lowly now they bend before Him
In His helpless infant state,
Firmly faithful, they adore Him,
And His greatness celebrate.

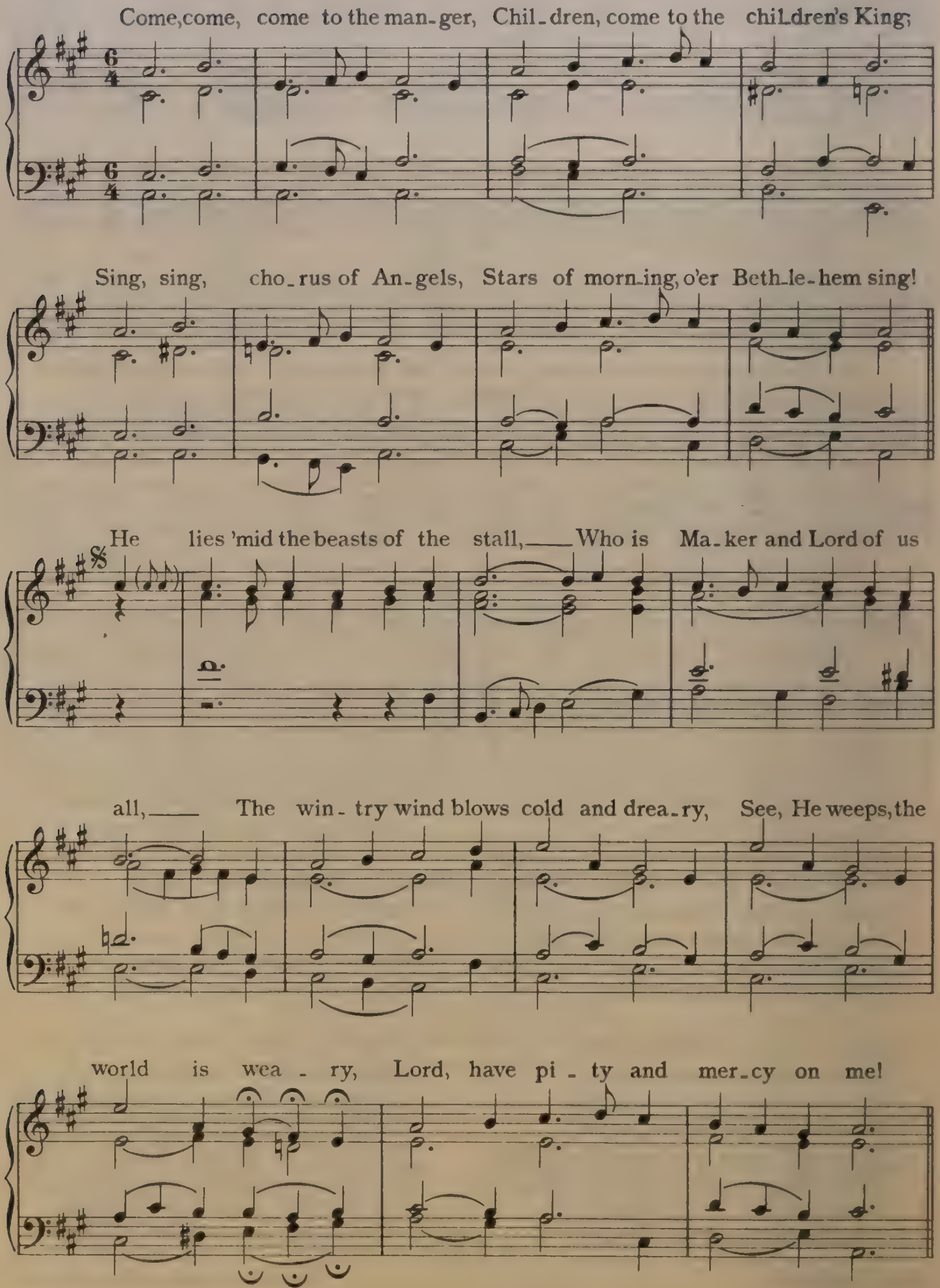
4. Hark, the swell of heavenly voices
Peals along the vaulted sky,
Angels sing, while earth rejoices,
"Glory to our God on high:
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace to humble men on earth,
Joy to these and bliss is given
In the great Redeemer's birth."

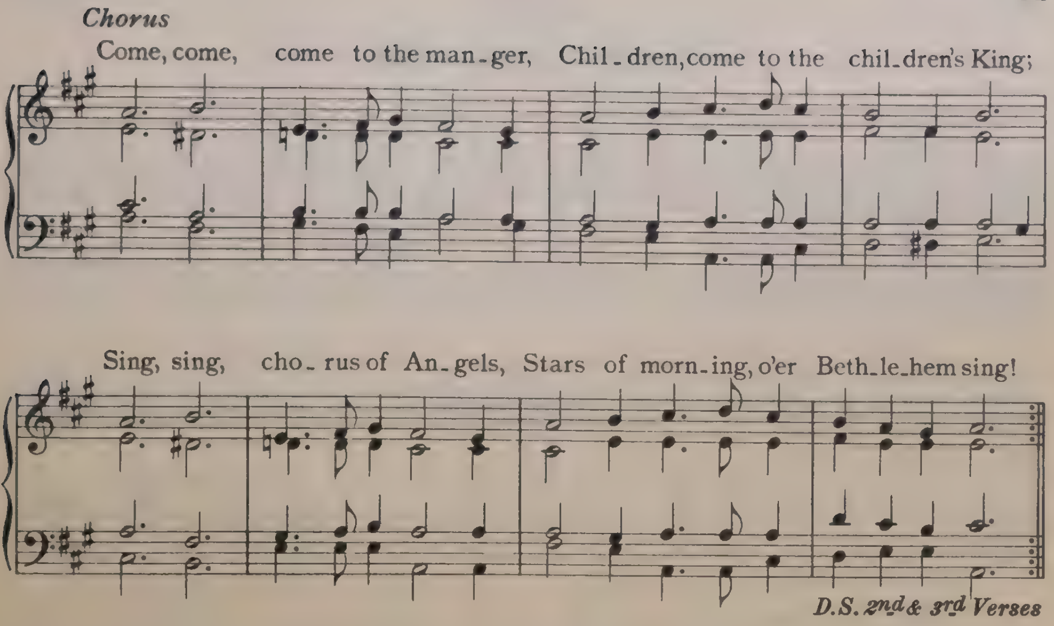
(Canon Husenbeth)

(Irish Melody harmonized by Editor)

22

Come to the Manger


Come, come, come to the man-ger, Chil-dren, come to the chil-dren's King;
Sing, sing, cho-rus of An-gels, Stars of morn-ing, o'er Beth-le-hem sing!
He lies 'mid the beasts of the stall, Who is Ma-ker and Lord of us
all, The win-try wind blows cold and drea-ry, See, He weeps, the
world is wea-ry, Lord, have pi-ty and mer-cy on me!


Chorus
Come, come, come to the man-ger, Chil-dren, come to the chil-dren's King;
Sing, sing, cho-rus of An-gels, Stars of morn-ing, o'er Beth-le-hem sing!
D.S. 2nd & 3rd Verses

1. Come, come, come to the manger,
Children, come to the children's King;
Sing, sing, chorus of Angels,
Stars of morning, o'er Bethlehem sing.

He lies 'mid the beasts of the stall,
Who is Maker and Lord of us all,
The wintry wind blows cold and dreary,
See, He weeps, the world is weary,
Lord, have pity and mercy on me.
Come, come, come to the manger,
Children, come to the children's King;
Sing, sing, chorus of Angels,
Stars of morning, o'er Bethlehem sing.

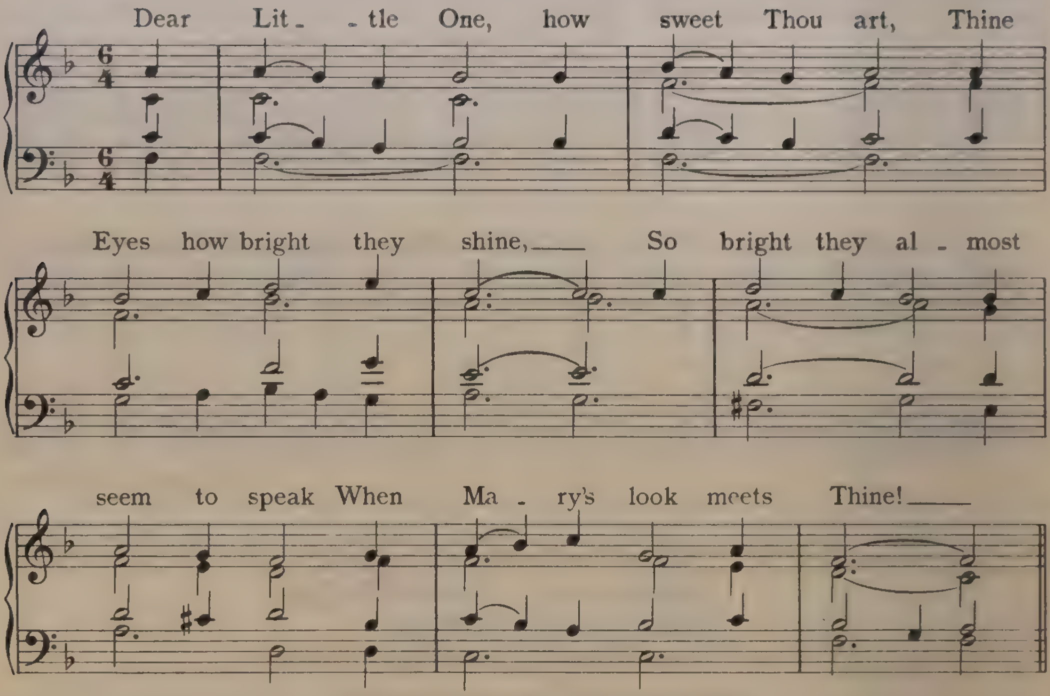
2. He leaves all His glory behind,
To be born and to die for mankind;
With grateful beasts His cradle chooses,
Thankless man His love refuses,
Lord, have pity and mercy on me.
Come, come, *etc.*

3. To the manger of Bethlehem come,
To the Saviour Emmanuel's home;
The heav'nly hosts above are singing,
Set the Christmas bells a-ringing,
Lord, have pity and mercy on me.
Come, come, *etc.*

(Anonymous) *(Traditional)*

23

Dear Little One


Dear Lit - - tle One, how sweet Thou art, Thine
Eyes how bright they shine, So bright they al - most
seem to speak When Ma - ry's look meets Thine!

1. Dear Little One, how sweet Thou art,
Thine Eyes how bright they shine,
So bright they almost seem to speak
When Mary's look meets Thine.

2. How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love.

3. Yes, Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,
A thing of smiles and tears;
Yet Thou art God, and Heaven and earth
Adore Thee with their fears.

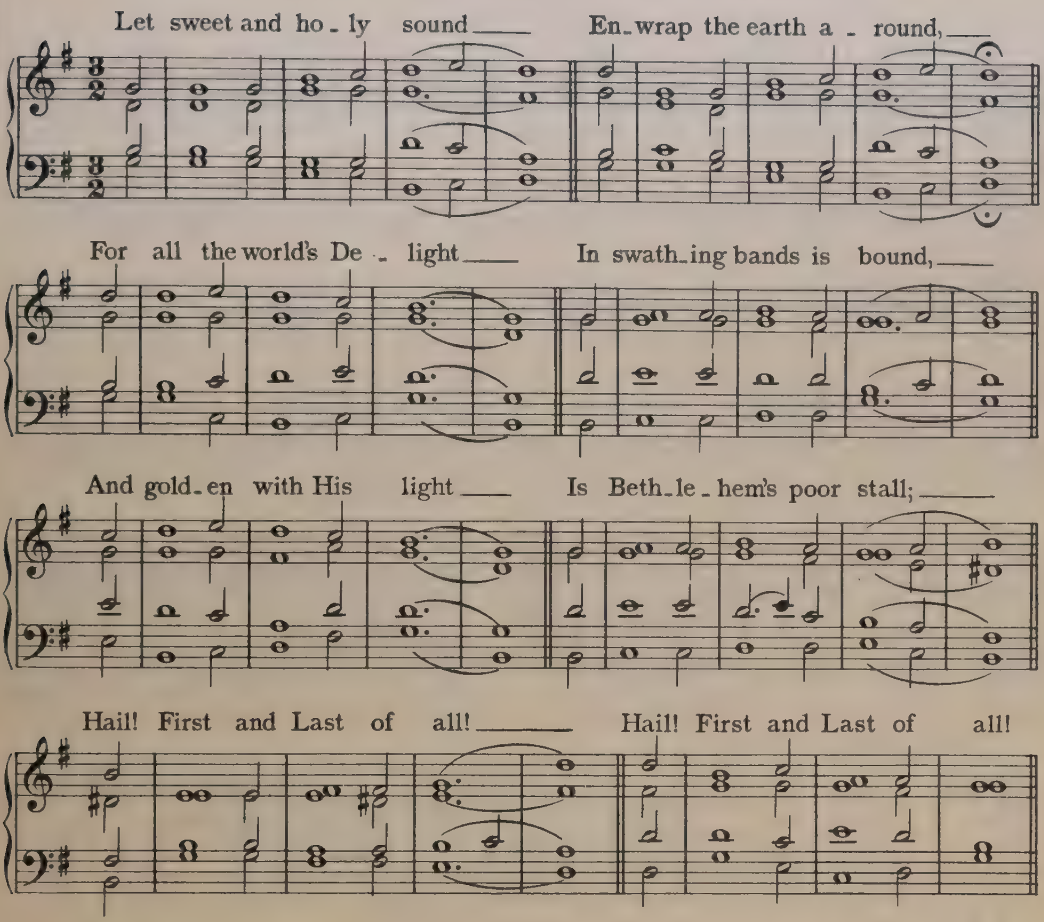
4. Yes, dearest Babe, those tiny Hands,
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
This very moment bear.

5. Art Thou, weak Babe, my very God?
Oh, I must love Thee then.
Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love
Among forgetful men.

(Fr. Faber + 1863) *(B. d'Evry)*

24

Let sweet and holy sound


Let sweet and ho - ly sound
En-wrap the earth a - round,
For all the world's De - light
In swath-ing bands is bound,
And gold-en with His light
Is Beth-le - hem's poor stall;
Hail! First and Last of all!
Hail! First and Last of all!

1. Let sweet and holy sound
Enwrap the earth around,
For all the world's Delight
In swathing bands is bound,
And golden with His light
Is Bethlehem's poor stall;
Hail First and Last of all!
Hail First and Last of all!

2. O Baby soft and weak,
Thou mak'st my dumb heart speak.
O little Child most high,
By this Thy love so meek,
Grant me to live and die
In Thy sweet loyalty.
O call me after Thee!
O call me after Thee!

3. O Love of God the Sire,
O pitying desire
Of His Eternal Son.
From sin and quenchless fire
Our souls hath Jesus won
To deck His palace fair:
O would that we were there!
O would that we were there!

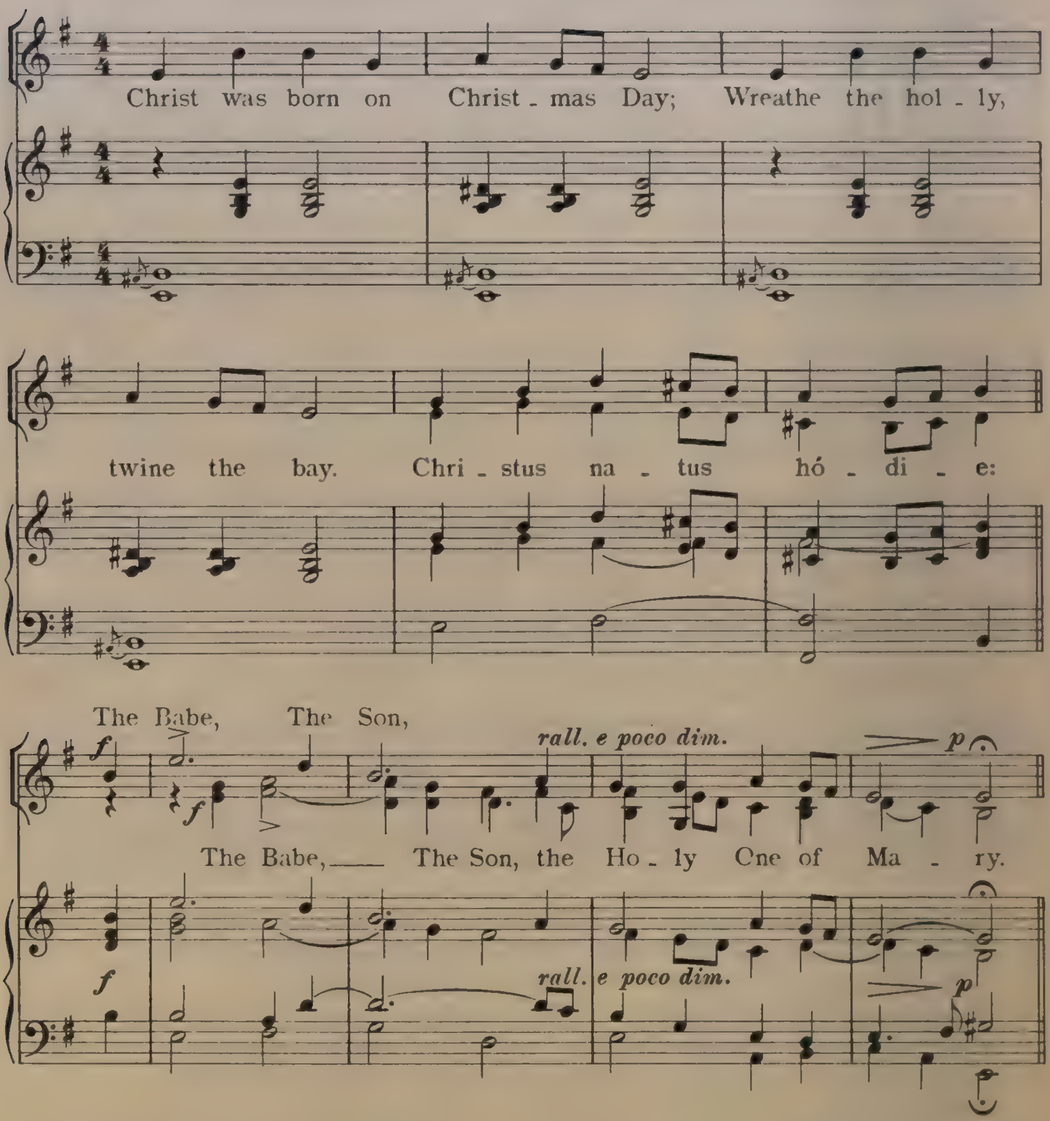
4. For gladness never dies
In those immortal skies:
The golden tides of song
From choiréd Angels rise:
And in the turrets strong,
Sweet bells make praise and prayer:
O would that we were there!
O would that we were there!

(Fr. O'Connor)

(German)

25

Christ was born on Christmas Day


Christ was born on Christ - mas Day; Wreathe the hol - ly,
twine the bay. Chri - stus na - tus hó - di - e:
The Babe, The Son,
rall. e poco dim.
The Babe, The Son, the Ho - ly One of Ma - ry.
f
p
rall. e poco dim.

1. Christ was born on Christmas Day;
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay.
Christus natus hódie:
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

2. He is born to set us free,
He is born our Lord to be,
Ex María Vírgine:
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

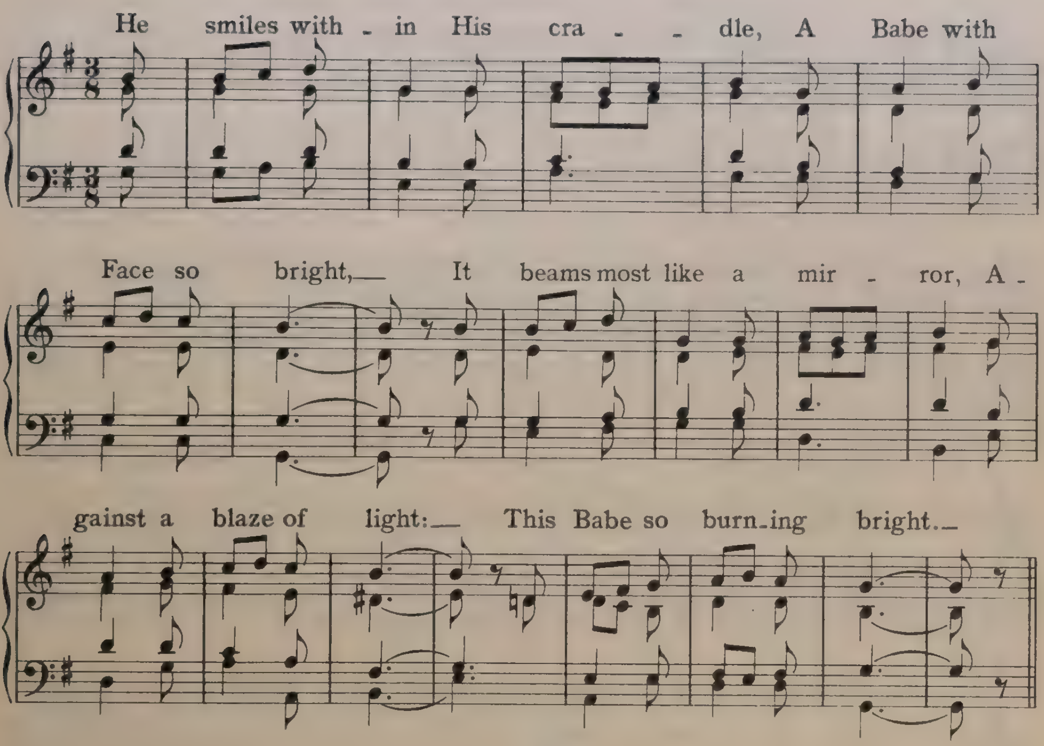
3. Let the bright red berries glow
Everywhere in goodly show;
Christus natus hódie:
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

4. Christian men, rejoice and sing
'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex María vírgine:
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

(From 12 Christmas Carols) *(Sir Richard Terry)*

26

He smiles within His cradle


He smiles with - in His cra - - dle, A Babe with
Face so bright,— It beams most like a mir - ror, A -
gainst a blaze of light:— This Babe so burn-ing bright.—

1. He smiles within His cradle,
A Babe with Face so bright,
It beams most like a mirror
Against a blaze of light:
This Babe so burning bright.

2. This Babe we now declare to you
Is Jesus Christ our Lord;
He brings both peace and gladness.
Haste, haste, with one accord
To feast with Christ our Lord.

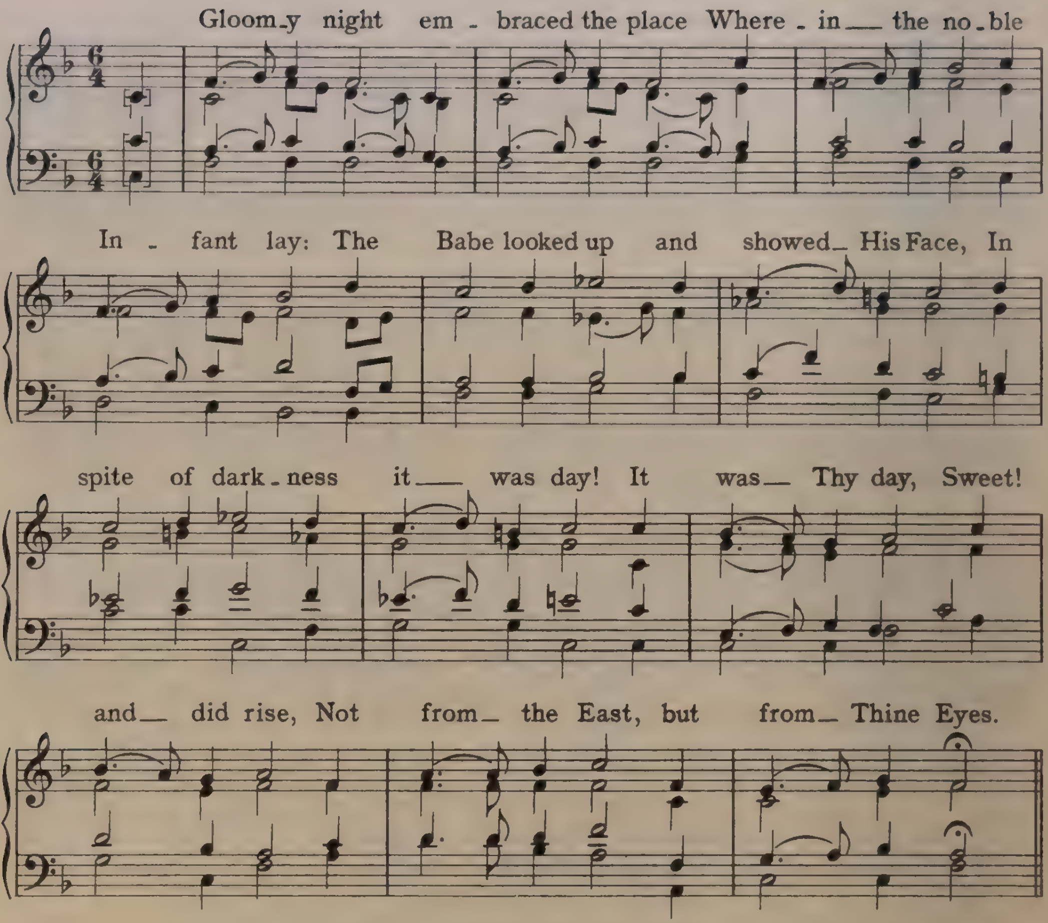
3. And who would rock the cradle
Wherein this Infant lies,
Must rock with easy motion
And watch with humble eyes,
Like Mary, pure and wise.

4. O Jesus, dearest Babe of all,
And dearest Babe of mine,
Thy love is great, Thy limbs are small,
O flood this heart of mine
With overflow from Thine!

(Tr. R. Graves) *(Austrian Melody 1649)*

27

Gloomy Night


Gloom-y night em - braced the place Where - in the no - ble
In - fant lay: The Babe looked up and showed His Face, In
spite of dark - ness it was day! It was Thy day, Sweet!
and did rise, Not from the East, but from Thine Eyes.

1. Gloomy night embraced the place
Wherein the noble Infant lay;
The Babe looked up and showed His Face,
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, Sweet, and did rise,
Not from the East, but from Thine Eyes.

2. Cold Winter chid aloud, and sent
The angry North to wage his wars;
The North forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars;
By those sweet Eyes' persuasive powers
Where he meant frost, he scattered flowers.

3. We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Bright Dawn of our eternal day,
We saw Thine Eyes break from their East
And chase the trembling shades away;
We saw Thee, and we blessed the sight;
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet Light.

4. Welcome, all wonders in one sight,
Eternity shut in a span,
In winter summer, day in night,
And Heaven in earth, and God in Man,
Great Little One, Whose lowly birth
Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth.

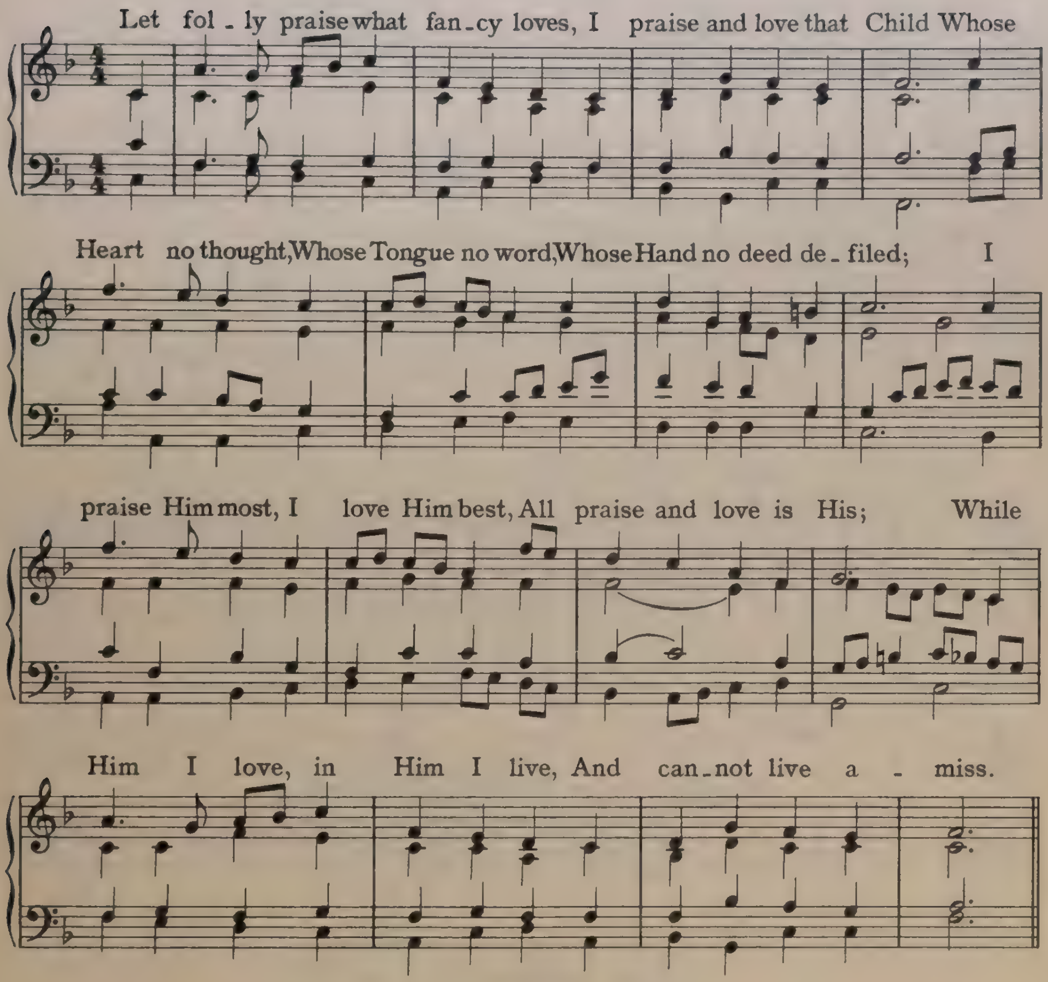
5. To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King,
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each one of us his lamb will bring,
And each his pair of silver doves:
Till, burnt in fire of Thy fair Eyes,
Ourselves become our sacrifice.

(Richard Crashaw † 1649)

(Alsatian Cradle Song)

28

Let folly praise what fancy loves


Let fol - ly praise what fan - cy loves, I praise and love that Child Whose
Heart no thought, Whose Tongue no word, Whose Hand no deed de - filed; I
praise Him most, I love Him best, All praise and love is His; While
Him I love, in Him I live, And can - not live a - miss.

1. Let folly praise what fancy loves,
I praise and love that Child,
Whose Heart no thought, Whose Tongue no word,
Whose Hand no deed defiled;
I praise Him most, I love Him best,
All praise and love is His;
While Him I love, in Him I live,
And cannot live amiss.

2. Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,
Man's most desired light;
To love Him life, to leave Him death,
To live in Him delight.
He mine by gift, I His by debt,
Thus each to other due,
First Friend He was, best Friend He is,
All times will find Him true.

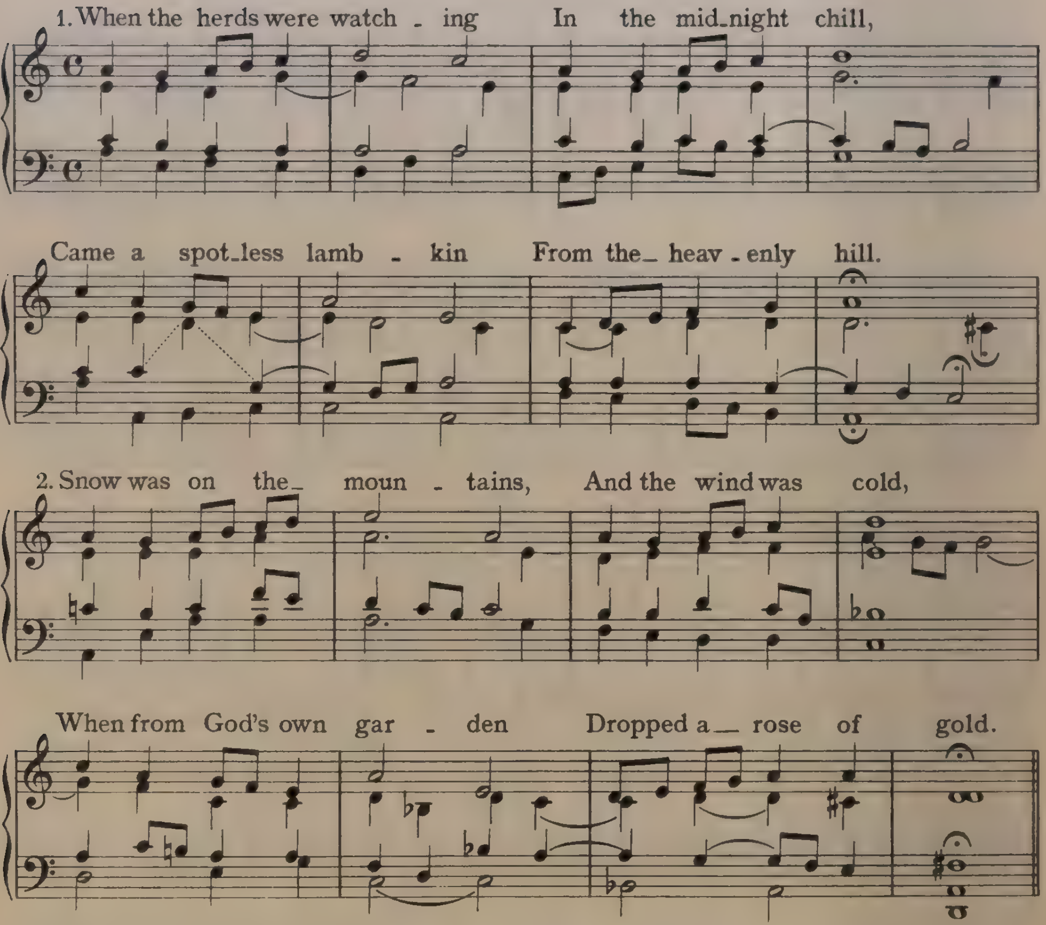
3. Though young yet wise, though small yet strong,
Though Man yet God He is:
As wise He knows, as strong He can,
As God He loves to bless.
His knowledge rules, His strength defends,
His love doth cherish all;
His birth our joy, His life our light,
His death our end of thrall.

4. Alas, He weeps, He sighs, He pants,
Yet do His Angels sing,
Out of His tears, His sighs, His throbs
Doth bud a joyful spring.
Almighty Babe, Whose tender arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die.

(Blessed Robert Southwell S.J. † 1595) *(Sir Richard Terry)*

29

When the herds were watching


1. When the herds were watch - ing In the mid-night chill,
Came a spot-less lamb - kin From the heav - enly hill.
2. Snow was on the moun - tains, And the wind was cold,
When from God's own gar - den Dropped a rose of gold.

1. When the herds were watching
In the midnight chill,
Came a spotless lambkin
From the heavenly hill.

2. Snow was on the mountains,
And the wind was cold,
When from God's own garden
Dropped a rose of gold.

3. When 't was bitter winter,
Houseless and forlorn,
In a starlit stable
Christ the Babe was born.

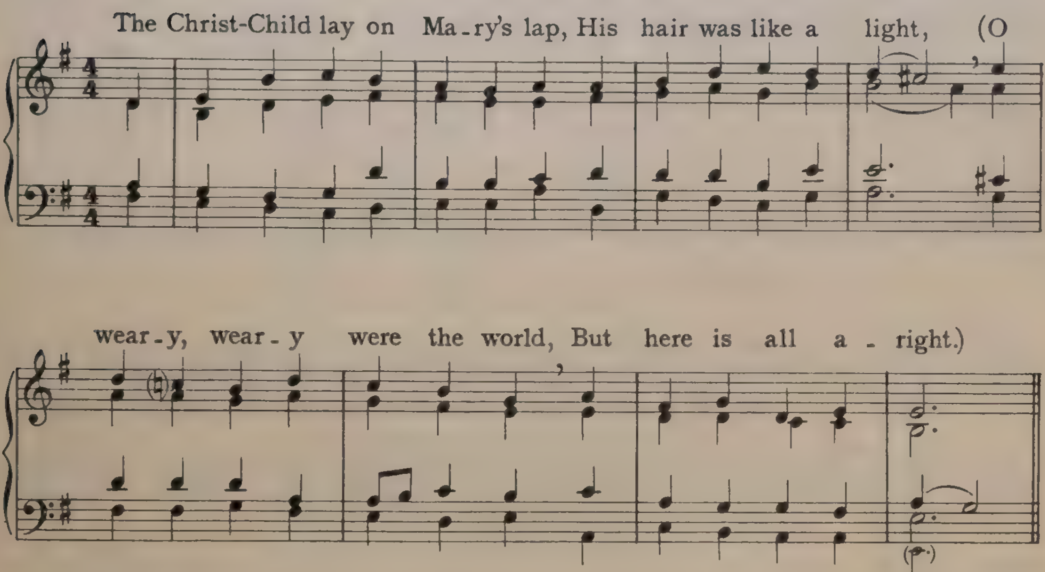
4. Welcome, heavenly lambkin,
Welcome, Golden Rose,
Alleluia, Baby,
In the swaddling clothes.

(Carol by W. Canton
from "The Invisible Playmate")

(Fr. Lancelot Long. Mus. B.)

30

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap


The Christ-Child lay on Ma-ry's lap, His hair was like a light, (O
wear-y, wear-y were the world, But here is all a-right.)

1. The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light,
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

2. The Christ-Child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star,
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

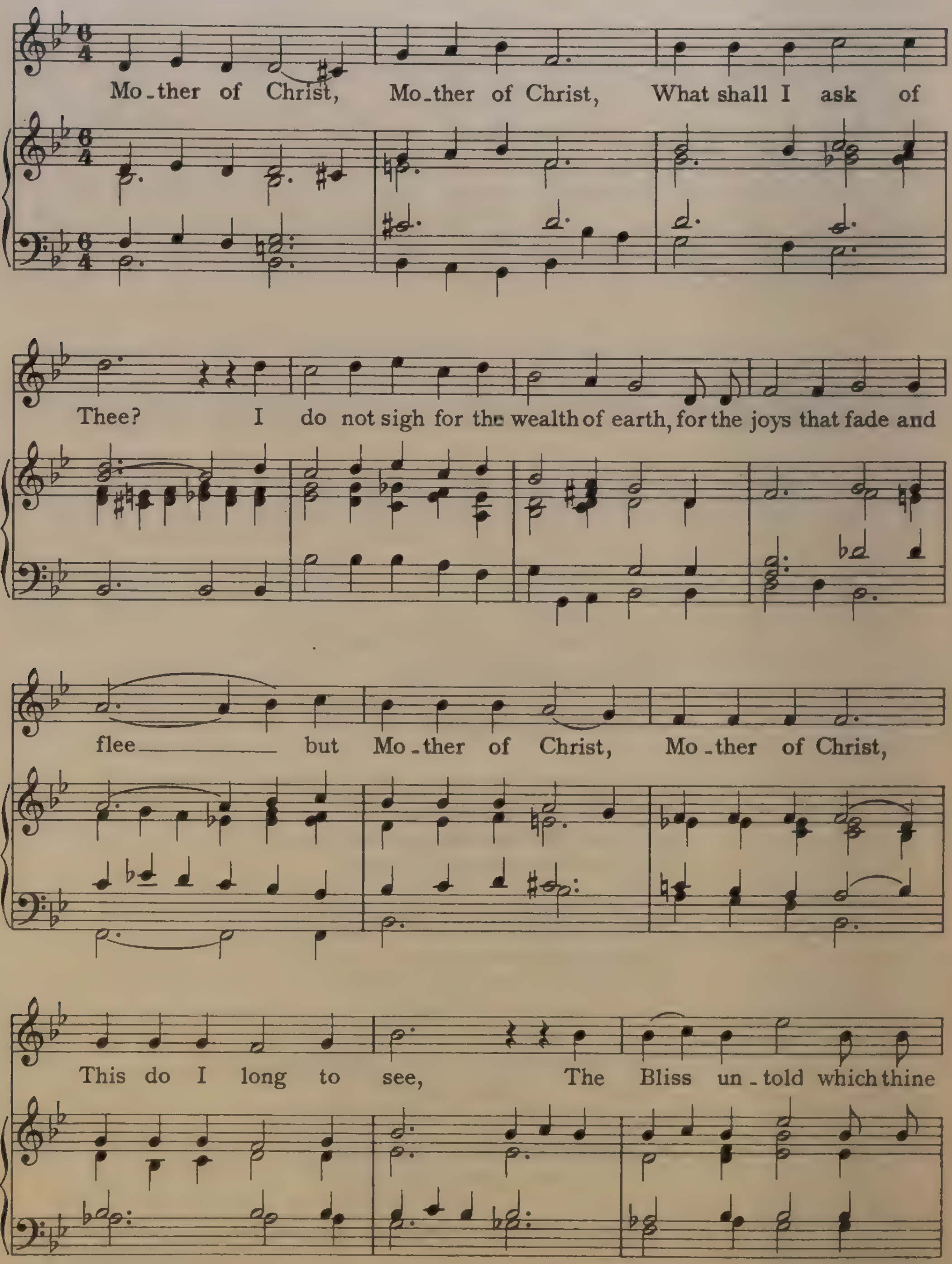
3. The Christ-Child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire,
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

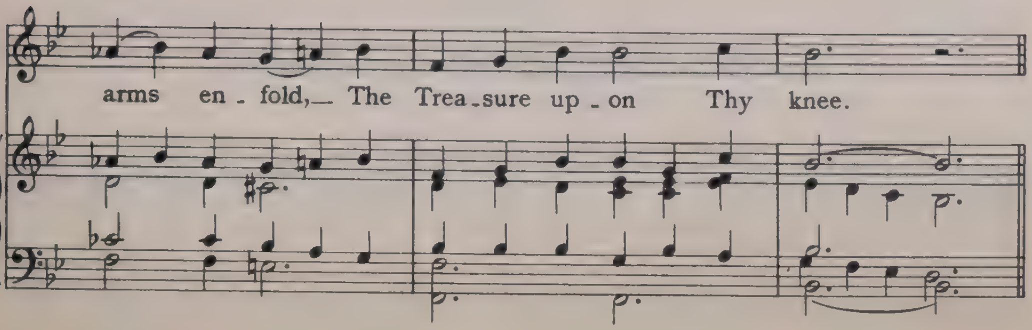
4. The Christ-Child stood on Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.

(G. K. Chesterton) *(Fr. Leo. O.S.F.C. Mus. B.)*

31^{a}

Mother of Christ


Mo-ther of Christ, Mo-ther of Christ, What shall I ask of
Thee? I do not sigh for the wealth of earth, for the joys that fade and
flee but Mo-ther of Christ, Mo-ther of Christ,
This do I long to see, The Bliss un-told which thine



1. Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
What shall I ask of thee?
I do not sigh for the wealth of earth,
For the joys that fade and flee;
But, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This do I long to see,
The Bliss untold which thine arms enfold,
The Treasure upon thy knee.

2. Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
He was All in all to thee -
In the winter's cave, in Nazareth's home,
In the hamlets of Galilee.
So, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
He will not say nay to thee;
When He lifts His Face to thy sweet embrace,
O speak to Him, Mother, of me.

3. Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
The world will bid Him flee,
Too busy to heed His gentle voice,
Too blind His charms to see.
Then, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
Come with thy Babe to me,
Though the world be cold, my heart shall hold
A shelter for Him and thee.

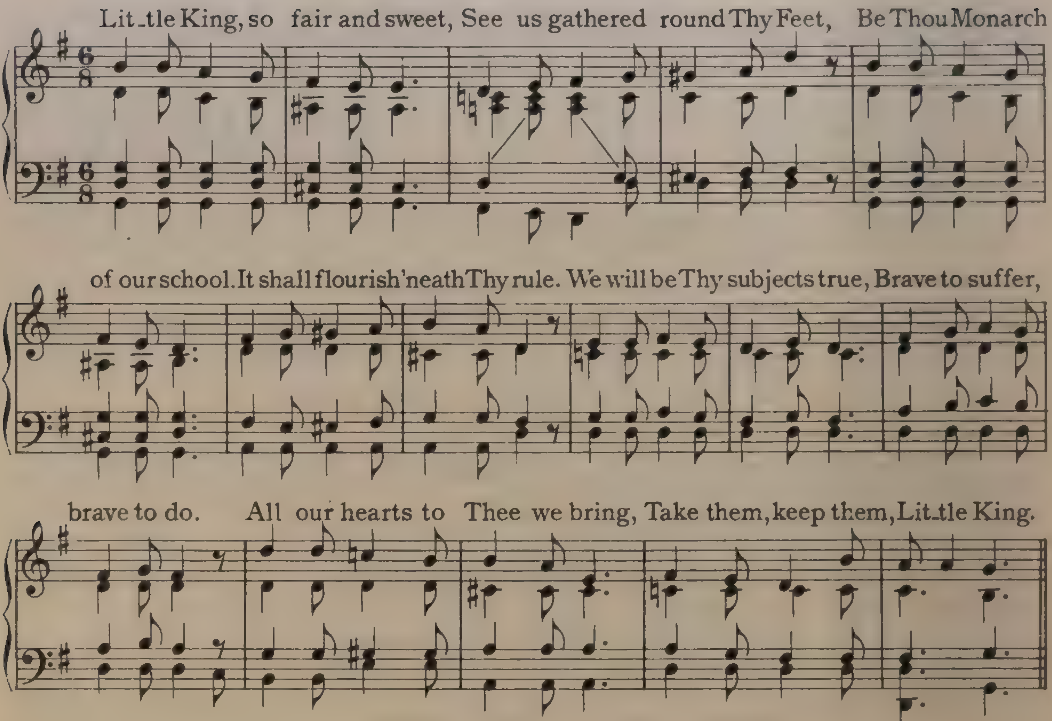
4. Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
What shall I do for thee?
I will love thy Son with the whole of my strength,
My only King shall He be.
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This will I do for thee;
Of all that are dear or cherished here,
O none shall be dear as He.

5. Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
I toss on a stormy sea,
O lift thy Child as a beacon light
To the Port where I fain would be,
And Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This do I ask of thee,
When the voyage is o'er, O stand on the shore,
And show Him at last to me.

(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

31b

Little King, so fair and sweet



Lit-tle King, so fair and sweet, See us gathered round Thy Feet, Be Thou Monarch
of our school. It shall flourish 'neath Thy rule. We will be Thy subjects true, Brave to suffer,
brave to do. All our hearts to Thee we bring, Take them, keep them, Lit-tle King.

1. Little King, so fair and sweet,
See us gathered round Thy Feet,
Be Thou Monarch of our school,
It shall flourish 'neath Thy rule.
We will be Thy subjects true,
Brave to suffer, brave to do,
All our hearts to Thee we bring,
Take them, keep them, Little King.

2. Raise Thy little Hand to bless
All our childhood's happiness;
Bless our sorrow and our pain,
That each cross may be our gain.
By Thine own sweet childhood, Lord,
Sanctify each thought and word,
Set Thy seal on everything
Which we do, O Little King.

3. Be our Leader in the fight,
In the darkness be our Light,
O'er the rough and o'er the smooth,
Safely guide our wayward youth.
Wheresoe'er our path may be,
We will try to follow Thee,
To Thy mantle we will cling,
Help us, save us, Little King.

4. Be our Teacher when we learn,
All the hard to easy turn;
Be our Playmate when we play,
So we shall indeed be gay.
Keep us happy, keep us pure,
While our childhood shall endure,
All its days to Thee we bring,
Bless them, guard them, Little King.

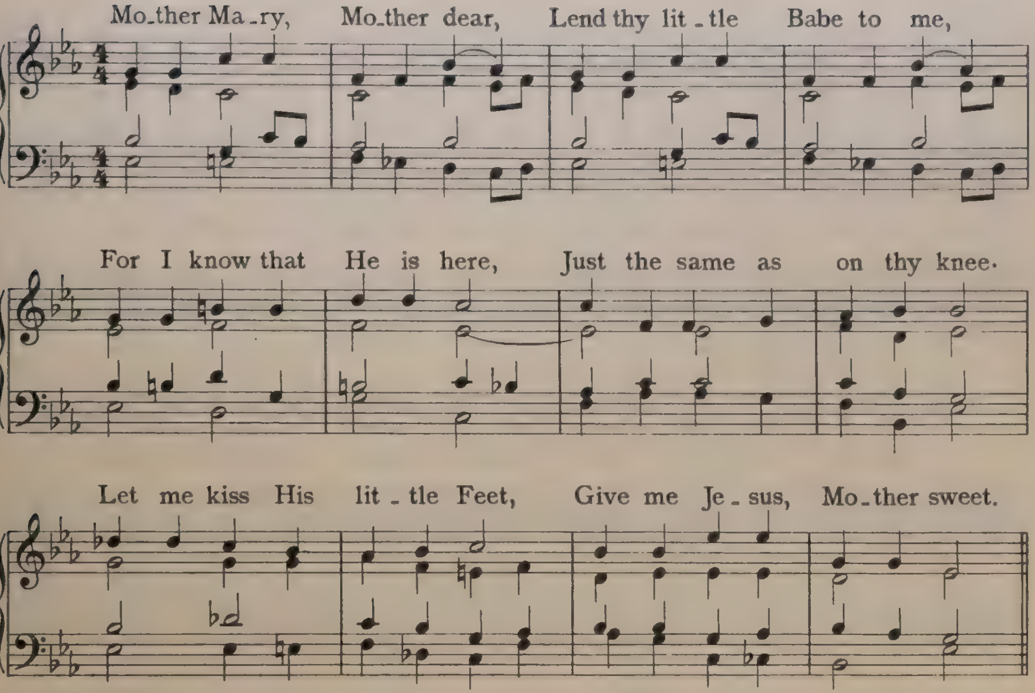
5. Little King, so dear and sweet,
Here we cast before Thy Feet
All we are or yet may be,
Every sense and faculty;
All our body, all our soul,
We subject to Thy control;
Let them all Thy praises sing,
Now and always, Little King.

6. And when Holidays have come
Call Thy children to Thy Home,
In that gentle voice of Thine,
Which we know, sweet Child Divine.
At the gate, O meet us thus,
As we loved Thee - Child, like us,
Stretch Thy Hands in welcoming
To Thine Own, O Little King.

(S. N. D.) *(Fr. R. W. Ratcliffe S. J.)*

32

Mother Mary, Mother dear


Mo-ther Ma-ry, Mo-ther dear, Lend thy lit-tle Babe to me,
For I know that He is here, Just the same as on thy knee.
Let me kiss His lit-tle Feet, Give me Je-sus, Mo-ther sweet.

1. Mother Mary, Mother dear,
Lend thy little Babe to me,
For I know that He is here,
Just the same as on thy knee;
Let me kiss His little Feet,
Give me Jesus, Mother sweet.

2. I will clasp Him safe and warm,
Mother dear, against my breast,
And no sin shall do Him harm;
I will always love Him best.
I will hold Him tenderly,
Give Him, Mother dear, to me.

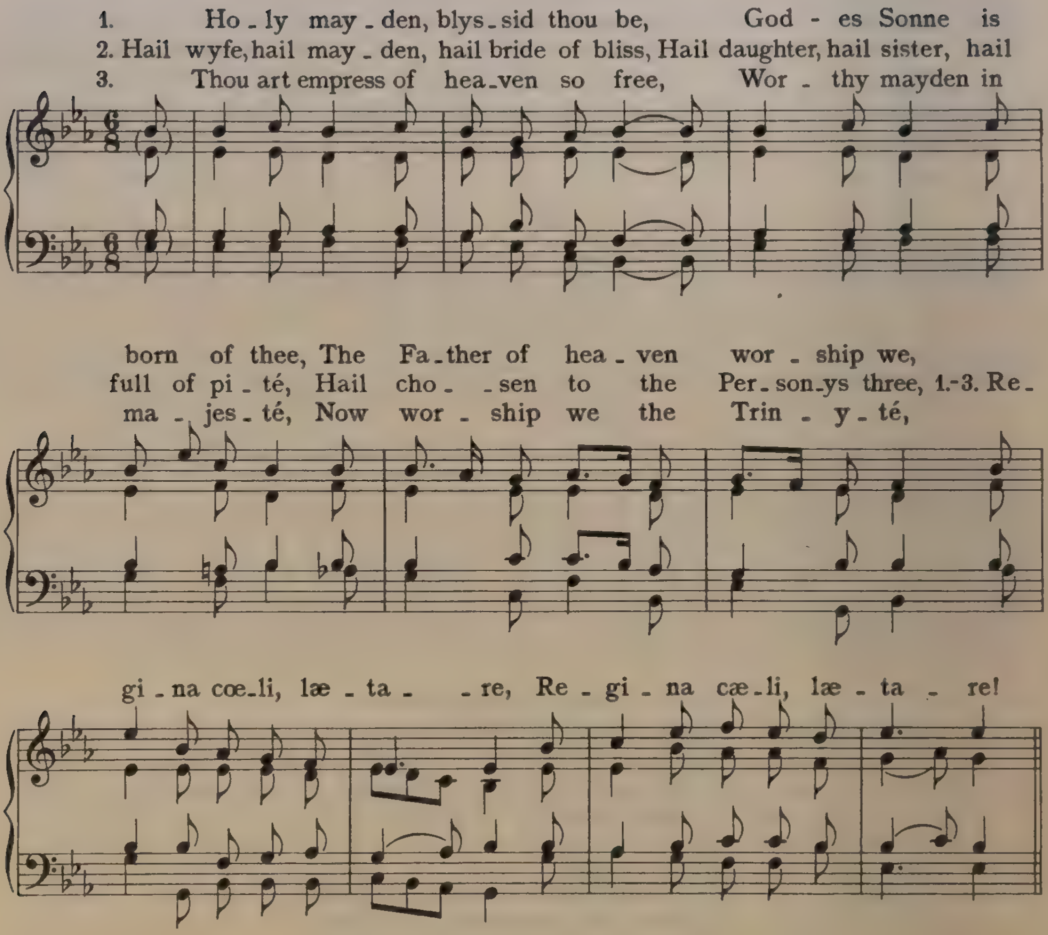
3. Mother sweet and Mother fair,
Give me Jesus now to hold:
I will take the greatest care,
I will keep Him from the cold;
I will love Him tenderly,
Please, O please, give Him to me.

4. Dearest Jesus, wilt Thou lie
In my arms a little while?
I will hold Thee tenderly,
Look at Thee, and Thou wilt smile;
Jesus, Jesus, God and Man,
I will love Thee all I can.

(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

33

Regina cæli lætare


1. Ho - ly may - den, blys - sid thou be, God - es Sonne is
2. Hail wyfe, hail may - den, hail bride of bliss, Hail daughter, hail sister, hail
3. Thou art empress of hea - ven so free, Wor - thy mayden in
born of thee, The Fa - ther of hea - ven wor - ship we,
full of pi - té, Hail cho - - sen to the Per - son - ys three, 1.-3. Re -
ma - jes - té, Now wor - ship we the Trin - y - té,
gi - na cœ - li, læ - ta - - re, Re - gi - na cæ - li, læ - ta - re!

1. Holy mayden, blyssid thou be,
God-es Sonne is born of thee,
The Father of heaven worship we,
Regina cæli, lætare.

2. Hail wyfe, hail mayden, hail bride of bliss,
Hail daughter, hail sister, hail full of pité,
Hail chosen to the Personys three,
Regina cæli, lætare.

3. Thou art empress of heaven so free,
Worthy mayden in majesté,
Now worship we the Trinyté,
Regina cæli, lætare.

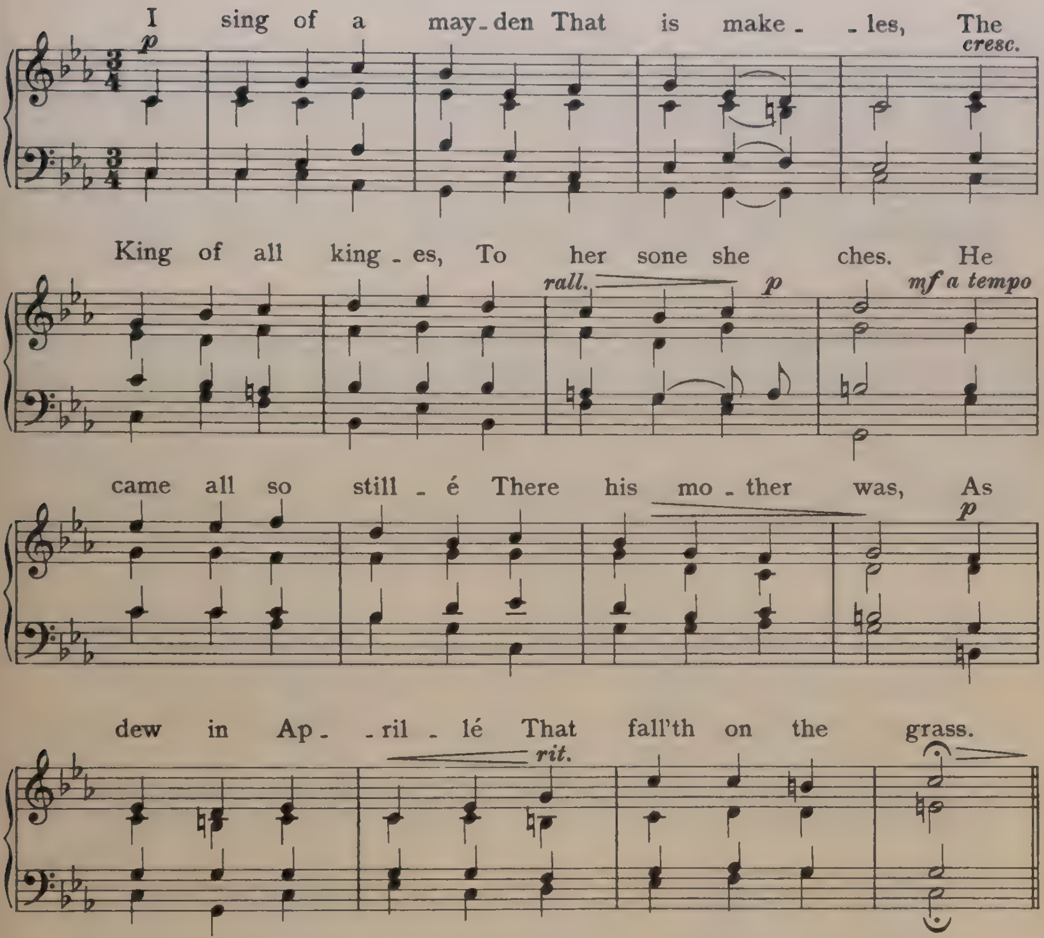
4. So gracious, so precious in royalté,
Thus gentyl, thus good, thus finde we,
There is none such in non countré,
Regina cæli, lætare.

5. And therefore kneel we down on our knee,
This blyssid Birth worship we,
This is a song of humyleté,
Regina cæli, lætare.

(From 12 Christmas Carols) *(Sir Richard Terry)*

34

I sing of a Mayden


I sing of a may-den That is make--les, The
p
cresc.
King of all king-es, To her sone she ches. He
rall.
p
mf a tempo
came all so still-é There his mo-ther was, As
p
dew in Ap--ril-lé That fall'th on the grass.
rit.

1. I sing of a mayden
That is makeles,
The King of all kinges,
To her sone she ches.
He came all so stillé
There his mother was,
As dew in Aprillé
That fall'th on the grass.

2. He came all so stillé
To his mother's bower,
As dew in Aprillé
That fall'th on the flower.
He came all so stillé
There his mother lay,
As dew in Aprillé
That fall'th on the spray.

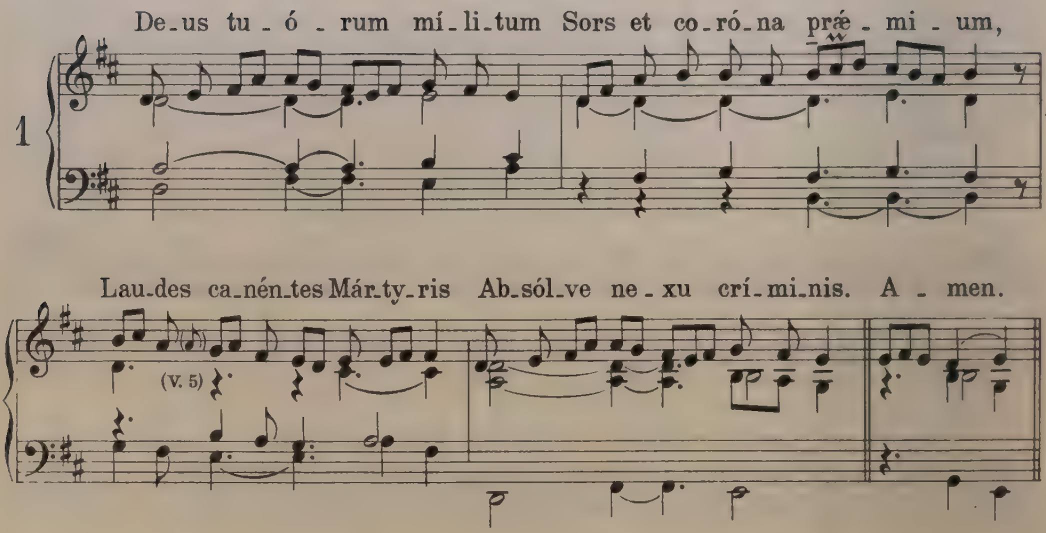
(From 12 Christmas Carols)

(Sir Richard Terry)

35

Deus tuorum militum

1


De-us tu-ó-rum mí-li-tum Sors et co-ró-na præ-mi-um,
Lau-des ca-nén-tes Már-ty-ris Ab-sól-ve ne-xu crí-mi-nis. A-men.
(V. 5)

1. Deus tuórum mílitum
Sors et coróna præmium,
Laudes canéntes Mártyris
Absólve nexu críminis.

2. Hic nempe mundi gaúdia,
Et blanda fraudum pábula
Imbúta felle députans,
Pervénit ad cæléstia.

3. Pœnas cucúrrit fórtiter,
Et sústulit viríliter,
Fundénsque pro te sánguinem,
Ætérna dona póssidet.

4. Ob hoc precátu súpplici
Te póscimus, piíssime:
In hoc triúmpho Mártyris
Dimítte noxam sérvulis.

5. Jesu, tibi sit glória
Qui natus es de Vírgine,
Cum Patre, et almo Spíritu;
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. O Thou of all Thy warriors, Lord,
Thyself the crown and sure reward;
Set us from sinful fetters free,
Who sing Thy Martyr's victory.

2. In selfish pleasures' worldly round
The taste of bitter gall he found;
But sweet to him was Thy dear Name,
And so to heavenly joys he came.

3. Right manfully his cross he bore,
And ran his race of torments sore:
For Thee he poured his life away;
With Thee he lives in endless day.

4. We, then, before Thee bending low,
Entreat Thee, Lord, Thy love to show
On this the day Thy Martyr died,
Who in Thy Saints art glorified.

5. O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.
Amen.

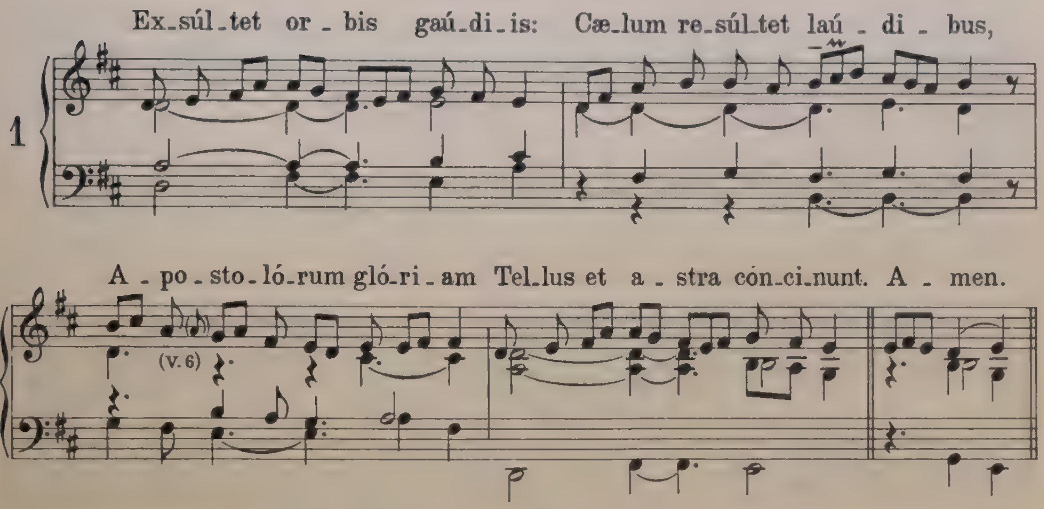
(Divine Office. Tr. Fr. Caswall)

Accpt.
(Julius Bas)

36

December 27
St. John

Exsultet orbis gaudiis


1
Ex-súl-tet or-bis gaú-di-is: Cæ-lum re-súl-tet laú-di-bus,
A-po-sto-ló-rum gló-ri-am Tel-lus et a-stra cón-ci-nunt. A-men.
(V. 6)

1. Exsúltet orbis gaúdiis:
Cælum resúltet laúdibus,
Apostolórum glóriam
Tellus, et astra cóncinunt.

2. Vos sæculórum Júdices,
Et vera mundi lúmina,
Votis precámur córdium:
Audíte voces súpplicum.

3. Qui templa cæli claúditis,
Serásque verbo sólvitis,
Nos a reátu nóxios
Solvi jubéte, quæsumus.

4. Præcépta quorum prótinus
Languor, salúsque séntiunt:
Sanáte mentes lánguidas:
Augéte nos virtútibus.

5. Ut, cum redíbit árbiter
In fine Christus sǽculi,
Nos sempitérni gaúdii
Concédat esse cómpotes.

6. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui natus es de Vírgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu,
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. Now let the earth with joy resound,
And heaven the chant re-echo round;
Nor heaven nor earth too high can raise
The great Apostles' glorious praise.

2. O ye who, throned in glory dread,
Shall judge the living and the dead,
Lights of the world for evermore,
To you the suppliant prayer we pour.

3. Ye close the sacred gates on high;
At your command apart they fly:
O loose for us the guilty chain
We strive to break, and strive in vain.

4. Sickness and health your voice obey,
At your command they go or stay:
From sin's disease our souls restore;
In good confirm us more and more.

5. So when the world is at its end,
And Christ to judgment shall descend,
May we be called those joys to see
Prepared from all eternity.

6. O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally..
Amen.

(Divine Office. Tr. Fr. Caswall)

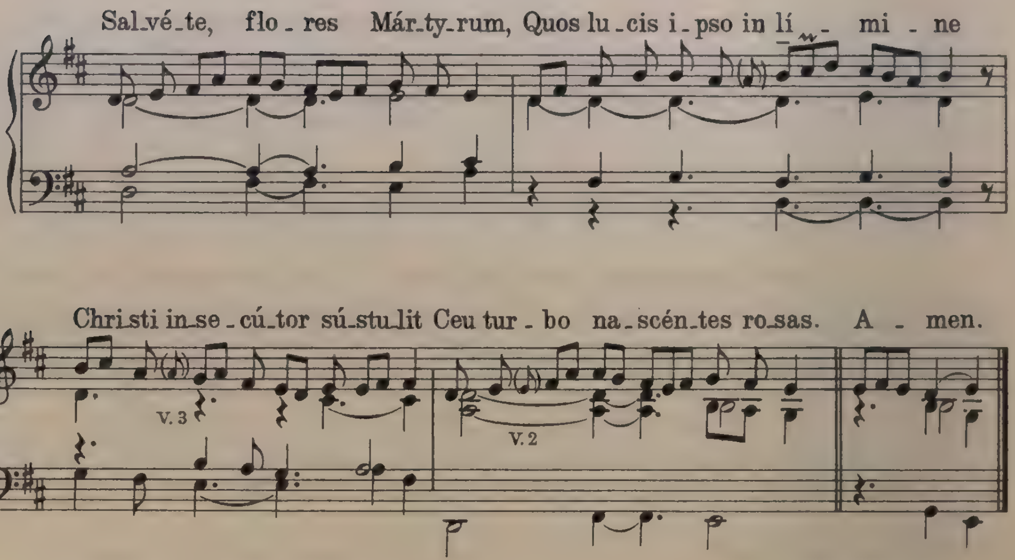
Accpt.
(Julius Bas)

37

December 28
Holy Innocents

Salvete, flores Martyrum

1


Sal_vé_te, flo_res Már_ty_rum, Quos lu_cis i_pso in lí_ mi_ne
Chri_sti in_se_cú_tor sú_stu_lit Ceu tur_bo na_scén_tes ro_sas. A_men.
V. 3
V. 2

1. Salvéte, flores Mártyrum,
Quos lucis ipso in límine
Christi insecútor sústulit,
Ceu turbo nascéntes rosas.

2. Vos prima Christi víctima,
Grex immolatórum tener,
Aram sub ipsam símplices
Palma et corónis lúditis.

3. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui natus es de Vírgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu,
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. Flowers of Martyrdom, all hail,
Smitten by the tyrant foe
On life's threshold,– as the gale
Strews the roses ere they blow.

2. First to bleed for Christ, sweet lambs,
What a simple death ye died!
Sporting with your wreaths and palms,
At the very altar side.

3. Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son.
With the Father, and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.
Amen.

(*Prudentius* † 405)
(*Tr. Fr. Caswall*)

Accpt.
(*Julius Bas*)

38

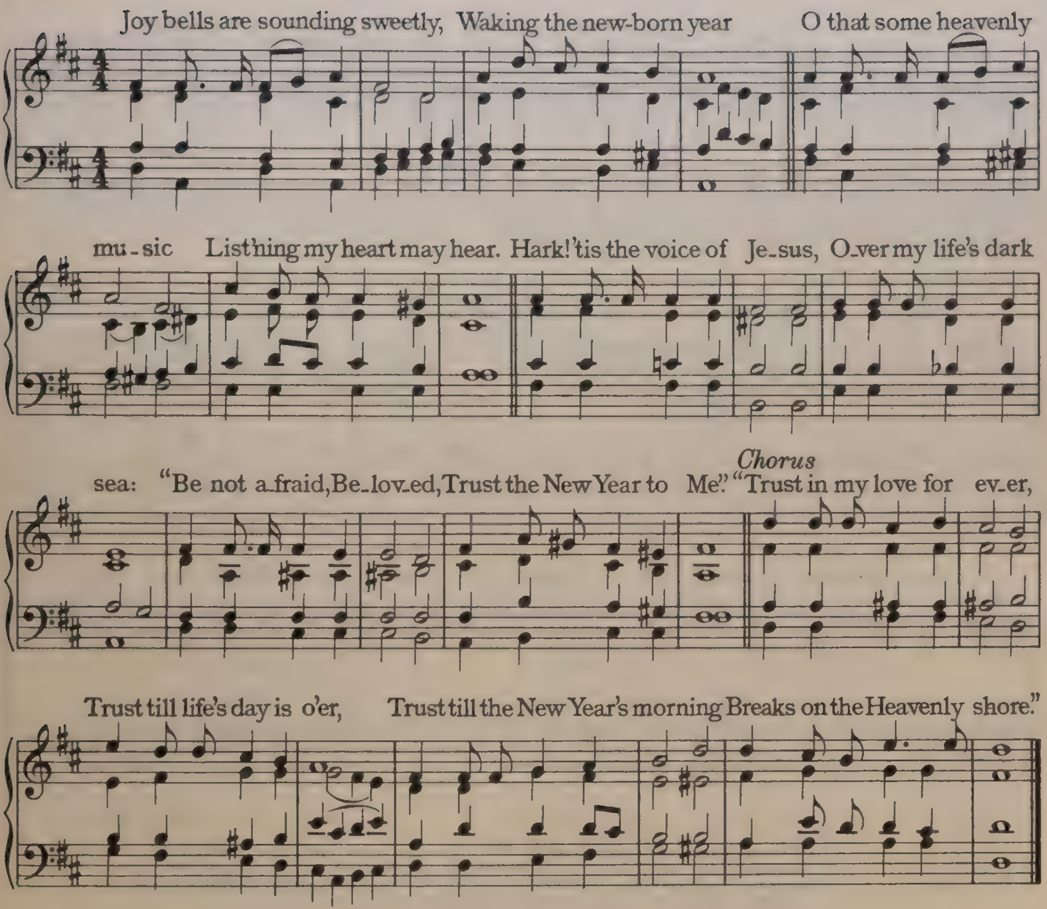
December 29
St. Thomas of Canterbury

Deus, tuorum militum

See No. 35

39

Joy bells


Joy bells are sounding sweetly, Waking the new-born year O that some heavenly mu-sic List'ning my heart may hear. Hark! 'tis the voice of Je-sus, O-ver my life's dark sea: "Be not a-fraid, Be-lov-ed, Trust the New Year to Me."
Chorus
"Trust in my love for ev-er, Trust till life's day is o'er, Trust till the New Year's morning Breaks on the Heavenly shore."

1. Joy bells are sounding sweetly,
Waking the new-born year,
O that some heavenly music,
List'ning, my heart may hear.
Hark! 'Tis the voice of Jesus,
Over my life's dark sea,
"Be not afraid, Beloved,
Trust the New Year to Me."
"Trust in My love for ever,
Trust till life's day is o'er,
Trust till the New Year's morning
Breaks on the heavenly shore."

2. Master, with Thee communing
Life has no fears for me:
Brightly this New Year's morning
Dawns on my spirit free;
Months as they pass may bring me
Trials unknown today;
Still shall the echo linger,
Sweetly I hear Thee say:
"Trust in My love for ever,
Trust till life's day is o'er,
Trust till the New Year's morning
Breaks on the heavenly shore."

3. More of Thy love, dear Master,
More of Thy peace within,
More of Thy perfect beauty,
My heart more free from sin.
This be Thy New Year's blessing,
Better than finest gold,
While on Thy word of greeting
Faith can keep fast her hold.
"Trust in My love . . . . ."

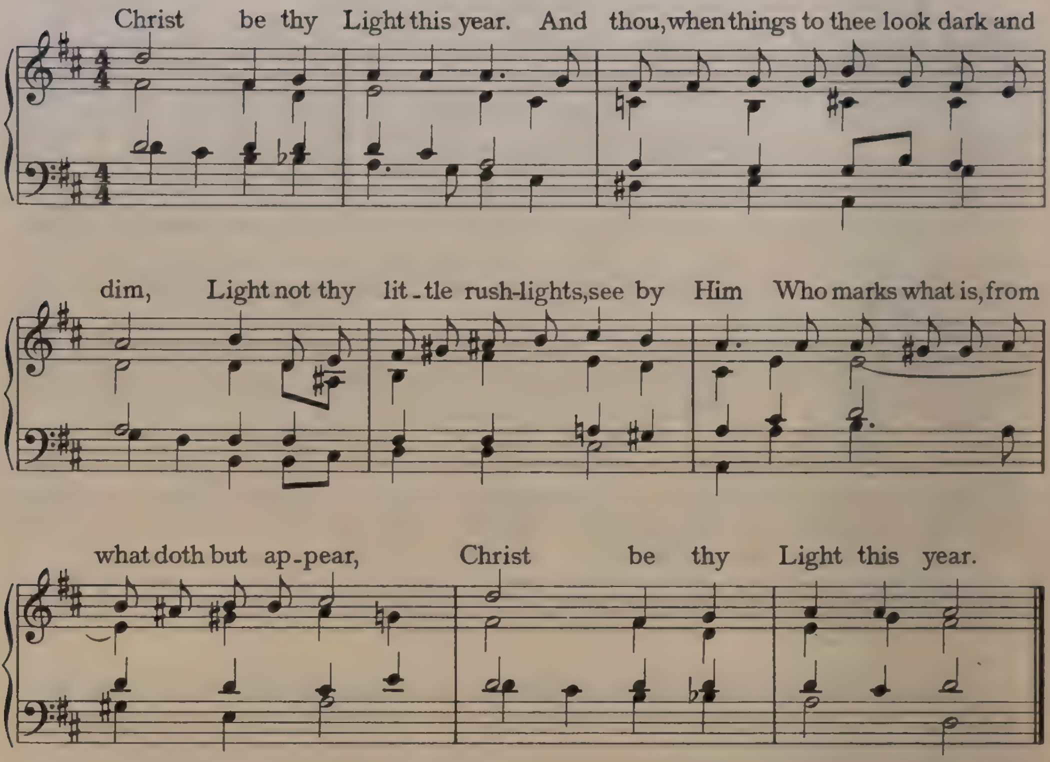
4. Onward with step more steadfast,
Upward with stronger flight,
Upward to love's own country,
Heavenward to God's own light.
Jesus, in Thee abiding,
Years cannot fly too fast,
Grief cannot touch my spirit,
Hearing Thy voice at last:
"Trust in My love . . . . ."

(Anon.)

(Sir John Stainer)

40

Christ be thy Light this year


Christ be thy Light this year. And thou, when things to thee look dark and
dim, Light not thy lit-tle rush-lights, see by Him Who marks what is, from
what doth but ap-pear, Christ be thy Light this year.

1. Christ be thy Light this year.
And thou, when things to thee look dark and dim,
Light not thy little rush-lights, see by Him
Who marks what is, from what doth but appear.
Christ be thy Light this year.

2. Christ be thy Strength this year,
And thou, when thou shalt weary feel or weak,
Do not in human love thy comfort seek,
Lean all thy weight upon this Brother dear.
Christ be thy Strength this year.

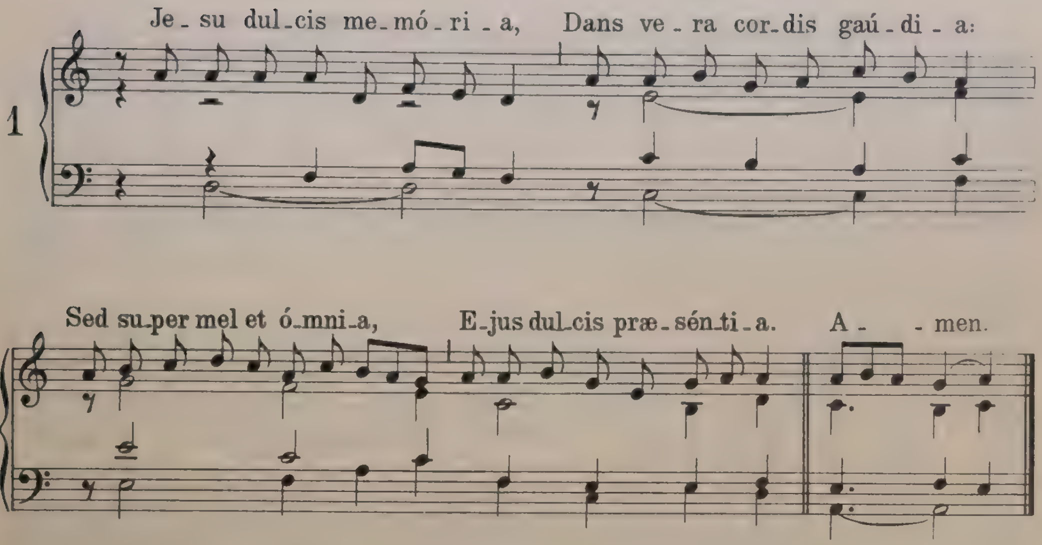
3. Christ be thy Peace this year,
And do not thou, when storm-winds toss thy breast,
In things of sense look to find calm and rest;
Unto this Prince of Peace creep very near.
Christ be thy Peace this year.

4. Christ be thy Love this year.
Do thou love Him with all thou hast and art,
May He love thee still more with His great Heart;
Each grow to each more intimate and dear;
Christ be thy Love this year.

(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

41

Jesu dulcis memoria


1
Je - su dul - cis me - mó - ri - a, Dans ve - ra cor - dis gaú - di - a:
Sed su - per mel et ó - mni - a, E - jus dul - cis præ - sén - ti - a. A - - men.

1. Jesu dulcis memória,
Dans vera cordis gaúdia,
Sed super mel et ómnia,
Ejus dulcis præséntia.

2. Nil cánitur suávius,
Nil audítur jucúndius,
Nil cogitátur dúlcius,
Quam Jesus Dei Fílius.

3. Jesu spes pœniténtibus,
Quam pius es peténtibus!
Quam bonus te quæréntibus!
Sed quid inveniéntibus?

4. Nec lingua valet dícere,
Nec líttera exprímere:
Expértus potest crédere
Quid sit Jesum dilígere.

5. Sis, Jesu, nostrum gaúdium,
Qui es futúrus prǽmium,
Sit nostra in te glória,
Per cuncta semper sǽcula.
Amen.

1. Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3. O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? ah this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His lovers know.

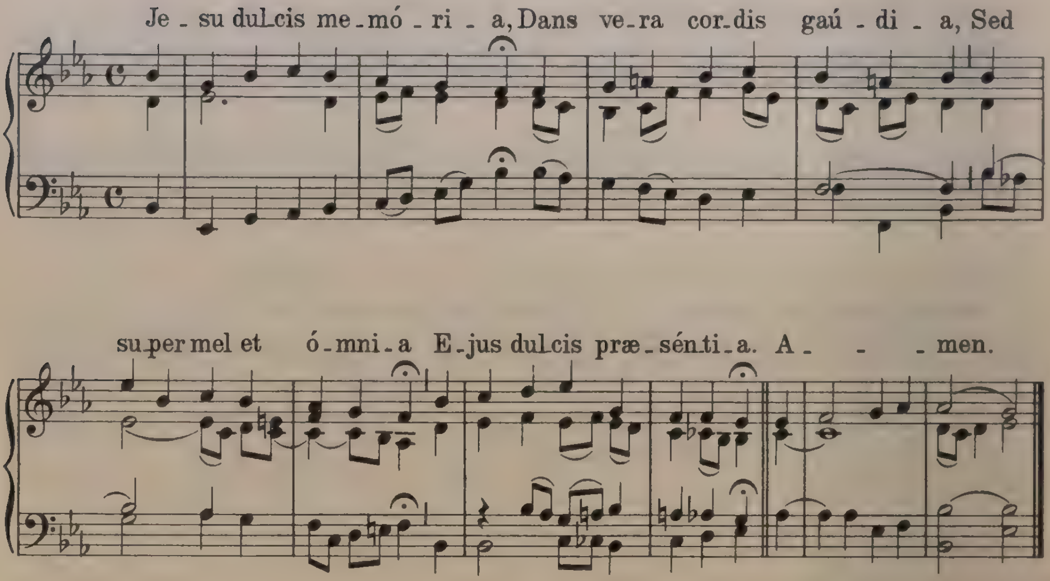
5. Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.
Amen.

(*Ascribed to St. Bernard* † 1158)
(*Tr. Fr. Caswall*)

Accpt.
(*Julius Bas*)

42

Jesu dulcis memoria


Je - su dul-cis me - mó - ri - a, Dans ve - ra cor - dis gaú - di - a, Sed
su-per mel et ó - mni - a E - jus dul-cis præ - sén-ti - a. A - - - men.

1. Jesu dulcis memória,
Dans vera cordis gaúdia,
Sed super mel et ómnia
Ejus dulcis præséntia.

2. Jesu, dulcédo córdium,
Fons vivus, lumen méntium,
Excédens omne gaúdium
Et omne desidérium.

3. Mane nobíscum, Dómine,
Et nos illústra lúmine,
Pulsa mentis calígine,
Mundum replens dulcédine.

4. Jesu, flos matris vírginis,
Amor nostræ dulcédinis,
Tibi laus, honor núminis,
Regnum beatitúdinis.

5. Jesu, summa benígnitas,
Mihi cordis jucúnditas,
Incomprehénsa bónitas,
Tua me stringat cáritas.
Amen.

1. Sweet Jesus, sweetest memory,
Pure joy of heart to them that see,
But more than all the world to me
Within Thy presence sweet to be.

2. Jesus, the fond heart's fond delight;
Jesus, the sunshine gleaming bright,
Fountain of life, fountain of light,
More than the world within my sight.

3. Jesus, my Lord, beside us stay,
Shed down Thy light upon our way,
Dispel the darkness from our day,
Spread o'er the world Thy soothing sway.

4. Jesus, the Virgin-Mother's flower,
Jesus, love's ever blissful bower,
Jesus, our pride in every hour,
Jesus, our strong abiding tower.

5. Jesus, immensity benign,
Delight the heart ne'er dared divine,
Goodness beyond compare is Thine,
Then keep this little heart of mine.
Amen.

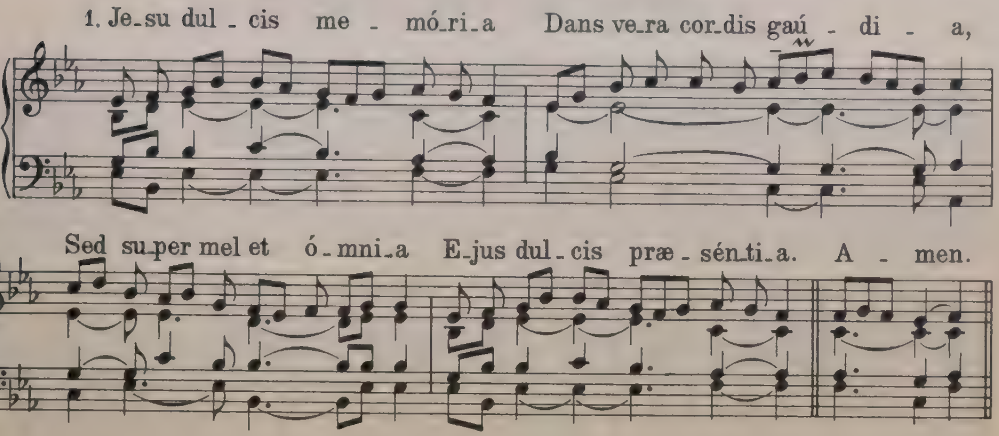
(*Ascribed to St. Bernard* † 1153)
(*Tr. Archbp. Goodier S. J.*)

(*Old Melody*)

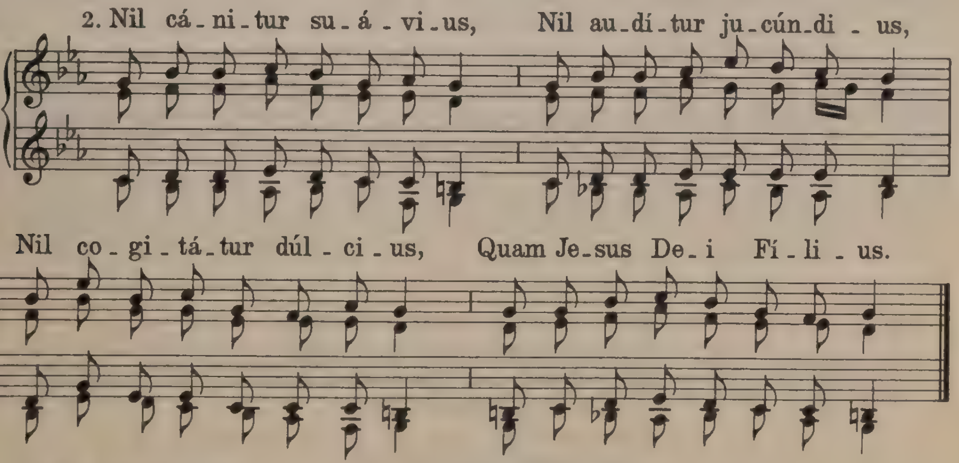
43

Jesu dulcis memoria

1


1. Je_su dul _ cis me _ mó_ri_a Dans ve_ra cor_dis gaú _ di _ a,
Sed su_per mel et ó _ mni_a E_jus dul_cis præ _ sén_ti_a. A _ men.

Verses 2 and 4


2. Nil cá_ni_tur su_á _ vi_us, Nil au_dí_tur ju_cún_di _ us,
Nil co_gi_tá_tur dúl _ ci _ us, Quam Je_sus De_i Fí_li _ us.

1. Jesu dulcis memória
Dans vera cordis gaúdia,
Sed super mel et ómnia
Ejus dulcis præséntia.

2. Nil cánitur suávius,
Nil audítur jucúndius,
Nil cogitátur dúlcius,
Quam Jesus Dei Fílius.

3. Jesu spes pœniténtibus,
Quam pius es peténtibus!
Quam bonus te quæréntibus!
Sed quid inveniéntibus!

4. Nec lingua valet dícere,
Nec littera exprímere:
Expértus potest crédere,
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

5. Sis, Jesu, nostrum gaúdium,
Qui es futúrus præmium:
Sit nostra in te glória
Per cuncta semper sǽcula.
Amen.

1. Jesus! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3. O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? ah this
Nor tongue, nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His lovers know.

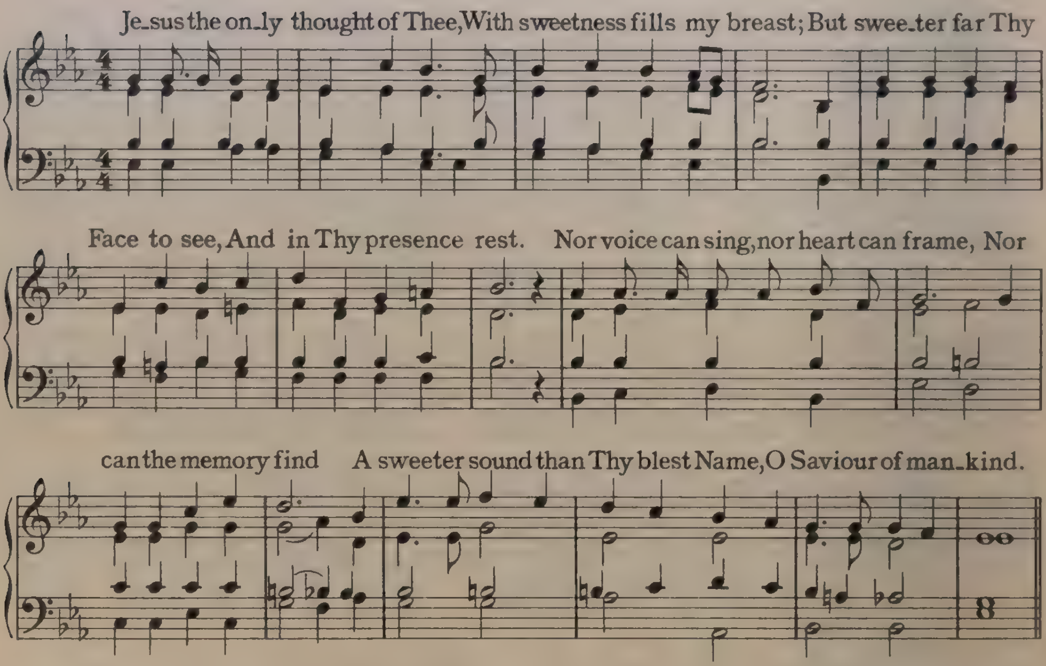
5. Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be,
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.
Amen.

(*Ascribed to St. Bernard* † 1153)
(*Tr. Fr. Caswall*)

(*Harmony. Mother B. Michàlek R. S. C. J.*)

44

Jesus, the only thought


Je-sus the on-ly thought of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast; But swee-ter far Thy
Face to see, And in Thy presence rest. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor
can the memory find A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name, O Saviour of man-kind.

1. Jesus, the only thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.

2. O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!
But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His lovers know.

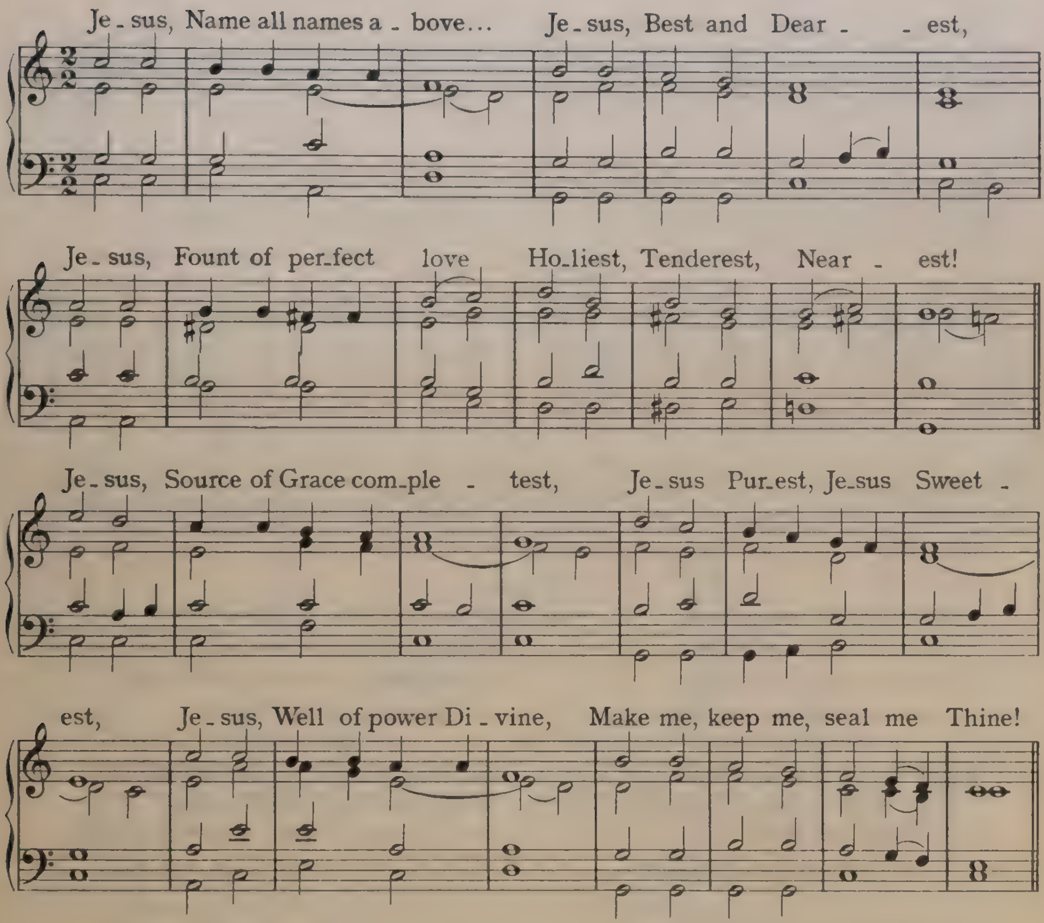
3. May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

(Ascribed to St. Bernard + 1153
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

*(Old Melody harmonized
by Editor)*

45

Jesus, Name all names above


Je - sus, Name all names a - bove... Je - sus, Best and Dear - - est,
Je - sus, Fount of per - fect love Ho - liest, Tenderest, Near - est!
Je - sus, Source of Grace com - ple - test, Je - sus Pur - est, Je - sus Sweet -
est, Je - sus, Well of power Di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me Thine!

1. Jesus, Name all names above,
Jesus, Best and Dearest,
Jesus, Fount of perfect love,
Holiest, Tenderest, Nearest.
Jesus, Source of Grace completest,
Jesus Purest, Jesus Sweetest,
Jesus, Well of power Divine
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

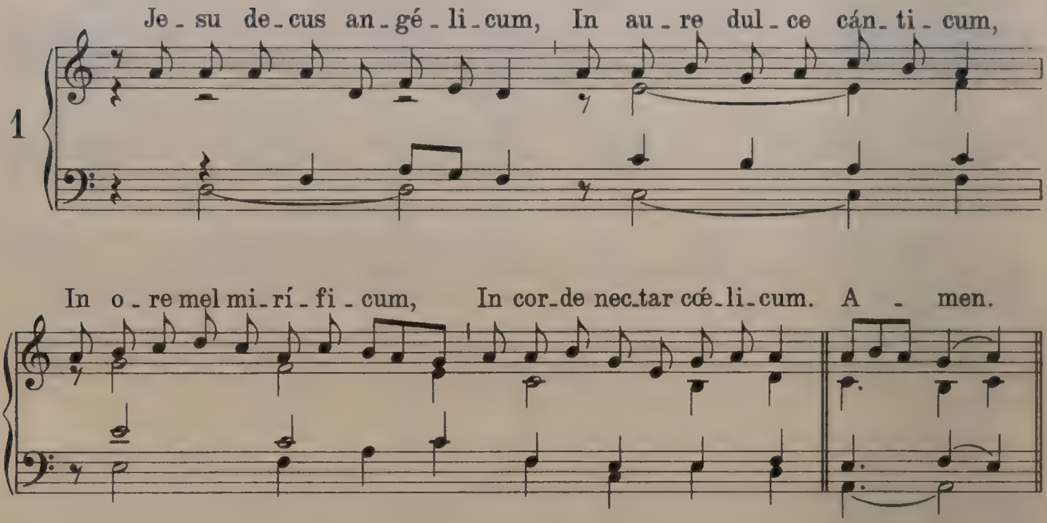
2. Mary, sweetest gift of Heav'n,
Mary, Virgin rarest,
Mary, through whom Grace is giv'n,
Gentlest, loveliest, fairest,
Mary, full of mercy surest,
Mary kindest, Mary purest,
Mary, Queen beyond compare,
Guard me, keep me in thy care.

(Verse 1 St. Theoctistus c. 890.
Verse 2 S. N. D.)

(Editor)

46

Jesu decus angelicum


1
Je - su de - cus an - gé - li - cum, In au - re dul - ce cán - ti - cum,
In o - re mel mi - rí - fi - cum, In cor - de nec - tar cœ́ - li - cum. A - men.

1. Jesu decus angélicum,
In aure dulce cánticum,
In ore mel miríficum,
In corde nectar cœlicum.

2. Qui te gustant, esúriunt;
Qui bibunt, adhuc sítiunt;
Desideráre nésciunt,
Nisi Jesum, quem díligunt.

3. O Jesu mi dulcíssime
Spes suspirántis ánimæ:
Te quærunt piæ lácrimæ,
Te clamor mentis íntimæ.

4. Mane nobíscum Dómine,
Et nos illústra lúmine:
Pulsa mentis calígine,
Mundum reple dulcédine.

5. Jesu flos Matris Vírginis,
Amor nostræ dulcédinis,
Tibi laus, honor nóminis,
Regnum beatitúdinis.
Amen.

1. O Jesus, Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy Name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

2. Celestial sweetness unalloyed,
Who eat Thee hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which nought but Thee can fill.

3. O my sweet Jesus, hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end.

4. Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

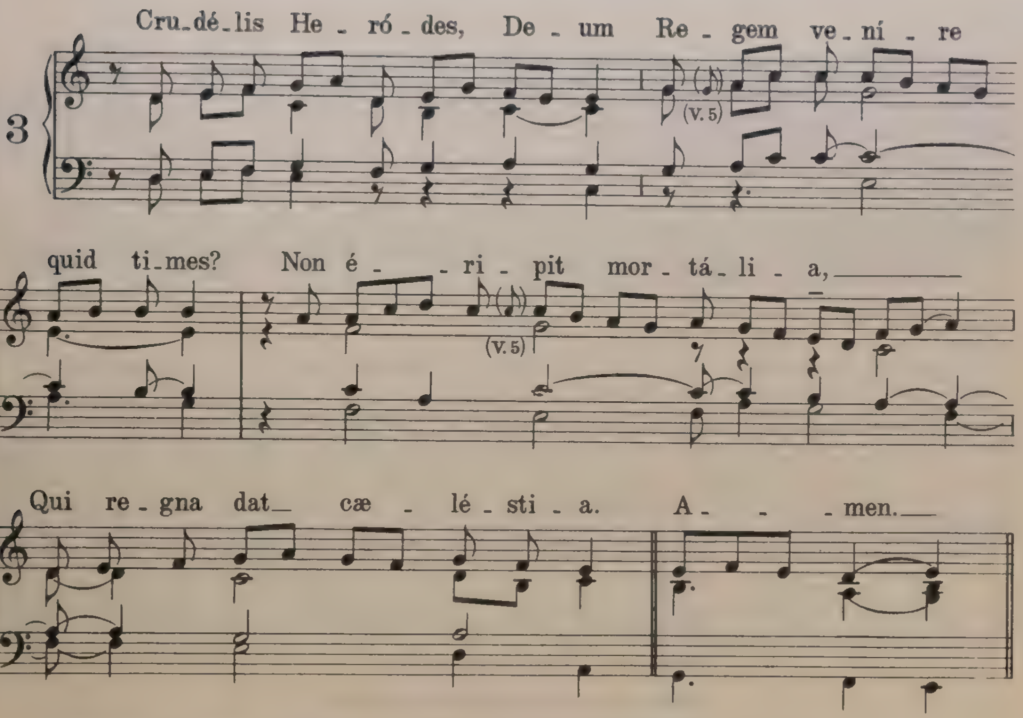
5. O Jesus, spotless Virgin-Flower,
Our life and joy, - to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power,
Through all eternity.
Amen.

(*Ascribed to St. Bernard* + 1153
Tr. F.r Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

47

Crudelis Herodes


3
Cru-dé-lis He-ró-des, De-um Re-gem ve-ní-re
(V. 5)
quid ti-mes? Non é-ri-pit mor-tá-li-a,
(V. 5)
Qui re-gna dat cæ-lé-sti-a.
A-men.

1. Crudélis Heródes, Deum
Regem veníre quid times?
Non éripit mortália,
Qui regna dat cæléstia.

2. Ibant Magi, quam víderant,
Stellam sequéntes præviam:
Lumen requírunt lúmine:
Deum faténtur múnere.

3. Lavácra puri gúrgitis
Cæléstis Agnus áttigit:
Peccáta quæ non détulit,
Nos abluéndo sústulit.

4. Novum genus poténtiæ:
Aquæ rubéscunt hýdriæ,
Vinúmque jussa fúndere,
Mutávit unda oríginem.

5. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui apparuísti géntibus,
Cum Patre, et almo Spíritu,
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. O cruel Herod, why thus fear
Thy King and God, Who comes below?
No earthly crown comes He to take,
Who heavenly kingdoms doth bestow.

2. The wiser Magi see the star,
And follow as it leads before;
By its pure ray they seek the Light,
And with their gifts that Light adore.

3. Behold at length the heavenly Lamb,
Baptized in Jordan's sacred flood;
There consecrating by His touch
Water to cleanse us in His blood.

4. But Cana saw her glorious Lord
Begin His miracles divine;
When water, reddening at his word,
Flowed forth obedient in wine.

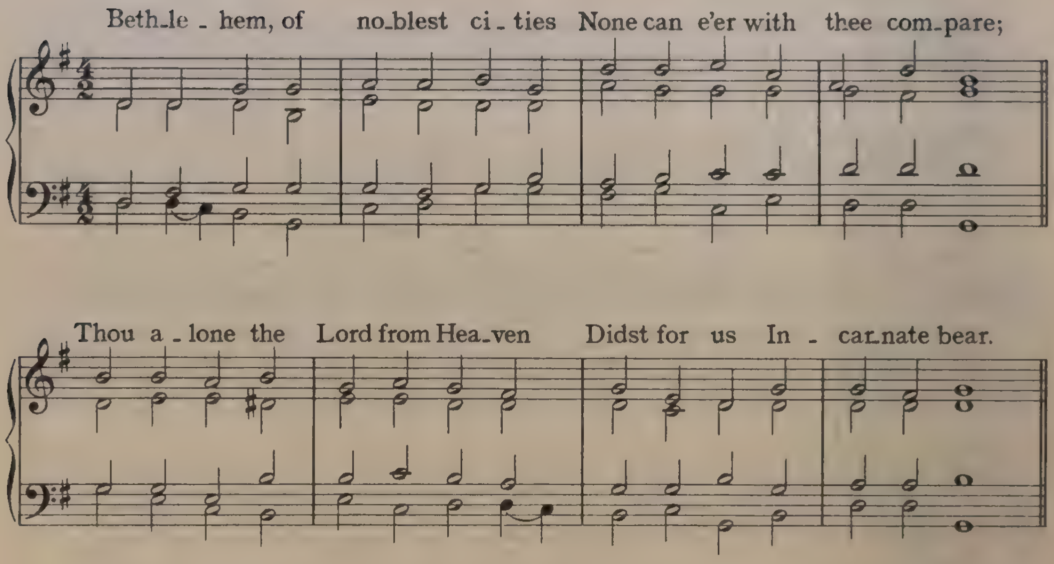
5. To thee, O Jesus, Who Thyself
Hast to the Gentile world displayed,
Praise, with the Father evermore,
And with the Holy Ghost be paid.
Amen.

(Sedulius, Priest. 5th century
Tr. Fr Caswall)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

48

Bethlehem of noblest cities


Beth-le - hem, of no-blest ci - ties None can e'er with thee com-pare;
Thou a - lone the Lord from Hea-ven Didst for us In - car-nate bear.

1. Bethlehem, of noblest cities
None can e'er with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven
Didst for us Incarnate bear.

2. Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

3. By its lambent beauty guided,
See, the Eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.

4. Solemn things of mystic meaning:
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal child proclaimeth;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshews.

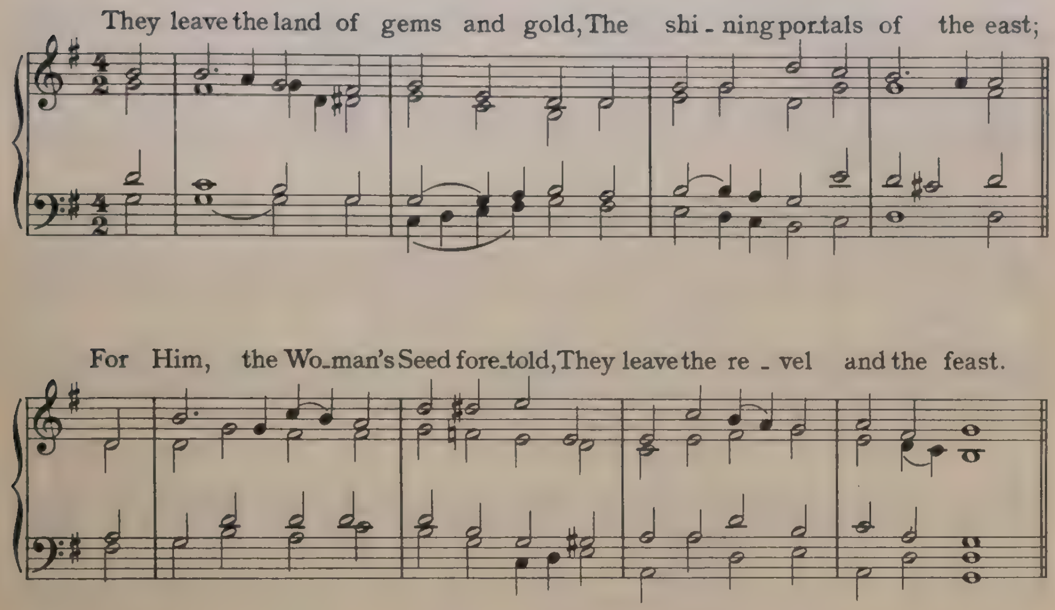
5. Holy Jesus, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed!
With the Father, and the Spirit,
Praise eterne to Thee be paid.

(*Prudentius* + 405
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*German*)

49

They leave the land of gems and gold


They leave the land of gems and gold, The shi-ning por-tals of the east;
For Him, the Wo-man's Seed fore-told, They leave the re-vel and the feast.

1. They leave the land of gems and gold,
The shining portals of the east;
For Him, the Woman's Seed foretold,
They leave the revel and the feast.

2. To earth their sceptres they have cast,
And crowns by kings ancestral worn;
They track the lonely Syrian waste;
They kneel before the Babe new-born.

3. O happy eyes, that saw Him first;
O happy lips that kissed His Feet;
Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst;
With Eden's joy her pulses beat.

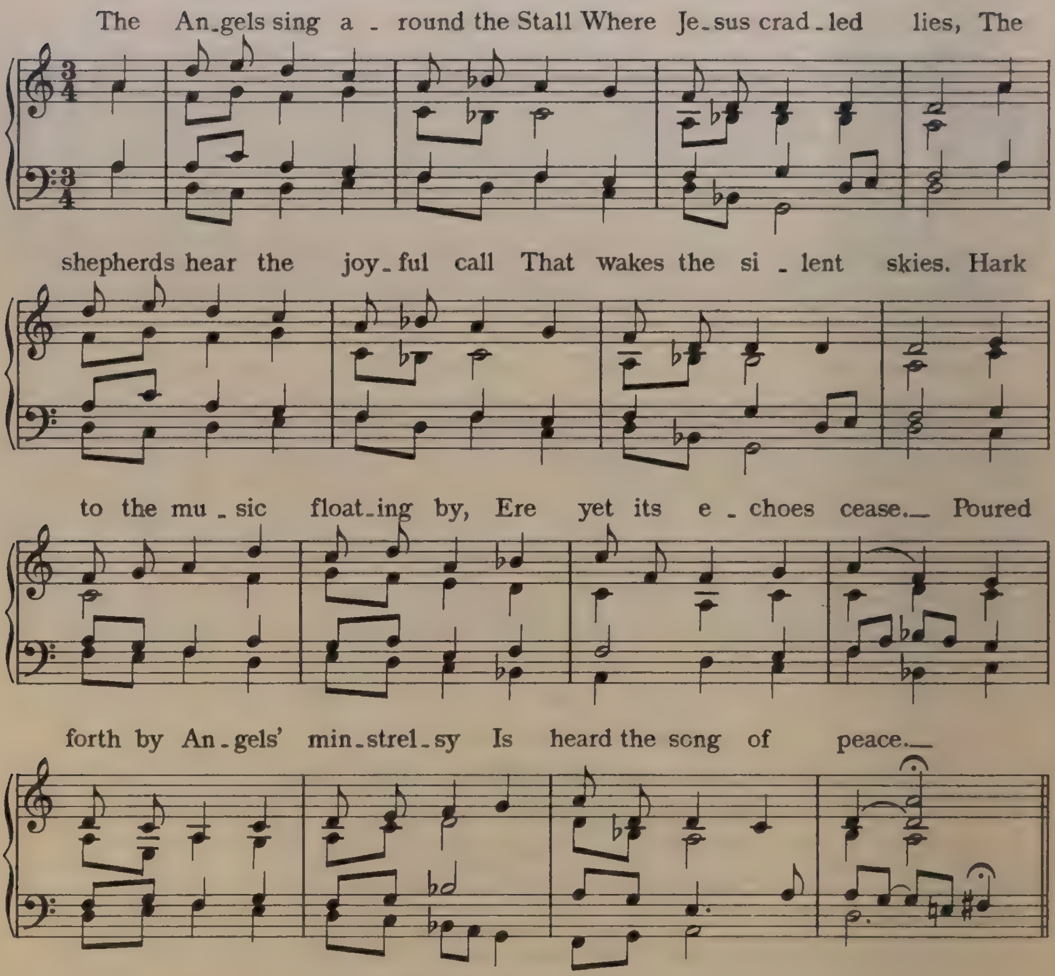
4. He, He is King and He alone,
Who lifts that Infant Hand to bless;
Who makes His Mother's knee His throne,
Yet rules the starry wilderness.

(Aubrey de Vere)

(Fr F. M. de Zulueta S.J.)

50

The Angels sing around the Stall


The An-gels sing a-round the Stall Where Je-sus crad-led lies, The
shepherds hear the joy-ful call That wakes the si-lent skies. Hark
to the mu-sic float-ing by, Ere yet its e-choes cease.— Poured
forth by An-gels' min-strel-sy Is heard the song of peace.—

1. The Angels sing around the Stall
Where Jesus cradled lies,
The shepherds hear the joyful call
That wakes the silent skies.
Hark to the music floating by,
Ere yet its echoes cease,
Poured forth by Angels' minstrelsy
Is heard the song of peace.

2. The Eastern Kings the star have seen,
They hasten on their way,
The time they've watched and waiting been
The dawning of that day,–
The dawning of that day of grace,
The gleam of Jacob's star,
The Virgin's Child of Jesse's race,
Whom prophets saw afar.

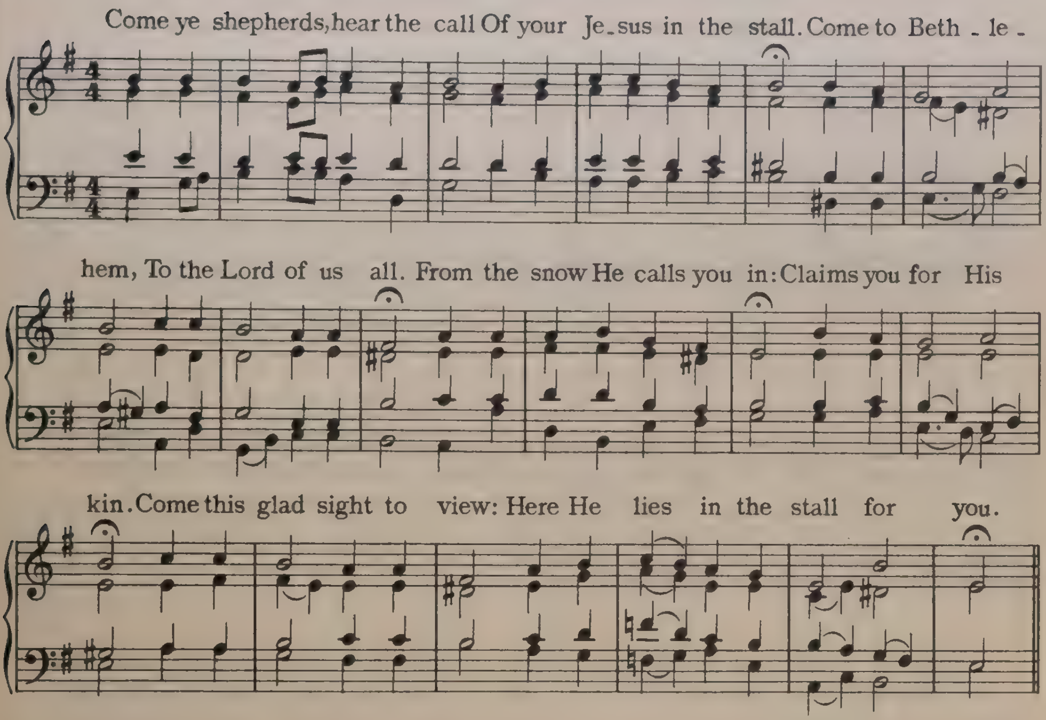
3. And now they open treasures rare
That Indian silks enfold,
Of myrrh that sweetly scents the air,
Of frankincense and gold.
Their kingly heads they meekly bow
The cradled Babe before;
Their God confess, and kneeling low,
In humble faith adore.

4. With them I come to greet my King,
Yet not with them to part.
No gold, no frankincense I bring,
I offer Him my heart.
With Him to live, with Him to die,
Who by His lowly birth
Gave glory to our God on high
And peace to men on earth.

(Fr. Gallwey S.J.) *(Sir Richard Terry)*

51

Come ye shepherds, hear the call


Come ye shepherds, hear the call Of your Je-sus in the stall. Come to Beth-le-
hem, To the Lord of us all. From the snow He calls you in: Claims you for His
kin. Come this glad sight to view: Here He lies in the stall for you.

1. Come ye shepherds, hear the call
Of your Jesus in the stall.
Come to Bethlehem,
To the Lord of us all.
From the snow He calls you in:
Claims you for His kin.
Come this glad sight to view:
Here He lies in the stall for you.

2. Come ye wise men, hither bring
Gold and every precious thing.
Bring a diadem
For your Lord and your King.
Kneel ye now in homage meet
At His little Feet.
Bring Him myrrh, incense rare,
As He lies in the stall, so fair.

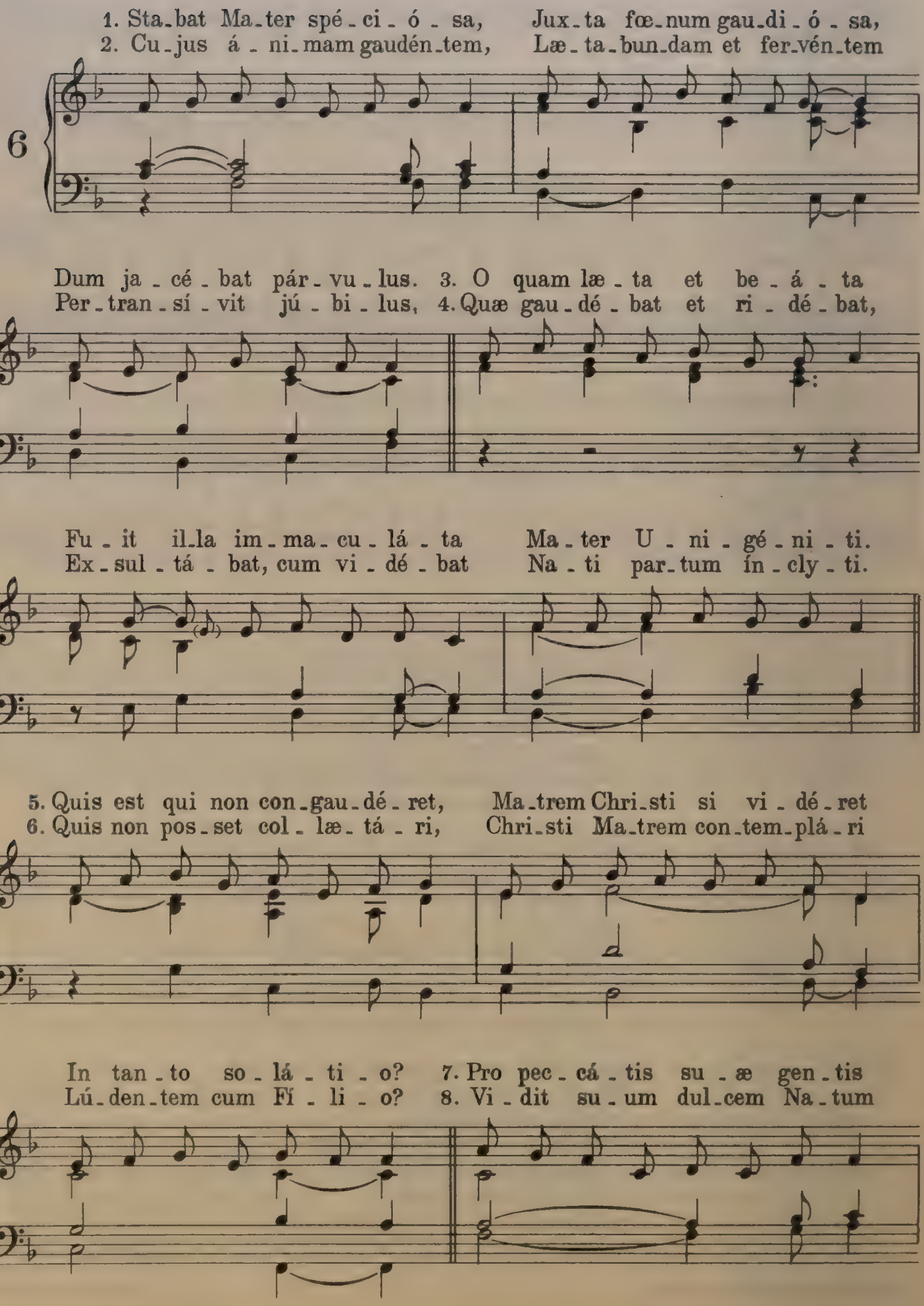
3. Come good Christians, one and all,
To your Jesus in the stall.
Come to Bethlehem.
(Broken now Satan's thrall.)
Tenderly He calls you in
From a world of sin.
Bring Him hearts leal and true
As He lies in the stall for you.

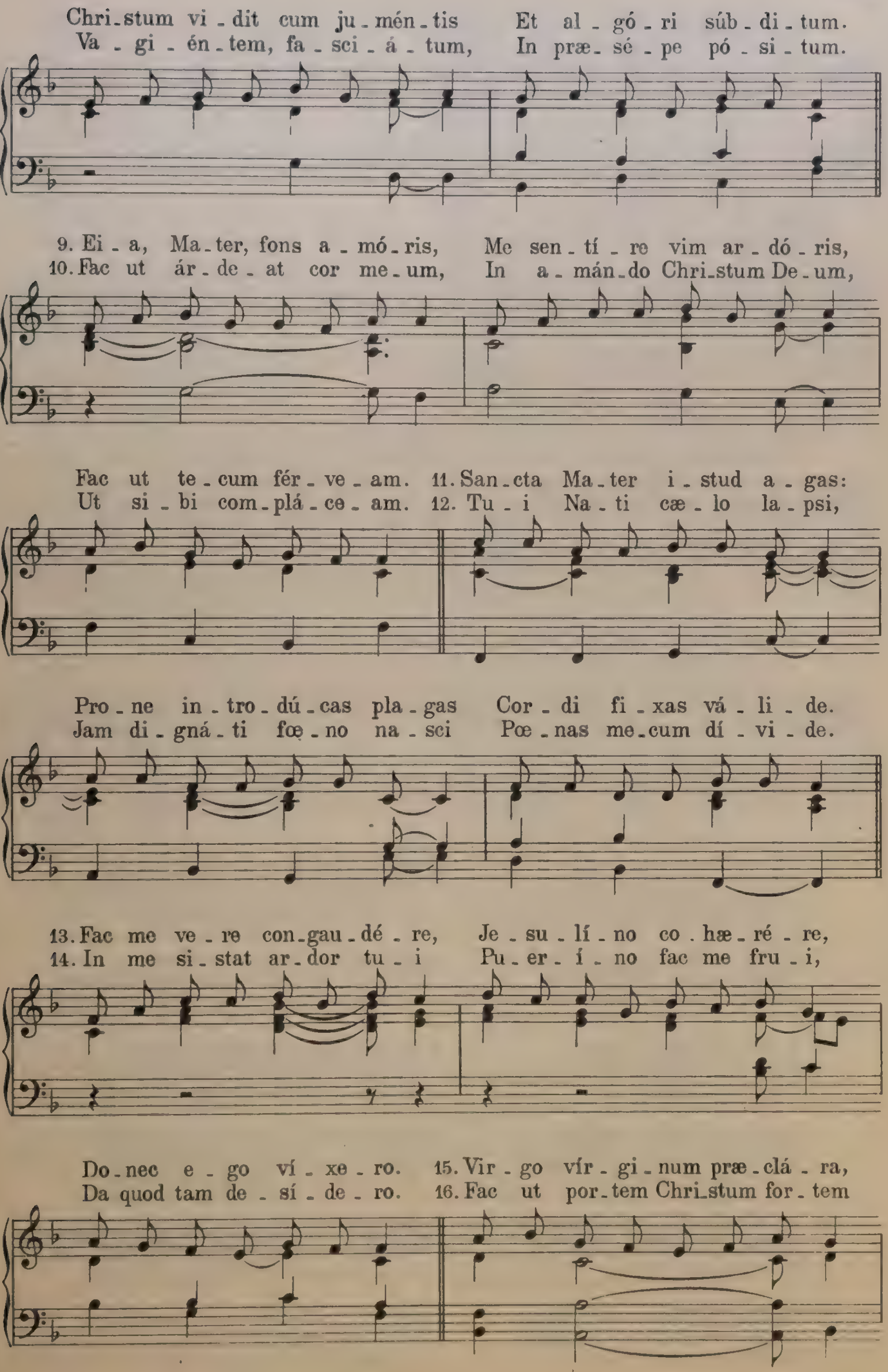
(Flemish Tr. Sir Richard Terry)

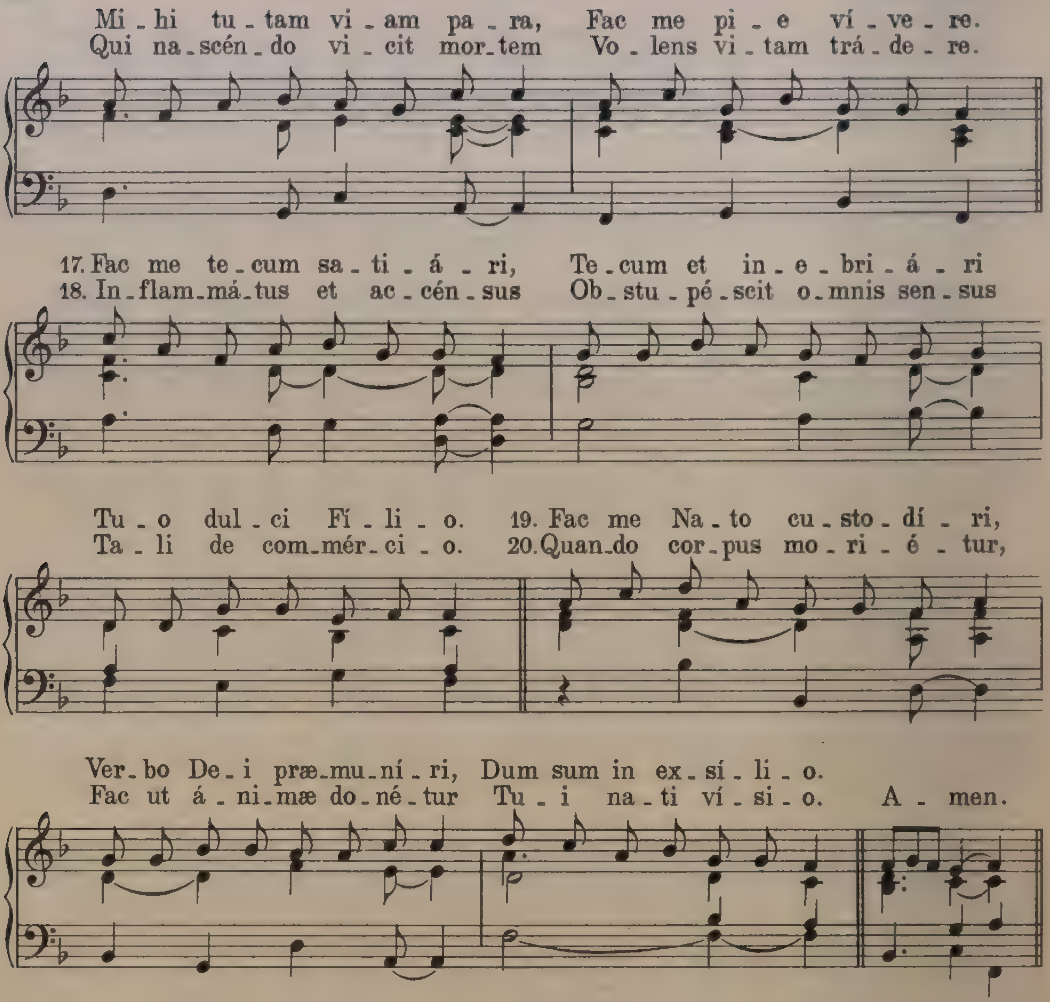
(Sir Richard Terry)

52

Stabat Mater speciosa


1. Sta-bat Ma-ter spé-ci-ó-sa, Jux-ta fœ-num gau-di-ó-sa,
2. Cu-jus á-ni-mam gaudén-tem, Læ-ta-bun-dam et fer-vén-tem
6
Dum ja-cé-bat pár-vu-lus. 3. O quam læ-ta et be-á-ta
Per-tran-sí-vit jú-bi-lus, 4. Quæ gau-dé-bat et ri-dé-bat,
Fu-it il-la im-ma-cu-lá-ta Ma-ter U-ni-gé-ni-ti.
Ex-sul-tá-bat, cum vi-dé-bat Na-ti par-tum ín-cly-ti.
5. Quis est qui non con-gau-dé-ret, Ma-trem Chri-sti si vi-dé-ret
6. Quis non pos-set col-læ-tá-ri, Chri-sti Ma-trem con-tem-plá-ri
In tan-to so-lá-ti-o? 7. Pro pec-cá-tis su-æ gen-tis
Lú-den-tem cum Fí-li-o? 8. Vi-dit su-um dul-cem Na-tum


Chri_stum vi_dit cum ju_mén_tis Et al_gó_ri súb_di_tum.
Va_gi_én_tem, fa_sci_á_tum, In præ_sé_pe pó_si_tum.
9. Ei_a, Ma_ter, fons a_mó_ris, Me sen_tí_re vim ar_dó_ris,
10. Fac ut ár_de_at cor me_um, In a_mán_do Chri_stum De_um,
Fac ut te_cum fér_ve_am. 11. San_cta Ma_ter i_stud a_gas:
Ut si_bi com_plá_ce_am. 12. Tu_i Na_ti cæ_lo la_psi,
Pro_ne in_tro_dú_cas pla_gas Cor_di fi_xas vá_li_de.
Jam di_gná_ti fœ_no na_sci Pœ_nas me_cum dí_vi_de.
13. Fac me ve_re con_gau_dé_re, Je_su_lí_no co_hæ_ré_re,
14. In me si_stat ar_dor tu_i Pu_er_í_no fac me fru_i,
Do_nec e_go ví_xe_ro. 15. Vir_go vír_gi_num præ_clá_ra,
Da quod tam de_sí_de_ro. 16. Fac ut por_tem Chri_stum for_tem


Mi - hi tu - tam vi - am pa - ra, Fac me pi - e ví - ve - re.
Qui na - scén - do vi - cit mor - tem Vo - lens vi - tam trá - de - re.
17. Fac me te - cum sa - ti - á - ri, Te - cum et in - e - bri - á - ri
18. In - flam - má - tus et ac - cén - sus Ob - stu - pé - scit o - mnis sen - sus
Tu - o dul - ci Fí - li - o. 19. Fac me Na - to cu - sto - dí - ri,
Ta - li de com - mér - ci - o. 20. Quan - do cor - pus mo - ri - é - tur,
Ver - bo De - i præ - mu - ní - ri, Dum sum in ex - sí - li - o.
Fac ut á - ni - mæ do - né - tur Tu - i na - ti ví - si - o. A - men.

1. Stabat Mater speciósa,
Juxta fœnum gaudiósa,
Dum jacébat párvulus.

1. Full of joy His beauteous Mother
Stood beside our new-born Brother,
Who was cradled in the hay;

2. Cujus ánimam gaudéntem,
Lætabúndam et fervéntem
Pertransívit júbilus.

2. And her spirit's exultation
Thrilled her frame with sweet elation,
To behold Him where He lay.

3. O quam læta et beáta
Fuit illa immaculáta
Mater Unigéniti.

3. O what deep, ecstatic feeling,
O'er the stainless Mother stealing,
Marked the Sole-Begotten's birth.

4. Quæ gaudébat et ridébat,
Exsultábat, cum vidébat
Nati partum ínclyti.

4. How her soul's own silent laughter
Filled her gaze the moment after
She first saw His Face on earth.

5. Quis est qui non congaudéret,
Matrem Christi si vidéret
In tanto solátio?

5. Whose the eyes that would not measure,
Wonder-wide, that Mother's pleasure,
Like to which no bliss hath been?

6. Quis non posset collætári,
Christi Matrem contemplári
Ludéntem cum Fílio?

6. His in sooth were utmost rapture
Who one glimpse of her could capture,
At her mother-play serene.

7. Pro peccátis suæ gentis
Christum vidit cum juméntis
Et algóri súbditum.

8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Vagiéntem, fasciátum,
In præsépe pósitum.

9. Eia, Mater, fons amóris,
Me sentíre vim ardóris,
Fac ut tecum férveam.

10. Fac ut árdeat cor meum
In amándo Christum Deum,
Ut sibi compláceam.

11. Sancta Mater istud agas:
Prone introdúcas plagas
Cordi fixas válide.

12. Tui Nati cælo lapsi,
Jam dignáti fœno nasci
Pœnas mecum dívide.

13. Fac me vere congaudére,
Jesulíno cohærére,
Donec ego víxero.

14. In me sistat ardor tui,
Pueríno fac me frui,
Da quod tam desídero.

15. Virgo vírginum præclára,
Mihi tutam viam para,
Fac me pie vívere.

16. Fac ut portem Christum fortem,
Qui nascéndo vicit mortem
Volens vitam trádere.

17. Fac me tecum satiári,
Tecum et inebriári
Tuo dulci Fílio.

18. Inflammátus et accénsus
Obstupéscit omnis sensus
Tali de commércio.

19. Fac me Nati custodíri,
Verbo Dei præmuníri,
Dum sum in exsílio.

20. Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac ut ánimæ donétur
Tui nati vísio.
Amen.

7. Christ she saw, in wintry weather,
Housed with ox and ass together,
For His sinful human race;

8. Saw His creatures bend before Him-
Wailful Sweeting!–to adore Him,
In His lowly lodging-place.

9. Fount of love, my Mother Mary,
Yield me love, nor let me vary
In this love that flows from thee:

10. Let me love my God and Saviour
So that with my heart's behaviour
Even His well-pleased may be.

11. Mother mine, this favour do me:
Let His pain, gone through and through me,
Rest implanted in my heart:

12. Of the pangs that in the manger
Lay for earth's celestial Stranger
Let me bear, like thee, my part.

13. Make me joy with thee more truly,
To thy little Jesus duly
Clinging till my life be past;
Yield me of thy Babe's fruition,

14. And my exile's one ambition,
Be, like thine, to hold Him fast:
Spread throughout the world such longing,
And when souls to Him come thronging,
Let mine be at least the last.

15. Virgin of all virgins, take me,
Into grace again, and make me
Catch thy Baby to my breast:

16. Let me bear thy beauteous Burden,
Born that, life's immortal guerdon,
Dying, He from death should wrest.

17. Let my heart, like thine, be sated
With Him, nay, inebriated,
Dancing in its mystic bliss.

18. Overcome are all my senses
With a wonder that immense is,
At communion such as this.

19. Keep me under thy protection,
For thy Son, from all defection
Warded by His word, His grace.

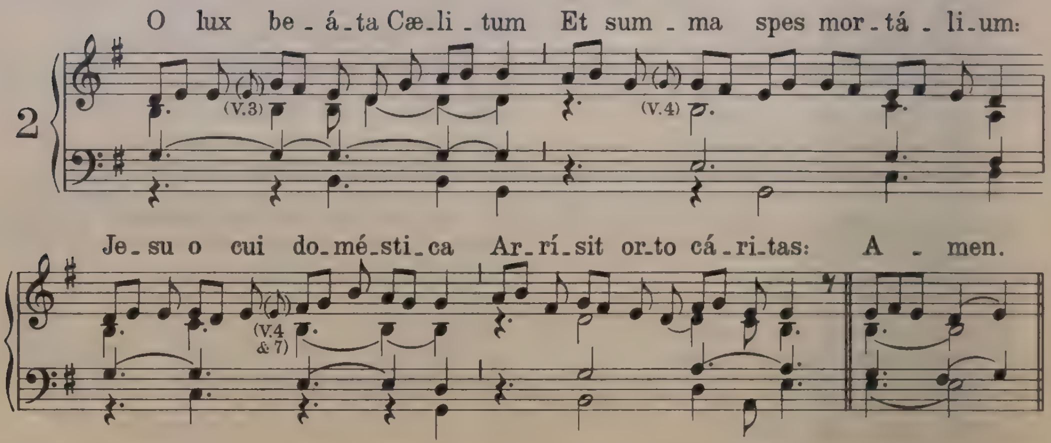
20. When my dust to dust returneth,
That for which my spirit yearneth
Grant me, too,– to see His Face.
Amen.

(*Jacopone da Todi* † 1306
Tr. "The Inner Court")

(*Plain Song melody*)

53

O lux beata Cælitum


2
O lux be - á - ta Cæ - li - tum Et sum - ma spes mor - tá - li - um:
(V.3)
(V.4)
Je - su o cui do - mé - sti - ca Ar - rí - sit or - to cá - ri - tas:
(V.4 & 7)
A - men.

1. O lux beáta Cælitum,
Et súmma spes mortálium:
Jésu o cui doméstica
Arrísit órto cáritas:

2. María, dives grátia,
O sola quæ casto potes
Fovére Jesum péctore,
Cum lacte donans óscula.

3. Tuque ex vetústis pátribus,
Delécte custos Vírginis,
Dulci patris quem nómine
Divína Proles ínvocat:

4. De stirpe Jesse nóbili
Nati in salútem géntium,
Audíte nos qui súpplices
Vestras ad aras sístimus.

5. Dum sol redux ad vésperum
Rebus nitórem détrahit,
Nos hic manéntes íntimo
Ex corde vota fúndimus.

6. Qua vestra sedes flóruit
Virtútis omnis grátia,
Hanc detur in doméstícis
Reférre posse móribus.

7. Jesu, tuis obédiens
Qui factus es paréntibus,
Cum Patre summo ac Spíritu
Semper tibi sit glória. Amen.

1. O Blessed light from Heaven inclined,
Supreme desire of all mankind,
Jesu, Whom e'en on lowly earth
Sweet home-love greeted at Thy birth;

2. Fair maiden Mary, full of grace,
Maid who alone of all our race
Couldst in chaste womb thy Jesus bear,
Mingling thy milk with kisses rare;

3. And thou, from holy men of old
The Virgin's chosen ward enrolled;
Who the sweet name of Father heard
From baby lips of God the Word;

4. Of Jesse's noble line the flower,
Born to save men from sin's fell power,
Hear us your suppliants, who this day
At your loved altars stand to pray.

5. While the sun flees before the night,
And steals from things of earth its light,
We here remain, while toward you soar
The prayers our deepest hearts outpour.

6. Within your home, God's earthly bower,
Grace of all virtues sprang to flower;
Grant us such grace, that also we
May be a holy family.

7. Jesu, who didst on earth become
Subject to those who ruled Thy home,
With Father and with spirit be
All glory ever paid to Thee. Amen.

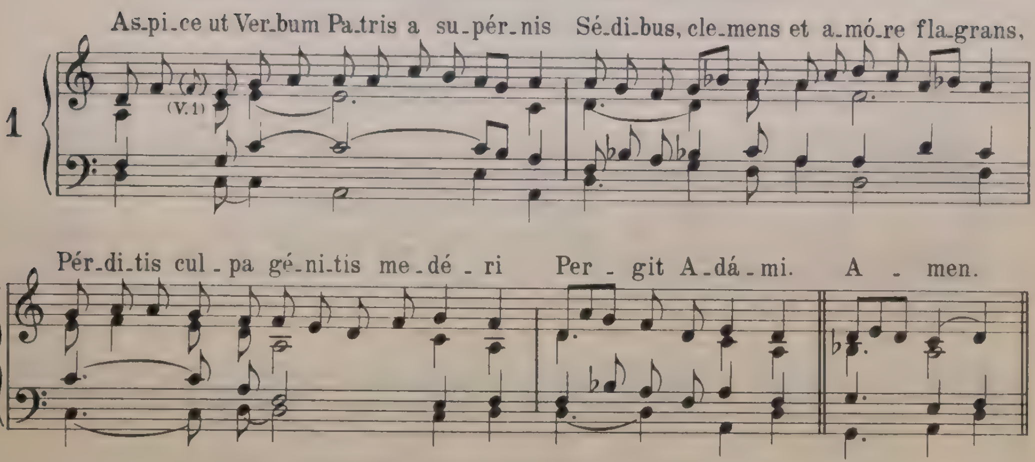
(*Pope Leo XIII* † 1903
Tr. Alan G. Mc Dougall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

54

Aspice ut Verbum Patris

1


As-pi-ce ut Ver-bum Pa-tris a su-pér-nis Sé-di-bus, cle-mens et a-mó-re fla-grans,
(V. 1)
Pér-di-tis cul-pa gé-ni-tis me-dé-ri Per-git A-dá-mi. A-men.

1. Aspice ut Verbum Patris a supérnis
Sédibus, clemens et amóre flagrans,
Pérditis culpa génitis medéri
Pergit Adámi.

2. Flébilem mundi míserans ruínam,
Et volens nostros reparáre casus,
Orat, et prona véniam precátur
Fronte Magíster.

3. Flúctuat secum tot acérba volvens:
Hunc, ait supplex, cálicem dolóris,
Mi Pater, transfer; tua sed volúntas,
Non mea fiat.

4. Cum premat tristis pavor ima cordis,
Déficit languens Dóminus: per artus
Sánguinis sudor fluit, atque guttis
Terra madéscit.

5. At celer summo véniens Olympo
Angelus Jesum récreat jacéntem:
Córpori vires rédeunt, novóque
Róbore surgit.

6. Laus, honor Patri, genitæque Proli,
Cui datum nomen super omne nomen,
Et Paráclito decus atque virtus
Omne per ævum. Amen.

1. See the eternal Word descending
From the throne of bliss supreme,
Love-constrained, His way now wending
Adam's children to redeem.

2. Pitying the world's disaster,
Yearning to repair its fall,
Prone upon the earth, our Master
Prays for pardon for us all.

3. O what anguish, what affliction
Hemmed Him round on every side!
Who shall tell His dereliction
While His suppliant accents cried:

4. "O My Father, O My Father,
Let this chalice pass away;
Yet not My Will, Thy Will rather,
Be accomplishèd this day."

5. 'Neath that load of anguish sinking,
Drops of blood stood on His Brow;
Wondering earth in silence drinking,
One by one, the drops that flow.

6. But an Angel, swiftly gliding,
Comes from Heaven to His aid;
And that form the Godhead hiding,
Comfort seeks from those He made.

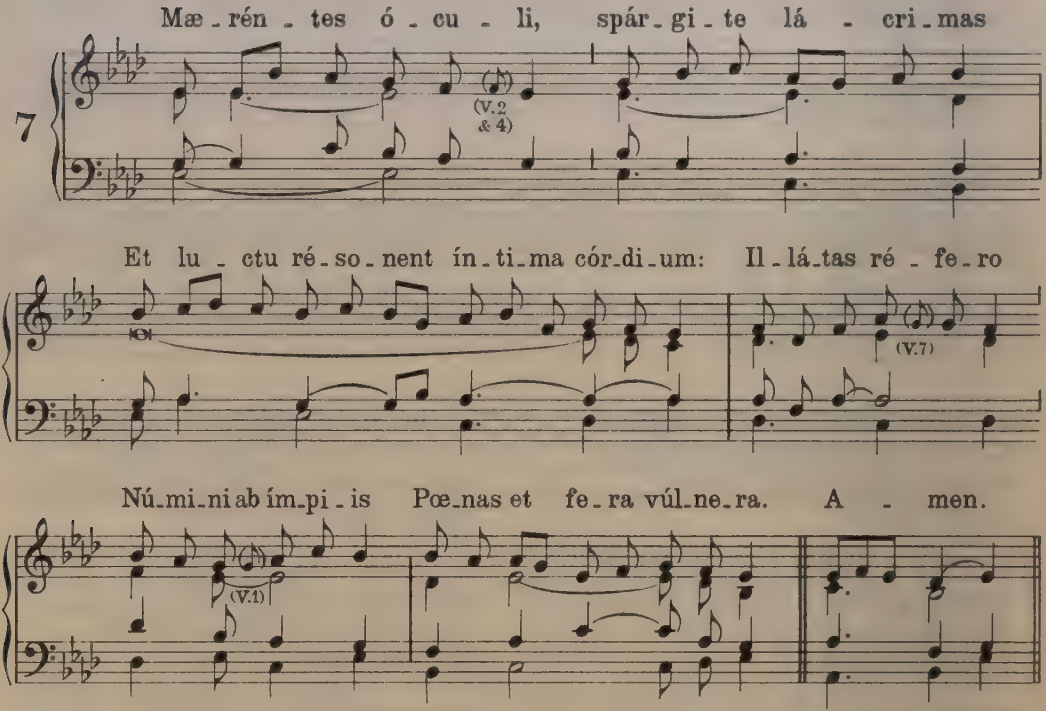
7. To the Father praise be given;
Praise the Son, His Name adore,
Greatest name beneath the heaven;
Praise the Spirit evermore.

(Friburg Breviary
Tr. W. Wallace "Annus Sanctus")

(Accpt. Dr. Wagner)

55

Mærentes oculi spargite lacrimas


7
Mæ-rén-tes ó-cu-li, spár-gi-te lá-cri-mas
(V.2 & 4)
Et lu-ctu ré-so-nent ín-ti-ma cór-di-um: Il-lá-tas ré-fe-ro
(V.7)
Nú-mi-ni ab ím-pi-is Pœ-nas et fe-ra vúl-ne-ra. A-men.
(V.1)

1. Mæréntes óculi, spárgite lácrimas,
Et luctu résonent íntima córdium:
Illátas réfero Númini ab ímpiis
Pœnas et fera vúlnera.

2. Accíncta, heu! gládiis turba satéllitum
Arréptum Dóminum fústibus ímpetit;
Nunc cædit cólaphis, nunc quatit hórridis
Divínum caput íctibus.

3. Haud finis scéleri: tráditur ímprobo
Christus carnífici; nec mora, bárbarus
In Regem súperum non timet ímpio
Ausu vértere déxteram.

4. Audíte, O pópuli: Numen amábile,
Manánte ex húmeris úndique sánguine,
Lictóris rábidi sústinet ímpetum,
Et vocem premit ínnocens.

5. Quis non illácrymet? Jam nova cóndidit
Torménta indómitæ gentis iníquitas;
Infígit cérebro, proh dolor! ófferis
Sertum vépribus ásperum.

6. Heu crimen! tráhitur fúnibus ímprobis
Funésti Dóminus supplícii ad locum;
Illic oppétiit fúnere, spíritum
Patri restítuens suo.

7. Passo pro míseris tam fera vúlnera
In terris résonet débita glória;
Sacrúmque assídue nomen in æthera
Humánum genus éfferat.

1. With sorrow deep oppressed, now let us sadly wail,
And fill our very hearts with bitter grief and shame,
Whilst pondering the wounds, the shame and torments dread,
Which cruel man for God did frame.

2. Behold, the impious band with deadly haste draw nigh;
See, how with swords and staves upon the Lord they rush:
They madly strike the Lamb, and then with savage blows
That Head Divine they fiercely crush.

3. But yet comes not the end: now bound with cruel cords
Unto the savage scourge the Lord of Life they give;
And then without remorse, fierce ruffian hands are raised
'Gainst Him Who causeth all to live.

4. List, O ye people, list: the good and loving God
In gentlest meekness stands beneath the lash severe;
And while His Blood runs down, all guiltless though He be,
No word He speaks His fame to clear.

5. What man who would not weep? Not even yet the race
Of sin, the viper's brood, their bitter hate have quenched;
Upon His Brow Divine a thorny Crown they press,
And all His Face with gore is drenched.

6. Then-blackest, deadliest sin-with rude and cutting cords
They drag our loving Lord unto the place of death;
Upon the Cross He dies, and to His Father's care
Resigns His Soul with His last breath.

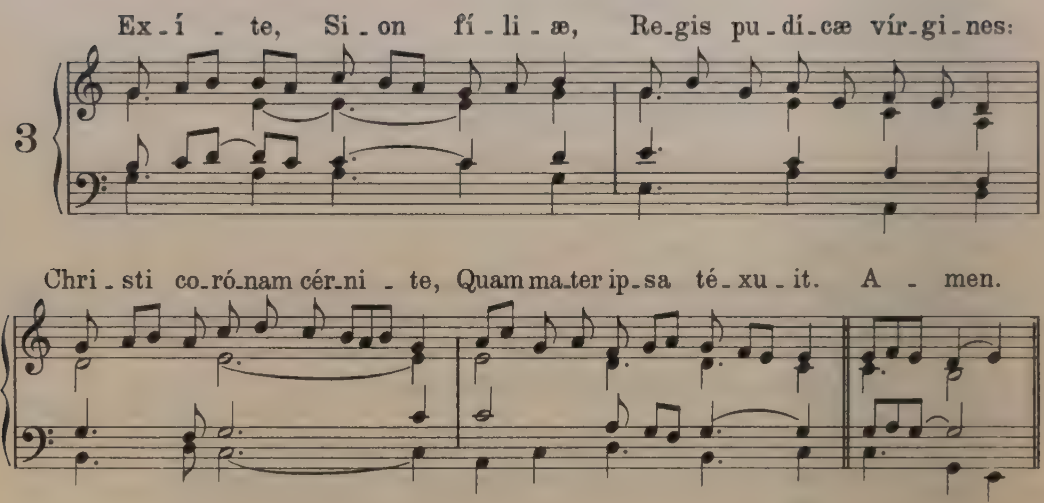
7. To Him Who freely died upon the bitter Cross,
To gain for sinful man sweet mercy, peace and grace,
Be honour, fame, and praise, be glory ever sung
In notes of joy by all our race.

(Friburg Breviary
Tr. T. T. Potter. "Annus Sanctus")

(Accpt. Dr. Wagner)

56

Exite Sion


3
Ex-í - te, Si-on fí-li-æ, Re-gis pu-dí-cæ vír-gi-nes:
Chri-sti co-ró-nam cér-ni - te, Quam ma-ter ip-sa té-xu-it. A - men.

1. Exíte, Sion fíliæ,
Regis pudícæ vírgines,
Christi corónam cérnite
Quam mater ipsa téxuit.

2. Horret, revúlsis crínibus,
Spinis cruentátum caput,
Et vultus ille décolor
Mortem propínquam réspicit.

3. Quæ terra sulcis ínvia
Dumis rigens et séntibus
Lugúbre munus prótulit?
Quæ sæva méssuit manus?

4. Christi rubéscens sánguine
Acúleos mutat rosis
Palmámque vincens frúctibus,
Spina est triúmphis áptior.

5. Culpis satæ mortálium,
Te, Christe, spinæ vúlnerant,
Evélle nostras, córdibus
Tuásque nostris ínsere.

6. Virtus, honor, laus, glória
Deo Patri, cum Fílio,
Sancto simul Paráclito,
In sæculórum sǽcula.. Amen.

1. Go forth, ye Sion's daughters, now,
A monarch's bashful train,
To see the Crown on Jesus' brow.
Your mother wrought that pain.

2. His hair is plucked; the piercing thorns
Red with His Blood appear;
The deathly pallor of His Face
Shows that the end is near.

3. What barren tract produced those thorns
Bristling with bush and brier?
What ruthless hand hath gathered in
So stern a crop and dire?

4. Each thorn, now steeped in Jesus' Blood,
Becomes a blooming rose,
Bears sweeter fruit than any palm,
His triumph better shows.

5. O Christ, the thorns which wound Thy Brow
Were sown in our great sin;
Pluck from our hearts our guilty thorns,
And plant Thine own thorns in.

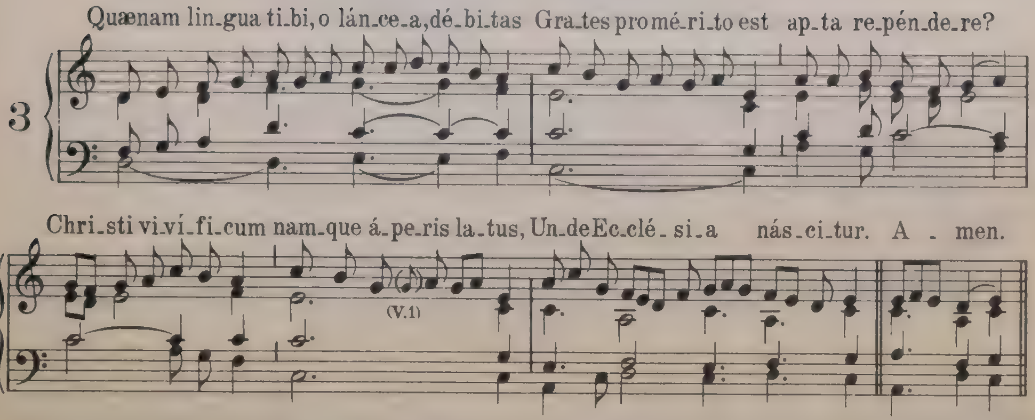
6. Strength, honour, praise and glory be
To Father and to Son
And to the Spirit Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

(Divine Office
Tr. W. Wallace. "Annus Sanctus")

(Accpt. Dr. Wagner)

57

Quænam lingua


Quænam lin-gua ti-bi, o lán-ce-a, dé-bi-tas Gra-tes pro mé-ri-to est ap-ta re-pén-de-re?
3
Chri-sti vi-ví-fi-cum nam-que á-pe-ris la-tus, Un-de Ec-clé-si-a nás-ci-tur. A - men.
(V.1)

1. Quænam lingua tibi, o lánceа, débitas
Grates pro mérito est apta repéndere?
Christi vivíficum namque áperis latus,
Unde Ecclésia náscitur.

2. Hæc est Heva viri de látere éxiens,
Olli membra gravis dum sopor óccupat;
Hanc quippe alter Adam, corde scaténtibus
Unda et sánguine, prócreat.

3. O clavi! æqua manet vos quoque grátia,
Christi quando sacris ártubus ínsiti,
Delétum Dómini sánguine fígitis
Mortis chirógraphum cruci.

4. Te Jesu, Súperi láudibus éfferant,
Qui clavórum áditus, sígnaque lánceæ
In cælo rétines, vivus ubi ímperas
Cum Patre, atque Paráclito. Amen.

1. On Calvary with what a mystery gleams
The spear that at the ninth hour of the day,
Made for the Precious Blood toward the earth,
Out of the pulseless Heart, its last strange way.

2. As the first Adam by the tree of life
Lay still and silent in sleep's deep repose,
Mother of all that live, from his cleft side,
Eve, guileful bride, to life and beauty rose.

3. So, when upon the Cross's quickening tree,
In death's deep sleep, the Second Adam hung,
Mother of all that live by faith, the Church,
From His cleft Side in blood and water sprung.

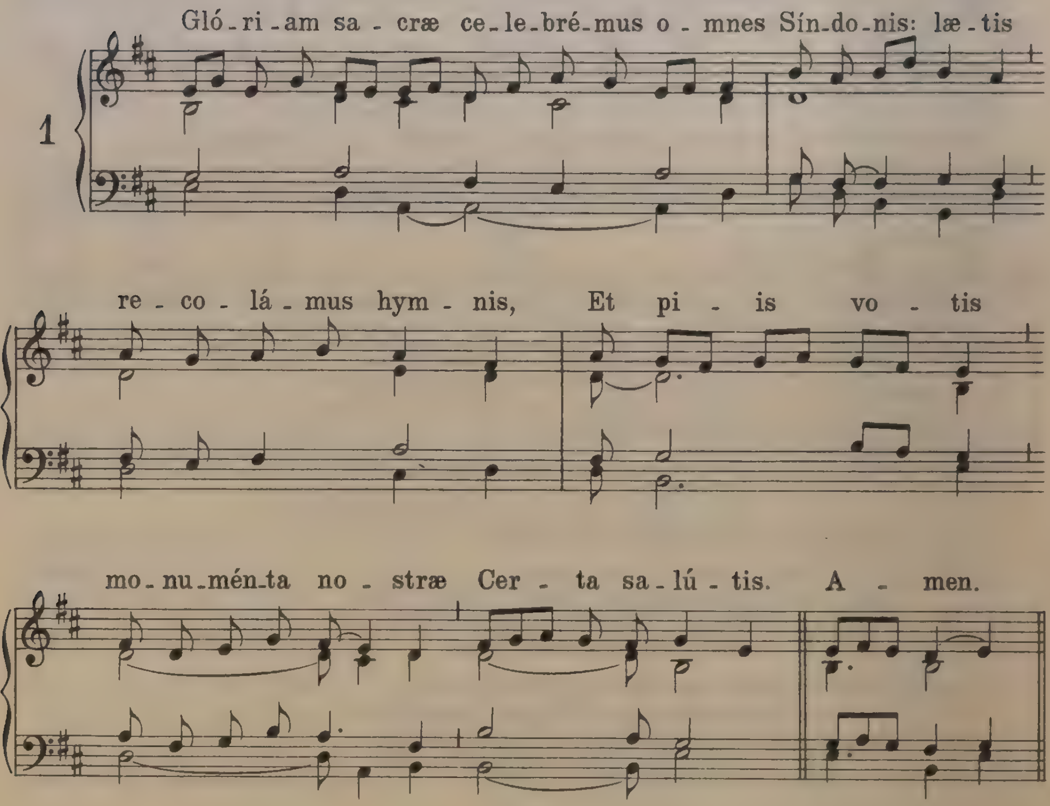
4. There, too, the nails that pierced Him, there they were,
Wherewith the Saviour to the bitter wood
Whereto His Hands and Feet were nailed, nailed too
The dark hand-writing that against us stood.

5. Praise to the Father, and the Holy Ghost,
And Him Who, where earth's feeble vision fails,
Amid the glory of the eternal throne
Still bears the marking of the spear and nails.

(Roman Breviary) *(Accpt: Dr Wagner)*

58

Gloriam sacræ celebremus


1
Gló-ri-am sa-cræ ce-le-bré-mus o-mnes Sín-do-nis: læ-tis
re-co-lá-mus hym-nis, Et pi-is vo-tis
mo-nu-mén-ta no-stræ Cer-ta sa-lú-tis. A-men.

1. Glóriam sacræ celebrémus omnes
Síndonis: lætis recolámus hymnis,
Et piis votis monuménta nostræ
Certa salútis.

2. Quæ refert semper veneránda sindon,
Sánguine impréssis decoráta signis,
Dum cruce ex alta tulit involútum
Corpus Jesu.

3. Reddit hæc sævos ánimo dolóres,
Quos tulit, casum miserátus Adæ,
Christus humáni géneris Redémptor,
Morte perémpta.

4. Sáucium ferro latus, atque palmas
Et pedes clavis, laceráta flagris
Membra, et infíxam cápiti corónam
Monstrat imágo.

5. Quis pius siccis óculis, et absque
Íntimi cordis gémitu notáta
Vívaque indígnæ simulácra mortis
Cérnere possit?

6. Nostra cum solum tibi, Christe, culpa
Causa tantórum fúerit malórum,
Nostra debétur tibi vita: vitam
Dédimus ipsam.

7. Sit tibi, Fili, decus atque virtus,
Qui tuo mundum rédimis cruóre,
Quique cum summo Genitóre, et almo
Flámine regnas. Amen.

1. Jesus, when on Thy fatal day
Thy people turn their awe-struck eyes,
Thy latest vesture's history dread
Distinct before their memory lies.

2. Thy suffering o'er, from Hands and Feet
They drew the nails who loved Thee well;
Into the linen's spotless folds
Thy soul-less Body gently fell.

3. O Word of God, the conquest won,
Thy trophies still around Thee lay;
Clothed in a vesture dipped in blood,
Thou restedst victor of the fray.

4. With our salvation's awful price,
Still wet upon Thy gaping Side
And mangled Feet and Hands and Brow,
The virgin web was redly dyed.

5. If blood from Thee, let tears from us
In spirit on Thy grave-clothes fall;
The price was Thine, the debt was ours,
For us, for us was suffered all.

6. Thou Who Thine own blest Life didst give
A sacrifice for ours to be,
Teach us, O God, in least return
Our blood-bought lives to give to Thee.

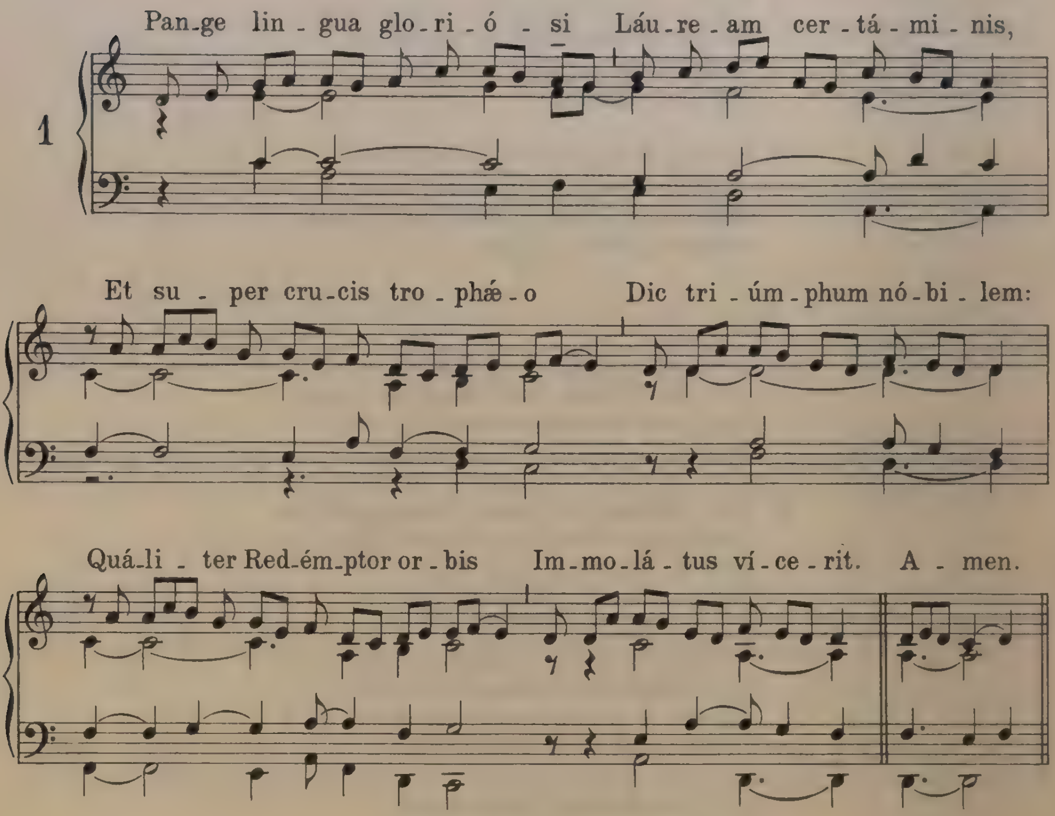
7. Word of the self-existent One,
Word, uttered with the Breath Divine,
Word, clad in vesture dipped in blood,
All praise eternally be Thine.

(Divine Office
Tr. from a Roman Breviary.)

(Accpt. Dr. Wagner)

59

Pange lingua gloriosi Lauream certaminis


1
Pan-ge lin-gua glo-ri-ó-si Láu-re-am cer-tá-mi-nis,
Et su-per cru-cis tro-phǽ-o Dic tri-úm-phum nó-bi-lem:
Quá-li-ter Red-ém-ptor or-bis Im-mo-lá-tus ví-ce-rit. A-men.

1. Pange lingua, glorióso
Láuream certáminis,
Et super Crucis trophæo
Dic triúmphum nóbilem:
Quáliter Redémptor orbis
Immolátus vícerit.

2. De paréntis protoplásti
Fraude Factor cóndolens
Quando pomi noxiális
In necem morsu ruit:
Ipse lignum tunc notávit,
Damna ligni ut sólveret.

3. Hoc opus nostræ salútis
Ordo depopóscerat:
Multifórmis proditóris
Ars ut artem fálleret,
Et medélam ferret inde,
Hostis unde læserat.

1. Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,
Sing the last, the dread affray:
O'er the Cross, the Victor's trophy,
Sound the high triumphal lay,
How, the pains of death enduring,
Earth's Redeemer won the day.

2. He, our Maker, deeply grieving,
That the first-made Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit forbidden
Whose reward was death and hell,
Marked e'en then this Tree the ruin
Of the first tree to dispel.

3. Thus the work for our salvation
He ordainèd to be done;
To the traitor's art opposing
Art yet deeper than his own;
Thence the remedy procuring
Whence the fatal wound begun.

4. Quando venit ergo sacri
Plenitúdo témporis,
Missus est ab arce Patris
Natus, orbis Cónditor:
Atque ventre virginάli
Carne amíctus pródiit.

4. Therefore, when at length the fulness
Of the appointed time was come,
He was sent, the world's Creator,
From the Father's heavenly home,
And was found in human fashion,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

5. Vagit infans inter arcta
Cónditus præsépia:
Membra pannis involúta
Virgo mater álligat:
Et Dei manus pedésque
Stricta cingit fáscia.

5. Lo, He lies, an Infant weeping,
Where the narrow manger stands,
While the Mother-Maid His members
Wraps in mean and lowly bands,
And the swaddling-clothes is winding
Round His helpless Feet and Hands.

6. Lustra sex qui jam perégit,
Tempus implens córporis,
Sponte líbera Redémptor
Passióni déditus,
Agnus in crucis levátur
Immolándus stípite.

6. Now the thirty years accomplished
Which on earth He willed to see,
Born for this, He meets His Passion,
Gives Himself an offering free;
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
There the Sacrifice to be.

7. Felle potus ecce languet,
Spina, clavi, láncea
Mite corpus perforárunt,
Unda manat et cruor:
Terra, pontus, astra, mundus
Quo lavántur flúmine.

7. There the nails and spear He suffers,
Vinegar, and gall, and reed:
From His Sacred Body piercèd
Blood and Water both proceed:
Precious Flood, which all creation
From the stain of sin hath freed.

8. Flecte ramos, arbor alta,
Tensa laxa víscera,
Et rigor lentéscat ille,
Quem dedit natívitas:
Et supérni membra Regis
Tende miti stípite.

8. Bend, O lofty Tree, thy branches,
Thy too rigid sinews bend;
And awhile the stubborn hardness,
Which thy birth bestow'd, suspend:
And the Limbs of Heaven's High Monarch
Gently on thine arms extend.

9. Sola digna tu fuísti
Ferre mundi Víctimam:
Atque portum præparáre,
Arca mundo náufrago,
Quam sacer cruor perúnxit,
Fusus Agni córpore.

9. Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to sustain,
That a shipwrecked race for ever
Might a port of refuge gain,
With the Sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

10. Sempitérna sit beátæ
Trinitáti glória,
Æqua Patri, Filióque,
Par decus Paráclito:
Unius Triníque nomen
Laudet univérsitas.
Amen.

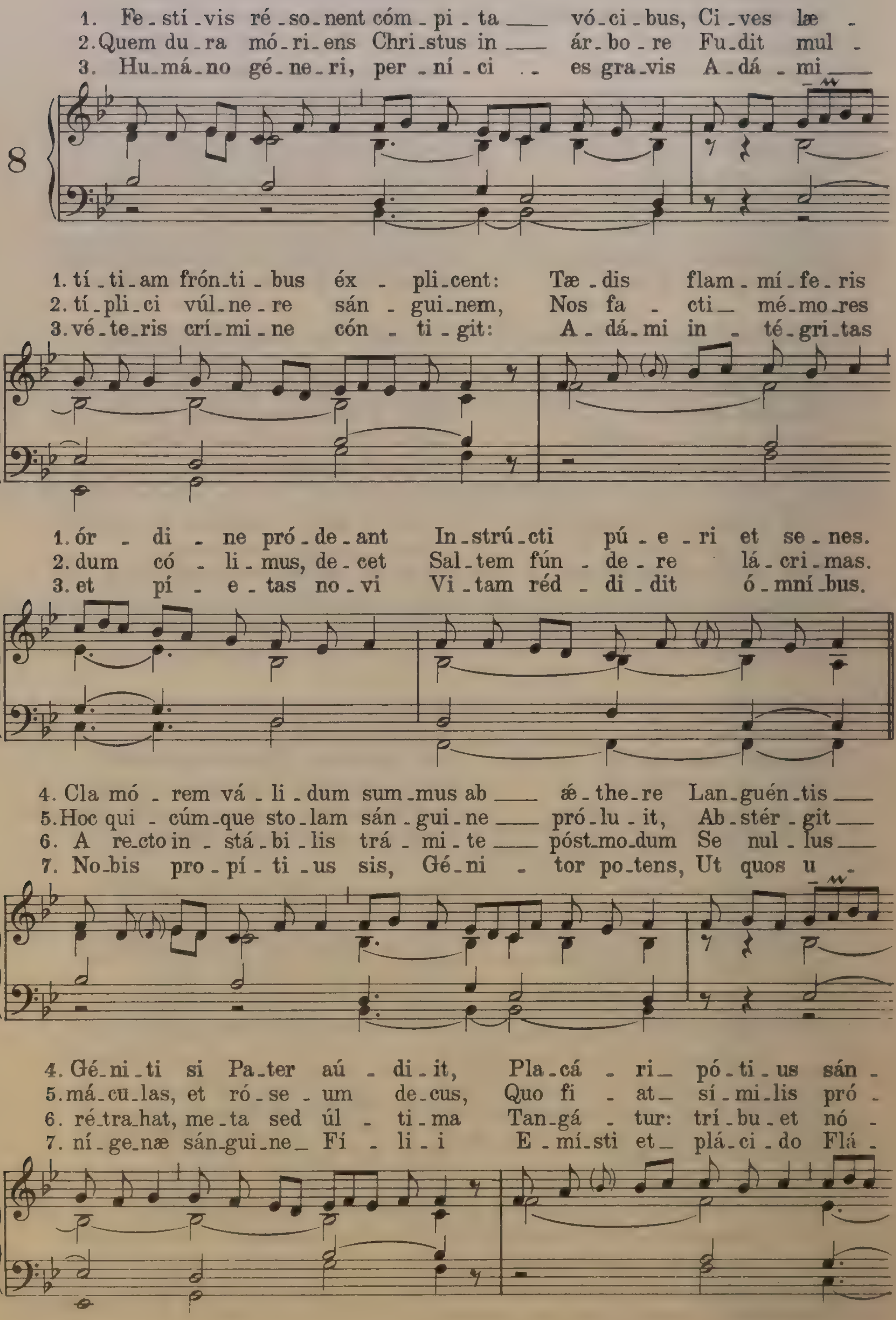
10. Be there glory everlasting,
To the Blessed Trinity;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Might and honour equal be;
Praise His Name in earth and Heaven,
Who is ever One and Three.
Amen.

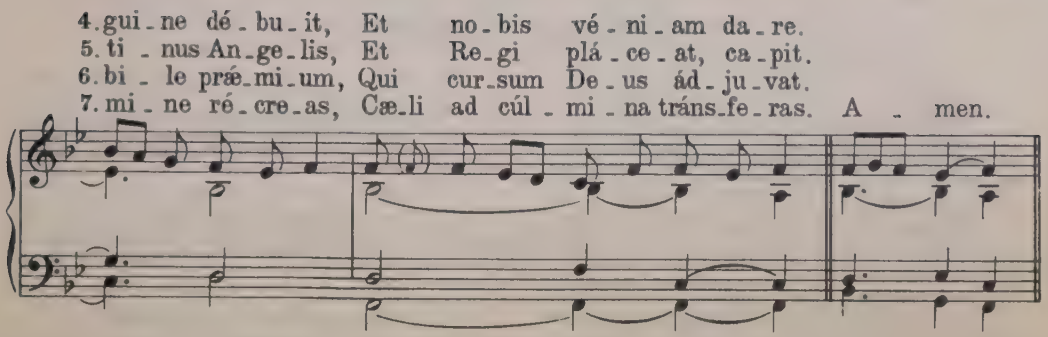
(Venantius Fortunatus, + 600
Bp: of Poitiers)

(Accpt: Julius Bas.)

60

Festivis resonent


1. Fe - stí - vis ré - so - nent cóm - pi - ta vó - ci - bus, Ci - ves læ -
2. Quem du - ra mó - ri - ens Chri - stus in ár - bo - re Fu - dit mul -
3. Hu - má - no gé - ne - ri, per - ní - ci - es gra - vis A - dá - mi
8
1. tí - ti - am frón - ti - bus éx - pli - cent: Tæ - dis flam - mí - fe - ris
2. tí - pli - ci vúl - ne - re sán - gui - nem, Nos fa - cti mé - mo - res
3. vé - te - ris crí - mi - ne cón - ti - git: A - dá - mi in - té - gri - tas
1. ór - di - ne pró - de - ant In - strú - cti pú - e - ri et se - nes.
2. dum có - li - mus, de - cet Sal - tem fún - de - re lá - cri - mas.
3. et pí - e - tas no - vi Vi - tam réd - di - dit ó - mní - bus.
4. Cla - mó - rem vá - li - dum sum - mus ab ǽ - the - re Lan - guén - tis
5. Hoc qui - cúm - que sto - lam sán - gui - ne pró - lu - it, Ab - stér - git
6. A re - cto in - stá - bi - lis trá - mi - te póst - mo - dum Se nul - lus
7. No - bis pro - pí - ti - us sis, Gé - ni - tor po - tens, Ut quos u -
4. Gé - ni - ti si Pa - ter aú - di - it, Pla - cá - ri pó - ti - us sán -
5. má - cu - las, et ró - se - um de - cus, Quo fi - at sí - mi - lis pró -
6. ré - tra - hat, me - ta sed úl - ti - ma Tan - gá - tur: trí - bu - et nó -
7. ní - ge - næ sán - gui - ne Fí - li - i E - mí - sti et plá - ci - do Flá -


4. gui - ne dé - bu - it, Et no - bis vé - ni - am da - re.
5. ti - nus An - ge - lis, Et Re - gi plá - ce - at, ca - pit.
6. bi - le præ - mi - um, Qui cur - sum De - us ád - ju - vat.
7. mi - ne ré - cre - as, Cæ - li ad cúl - mi - na tráns - fe - ras. A - men.

1. Festivis résonent cómpita vócibus,
Cives lætitiam fróntibus éxplicent,
Tædis flammíferis órdine pródeant
Instrúcti púeri et senes.

2. Quem dura móriens Christus in árbore
Fudit multíplici vúlnere Sánguinem,
Nos facti mémores dum cólimus, decet,
Saltem fúndere lácrymas.

3. Humáno géneri pernícies gravis
Adámi véteris crímine cóntigit;
Adámi intégritas et píetas novi
Vitam rédditit ómnibus.

4. Clamórem válidum summus ab æthere
Languéntis Géniti si Pater aúdiit,
Placári pótius sánguine débuit,
Et nobis véniam dare.

5. Hoc quicúmque stolam Sánguine próluit,
Abstérgit máculas, et róseum decus,
Quo fiat símilis prótinus ángelis,
Et Regi pláceat, capit.

6. A recto instábilis trámite póstmodum
Se nullus rétrahat, meta sed última
Tangátur: tríbuet nóbile præmium,
Qui cursum Deus ádjuvat.

7. Nobis propítius sis, Génitor potens,
Ut quos unígenæ Sánguine Fílii
Emísti, et plácido Flámine récreas,
Cæli ad cúlmina tránsferas.
Amen.

1. Forth let the long procession stream,
And through the streets in order wend;
Let the bright, waving line of torches gleam,
The solemn chant ascend.

2. While we, with tears and sighs profound,
That memorable Blood record,
Which, stretch'd on his hard Cross, from many a wound
The dying Jesu pour'd.

3. By the first Adam's fatal sin
Came death upon the human race;
In this new Adam doth new life begin,
And everlasting grace.

4. For scarce the Father heard from heaven
The cry of his expiring Son,
When in that cry our sins were all forgiven,
And boundless pardon won.

5. Henceforth, whoso in that dear Blood
Washeth, shall lose his every stain;
And in immortal roseate beauty robed,
An angel's likeness gain.

6. Only run thou with courage on
Straight to the goal set in the skies;
He who assists thy course will give thee soon
Th' incomparable prize.

7. Father supreme, vouchsafe that we
For whom Thine only Son was slain
And whom Thy Holy Ghost doth sanctify,
May to Thy joys attain.
Amen.

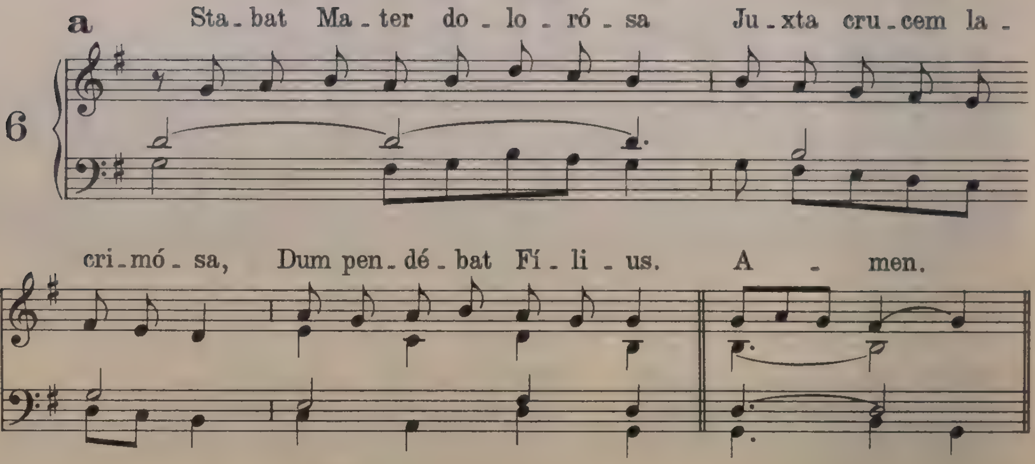
(*Divine Office*
Tr. F^r Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

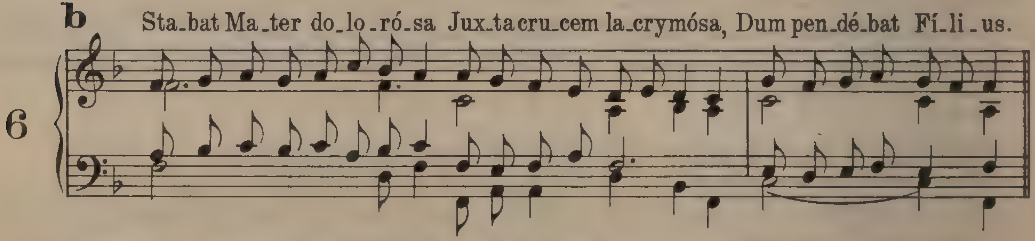
61

Stabat Mater

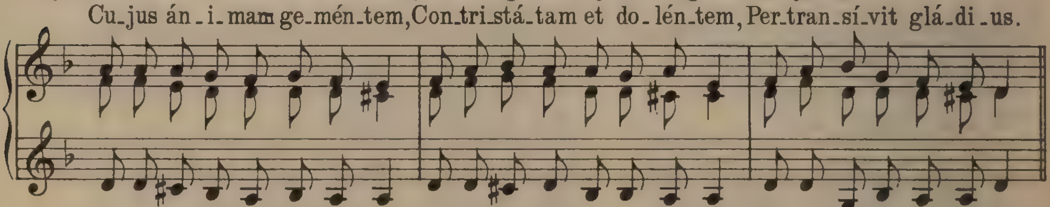
a


6
Sta-bat Ma-ter do-lo-ró-sa Ju-xta cru-cem la-cri-mó-sa, Dum pen-dé-bat Fí-li-us. A-men.

b


6
Sta-bat Ma-ter do-lo-ró-sa Jux-ta cru-cem la-crymósa, Dum pen-dé-bat Fí-li-us.

(If desired, the alternate verses may be sung to the following harmony.)


Cu-jus án-i-mam ge-mén-tem, Con-tri-stá-tam et do-lén-tem, Per-tran-sí-vit glá-di-us.

1. Stabat Mater dolorósa
Juxta crucem lacrymósa,
Dum pendébat Filius.

2. Cujus ánimam geméntem,
Contristátam, et doléntem,
Pertransívit gládius.

3. O quam tristis et afflícta
Fuit illa benedícta
Mater Unigéniti!

4. Quæ mærébat, et dolébat,
Pia Mater, dum vidébat
Nati pœnas ínclyti.

5. Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si vidéret
In tanto supplício?

1. At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.

2. Through her heart His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had passed.

3. O how sad and sore distress'd
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!

4. Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying, glorious Son.

5. Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

6. Quis non posset contristári,
Christi Matrem contemplári
Doléntem cum Fílio?

7. Pro peccátis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in torméntis,
Et flagéllis súbditum.

8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriéndo desolátum,
Dum emísit spíritum.

9. Eia, Mater, fons amóris,
Me sentíre vim dolóris
Fac, ut tecum lúgeam.

10. Fac, ut árdeat cor meum
In amándo Christum Deum,
Ut sibi compláceam.

11. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifíxi fige plagas
Cordi meo válide.

12. Tui Nati vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum dívide.

13. Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifíxo condolére,
Donec ego víxero.

14. Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociáre,
In planctu desídero.

15. Virgo vírginum præclára,
Mihi jam non sis amára,
Fac me tecum plángere.

16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passiónis fac consórtem,
Et plagas recólere.

17. Fac me plagis vulnerári,
Fac me cruci inebriári,
Et cruóre Fílii.

18. Flammis ne urar succénsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus
In die judícii.

19. Christe, cum sit hinc exíre,
Da per Matrem me veníre
Ad palmam victóriæ.

20. Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac ut ánimæ donétur
Paradísi glória. Amen.

6. Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

7. Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child,
All with bloody scourges rent.

8. For the sins of His own nation
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

9. O thou Mother, fount of love,
Touch my spirit from above
Make my heart with thine accord.

10. Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.

11. Holy Mother, pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.

12. Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

13. Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him Who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live.

14. By the Cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of thee to give.

15. Virgin of all virgins blest,
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine.

16. Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

17. Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swooned
In His very blood away.

18. Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful judgment-day.

19. Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory.

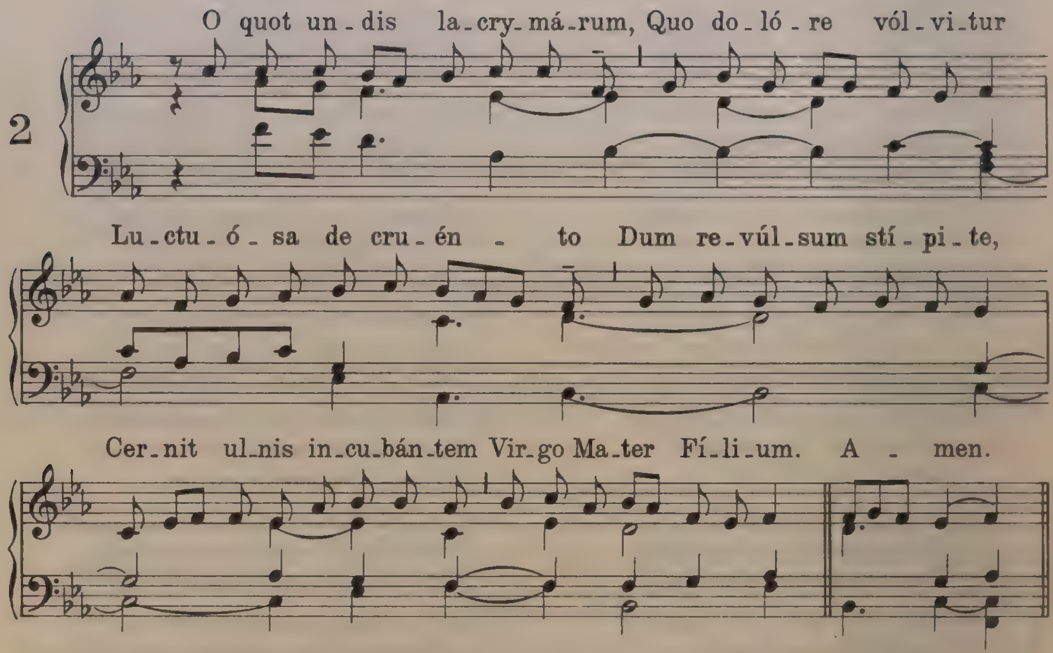
20. While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise
Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

(*Jacopone da Todi* † 1306
Tr. "The Inner Court")

a. (*Plain Song Melody*)
Accpt. Julius Bas
b. (*Harmony: Mother B. Michálek*)

62

O quot undis lacrymarum


2
O quot un-dis la-cry-má-rum, Quo do-ló-re vól-vi-tur
Lu-ctu-ó-sa de cru-én-to Dum re-vúl-sum stí-pi-te,
Cer-nit ul-nis in-cu-bán-tem Vir-go Ma-ter Fí-li-um. A-men.

1. O quot undis lacrymárum,
Quo dolóre vólvitur,
Luctuósa de cruénto
Dum revúlsum stípite,
Cernit ulnis incubántem
Virgo Mater Fílium.

2. Os suave, mite pectus,
Et latus dulcíssimum,
Dexterámque vulnerátam
Et sinístram saúciam,
Et rubras cruóre plantas
Ægra tingit lácrymis.

3. Eia, Mater, obsecrámus
Per tuas has lácrymas,
Fíliique triste funus,
Vulnerúmque púrpuram,
Hunc tui cordis dolórem
Conde nostris córdibus.

4. Esto Patri, Fílioque,
Et Coævo Flámini;
Esto summæ Trinitáti
Sempitérna glória;
Et perénnis laus honórque,
Hoc et omni sæculo. Amen.

1. What a sea of tears and sorrow
Did the soul of Mary toss
To and fro upon its billows,
While she wept her bitter loss:
In her arms her Jesus holding,
Torn but newly from the Cross.

2. O that mournful Virgin-Mother,
See her tears how fast they flow,
Down upon His mangled Body,
Wounded Side and thorny Brow,
While His Hands and Feet she kisses,
Picture of immortal woe.

3. Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
By thy tears and trouble sore,
By the death of thy dear Offspring,
By the bleeding Wounds He bore,
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
Which afflicted thee of yore.

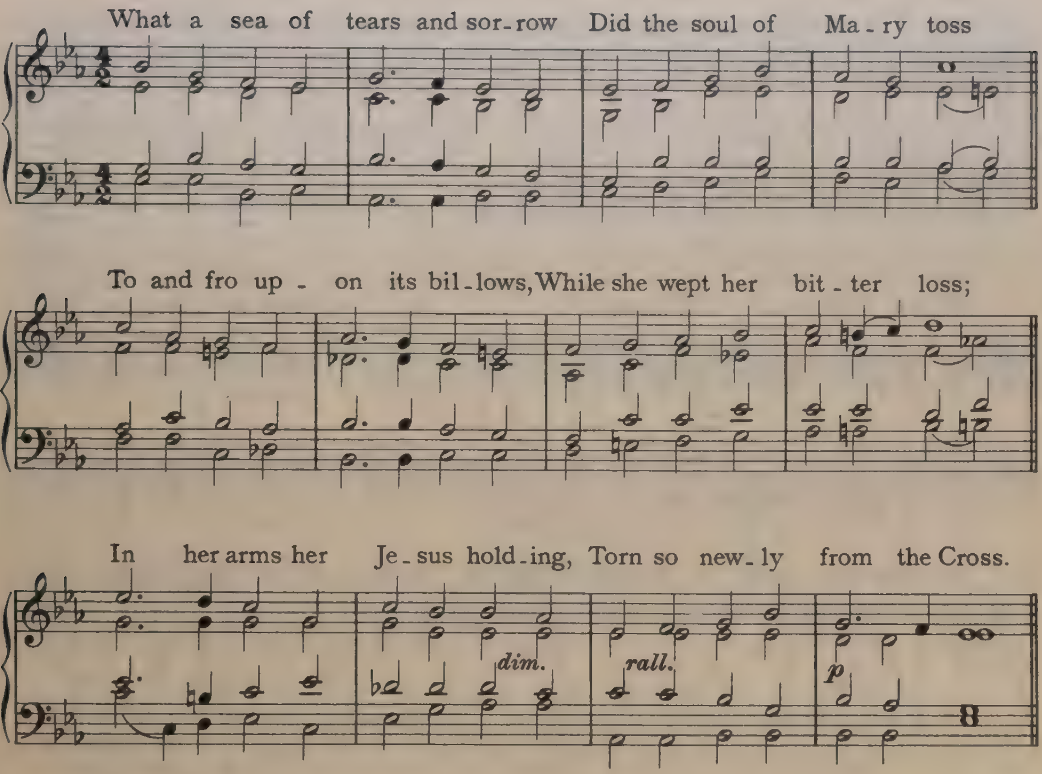
4. To the Father everlasting,
And the Son Who reigns on high,
With the coeternal Spirit,
Trinity in Unity,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Now and through eternity. Amen.

(?)

(*Plain Song Melody*)

63

What a sea of tears and sorrow


What a sea of tears and sor-row Did the soul of Ma-ry toss
To and fro up-on its bil-lows, While she wept her bit-ter loss;
In her arms her Je-sus hold-ing, Torn so new-ly from the Cross.
dim.
rall.
p

1. What a sea of tears and sorrow
Did the soul of Mary toss
To and fro upon its billows,
While she wept her bitter loss;
In her arms her Jesus holding,
Torn so newly from the Cross.

2. O that mournful Virgin-Mother,
See her tears, how fast they flow
Down upon His mangled Body,
Wounded Side and thorny Brow;
While His Hands and Feet she kisses,
Picture of immortal woe.

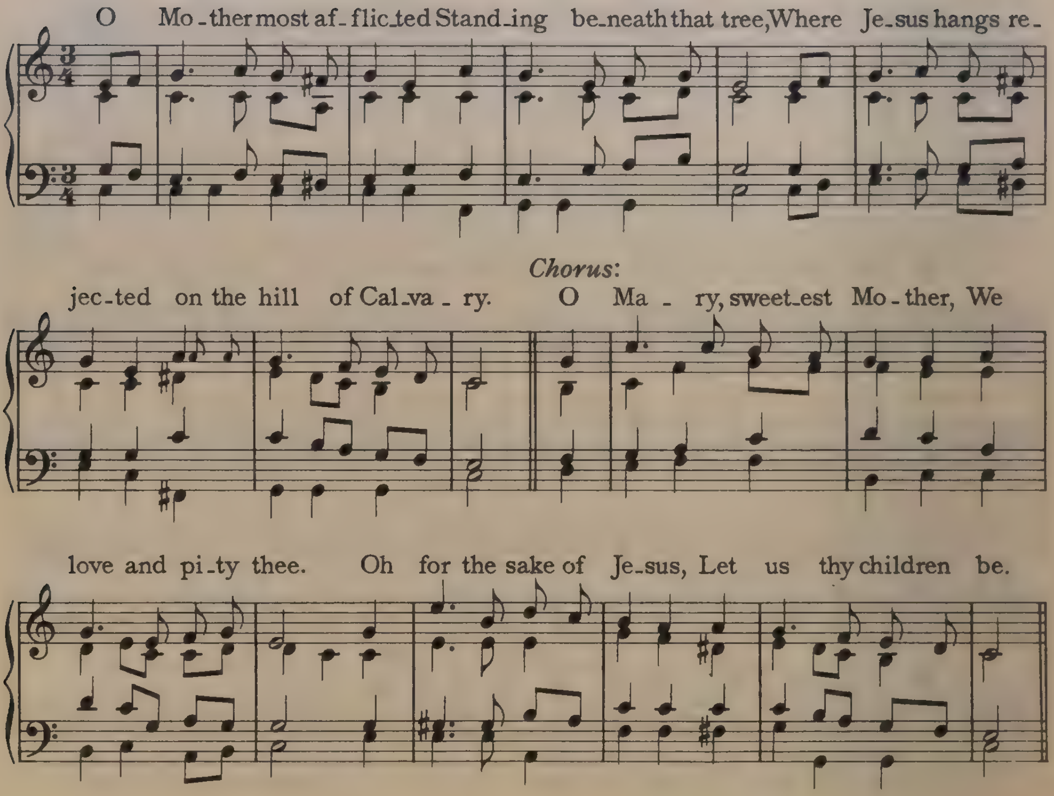
3. Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
By thy tears and anguish sore,
By the death of thy dear Offspring,
By the bleeding Wounds He bore;
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow,
Which afflicted thee of yore.

(Tr. Fr Caswall)

(Sir Richard Terry)

64

O Mother most afflicted


O Mo-ther most af-flic-ted Stand-ing be-neath that tree, Where Je-sus hangs re-
jec-ted on the hill of Cal-va - ry.
Chorus:
O Ma - ry, sweet-est Mo - ther, We
love and pi-ty thee. Oh for the sake of Je-sus, Let us thy children be.

1. O Mother most afflicted,
Standing beneath that tree,
Where Jesus hangs rejected
On the hill of Calvary.
O Mary, sweetest Mother,
We love and pity thee,
Oh for the sake of Jesus,
Let us thy children be.

2. Thy heart is well nigh breaking
Thy Jesus thus to see
Derided, wounded, dying,
In greatest agony.
O Mary, *etc.*

3. His livid form is bleeding,
His soul with sorrow wrung,
Whilst thou, His Mother, sharest
The torments of Thy Son.
O Mary, *etc.*

4. O Mary, Queen of Martyrs,
The sword has pierced thy heart,
Obtain for us from Jesus
In thy grief to bear a part.
O Mary, *etc.*

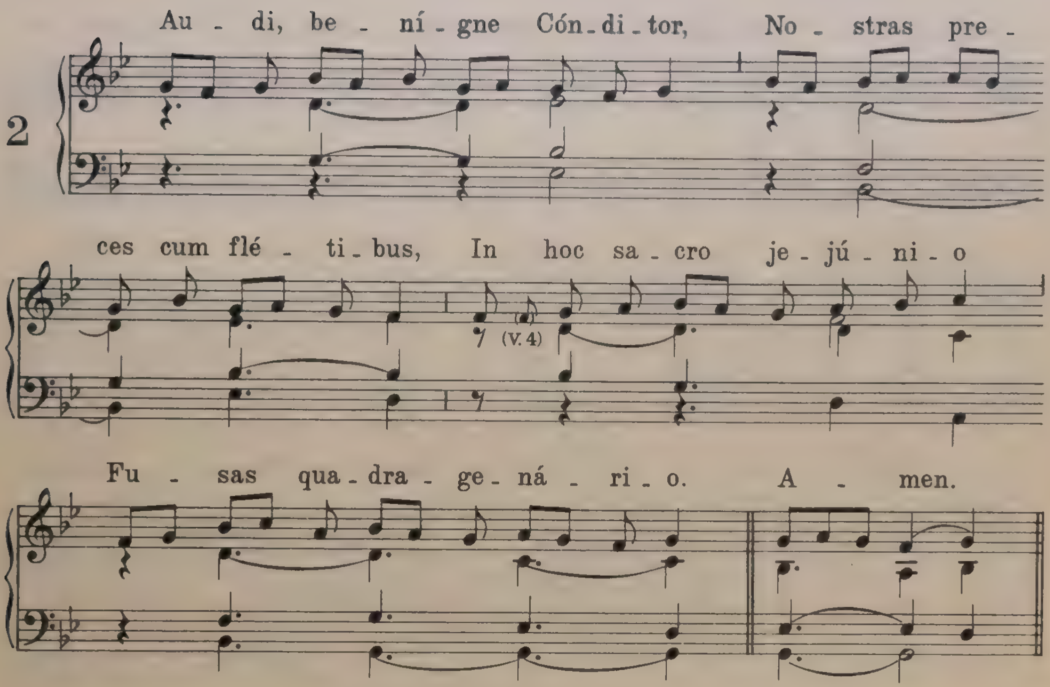
5. O dear and loving Mother,
Entreat that we may be
Near to thee and thy dear Jesus
Now and eternally.
O Mary, *etc.*

(?)

(***Melody harmonized by Editor***)

65

Audi benigne Conditor


2
Au - di, be - ní - gne Cón - di - tor, No - stras pre -
ces cum flé - ti - bus, In hoc sa - cro je - jú - ni - o
(V. 4)
Fu - sas qua - dra - ge - ná - ri - o. A - men.

1. Audi, benígne Cónditor,
Nostras preces cum flétibus,
In hoc sacro jejúnio
Fusas quadragenário.

2. Scrutátor alme córdium,
Infírma tu scis vírium;
Ad te revérsis éxhibe
Remissiónis grátiam.

3. Multum quidem peccávimus,
Sed parce confiténtibus,
Ad nóminis laudem tui
Confer medélam lánguidis.

4. Concéde nostrum cónteri
Corpus per abstinéntiam:
Culpæ ut relínquant pábulum
Jejúna corda críminum.

5. Præsta, beáta Trínitas,
Concéde simplex Únitas:
Ut fructuósa sint tuis
Jejuniórum múnera.
Amen.

1. Thou loving Maker of mankind,
Before Thy throne we pray and weep;
O strengthen us with grace Divine,
Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

2. Searcher of hearts, Thou dost discern
Our ills, and all our weakness know:
Again to Thee with tears we turn;
Again to us Thy mercy show.

3. Much have we sinned; but we confess
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore;
Oh, for the praise of Thy great Name,
Our fainting souls to health restore.

4. And grant us while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul.

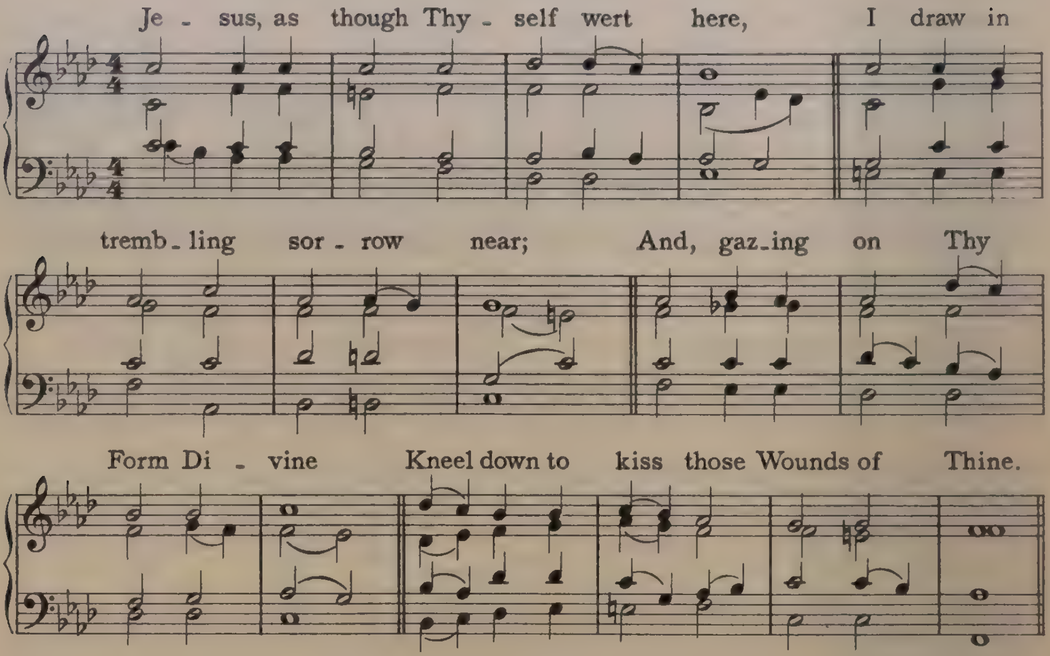
5. Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest.
Sole Unity, to Thee we cry:
Vouchsafe us from these fasts below
To reap immortal fruit on high.
Amen.

(*St. Gregory the Great* † 604
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

66

Jesus, as though Thyself wert here


Je - sus, as though Thy - self wert here, I draw in
tremb - ling sor - row near; And, gaz - ing on Thy
Form Di - vine Kneel down to kiss those Wounds of Thine.

1. Jesus, as though Thyself wert here,
I draw in trembling sorrow near,
And, gazing on Thy form Divine,
Kneel down to kiss those Wounds of Thine.

2. Ah me, how naked art Thou laid,
Blood-stained, distended, cold and dead,
Joy of my soul, my Saviour sweet,
Upon the sacred Winding-Sheet.

3. Hail, Sacred Brow and Thorn-crowned Head,
Hail, Sacred Face, now cold and dead,
Hail, Piteous Eyes, whose single glance
Pierced Peter's soul with sorrow's lance.

4. And hail to Thee, my Saviour's Side,
And hail to Thee, thou Wound so wide,
Thou Wound more ruddy than the rose,
True antidote of all our woes.

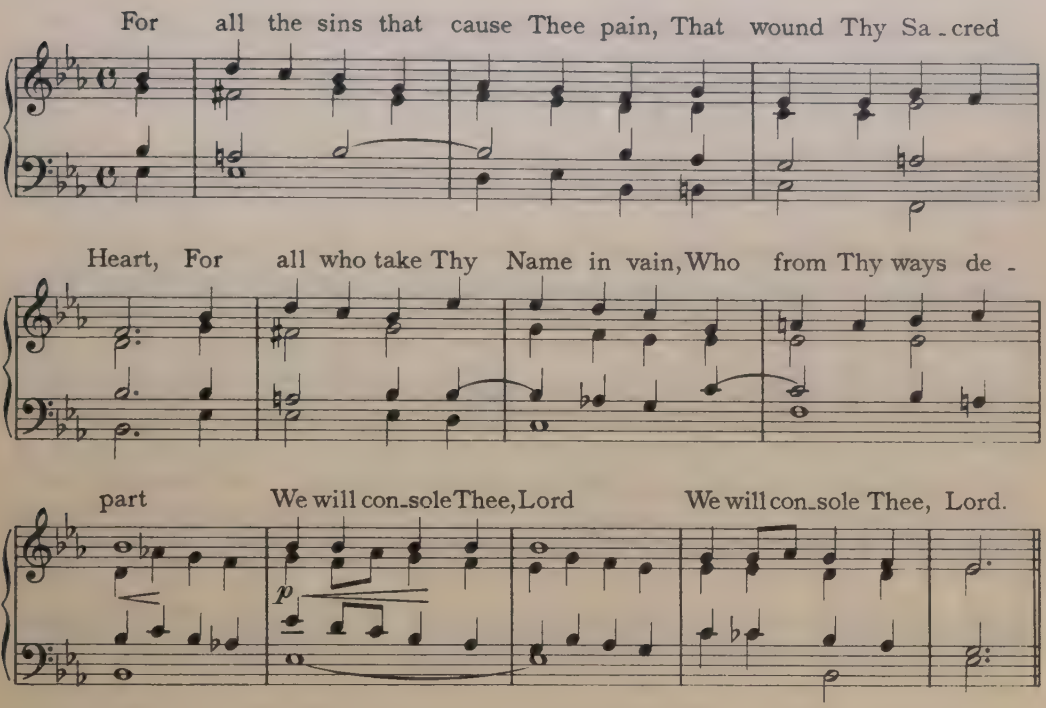
5. O by those Sacred Hands and Feet,
For me so mangled,– I entreat,
My Jesus, turn me not away,
But let me with Thee ever stay.

("Jesu dulcis amor meus"
attributed to St. Bernard † 1153
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(A. J. Pollard-Urquhart)

67

For all the sins that cause Thee pain


For all the sins that cause Thee pain, That wound Thy Sa_cred
Heart, For all who take Thy Name in vain, Who from Thy ways de_
part We will con_sole Thee, Lord We will con_sole Thee, Lord.
p

1. For all the sins that cause Thee pain,
That wound Thy Sacred Heart,
For all who take Thy Name in vain,
Who from Thy ways depart,
We will console Thee, Lord.

2. For all the tears that Thou hast shed
For erring human kind,
Who, walking not where Thou hast led,
Stray from Thee, as though blind,
We will console Thee, Lord.

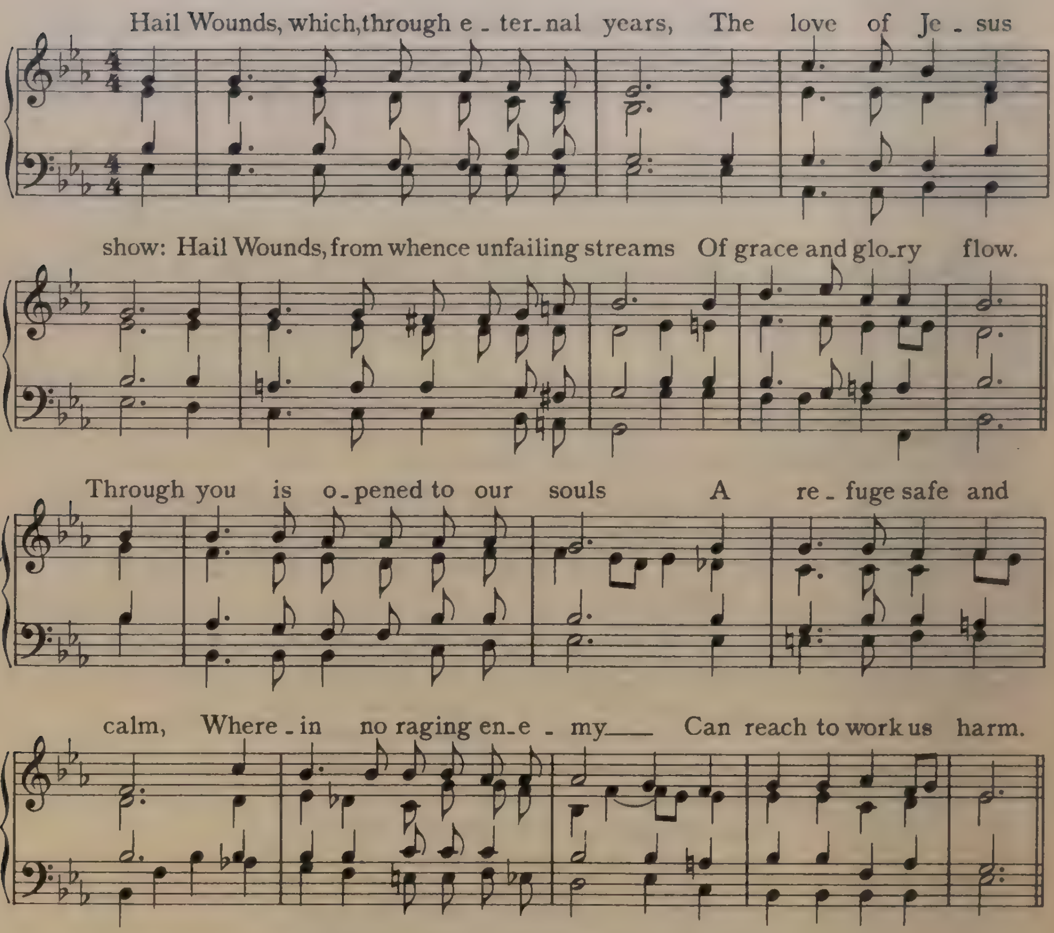
3. For every outrage 'gainst Thy will,
The Will of God above,
For those who ne'er Thy laws fulfil,
Who neither fear nor love,
We will console Thee, Lord.

4. For those who all Thy gifts despise,
Who, heedless of Thy grace,
Hear not, O Lord, Thy loving sighs,
Care not to see Thy Face,
We will console Thee, Lord.

(Mother B. Michàlek R. S. C. J.)

68

Hail Wounds


Hail Wounds, which, through e - ter - nal years, The love of Je - sus show: Hail Wounds, from whence unfailing streams Of grace and glo - ry flow. Through you is o - pened to our souls A re - fuge safe and calm, Where - in no raging en - e - my___ Can reach to work us harm.

1. Hail Wounds, which, through eternal years,
The love of Jesus show:
Hail Wounds, from whence unfailing streams
Of grace and glory flow.
Through you is opened to our souls
A refuge safe and calm,
Wherein no raging enemy
Can reach to work us harm.

2. How doth the blood-stained, thorny Crown
That beauteous Brow transpierce,
How do the nails those Hands and Feet
Contract with tortures fierce.
He bows His Head, and forth at last
His loving Spirit soars,
Yet even after Death His Heart
For us its tribute pours.

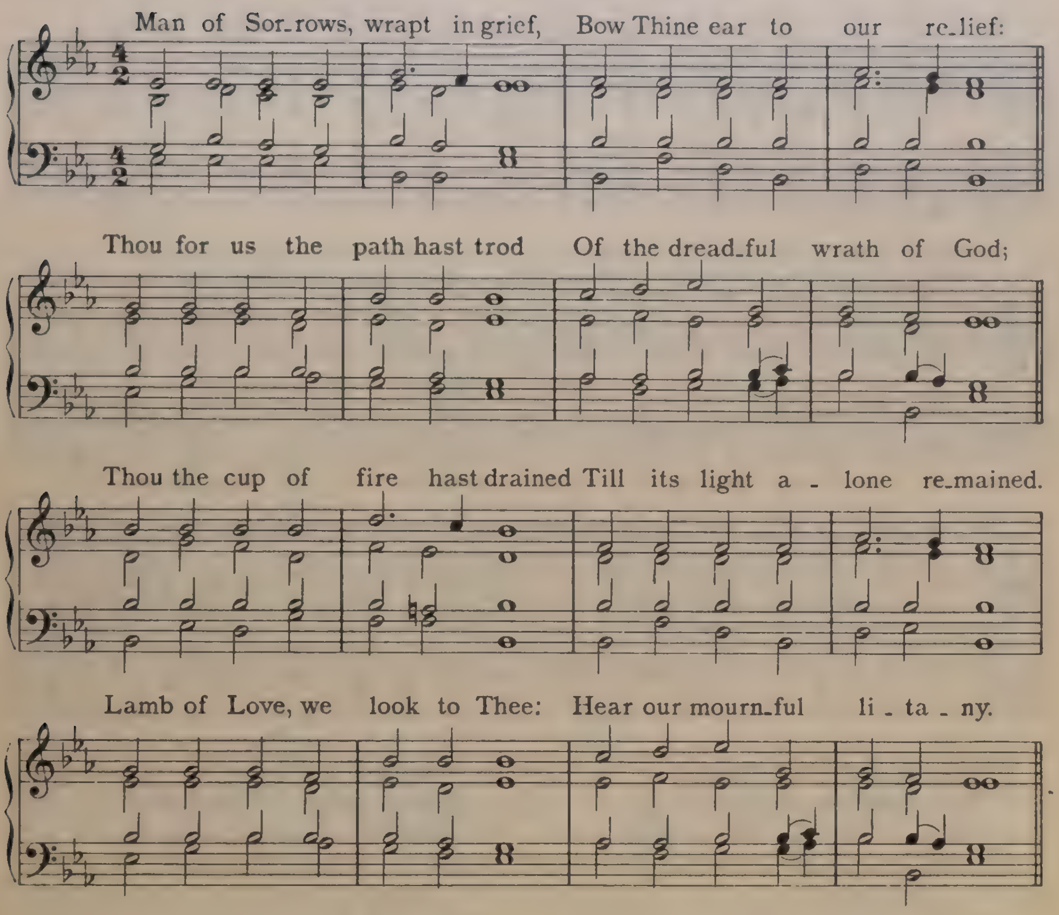
3. Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath
His Blood for us He drains,
Till for Himself, O wondrous Love!
No single drop remains.
Praise Him Who with the Father sits
Enthroned upon the skies,
Whose Blood redeems our souls from guilt,
Whose Spirit sanctifies.

("Salvete Christi Vulnera"
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(Fr. F.M. de Zulueta S.J.)

69

Man of Sorrows


Man of Sor-rows, wrapt in grief, Bow Thine ear to our re-lief:
Thou for us the path hast trod Of the dread-ful wrath of God;
Thou the cup of fire hast drained Till its light a - lone re-mained.
Lamb of Love, we look to Thee: Hear our mourn-ful li - ta - ny.

1. Man of Sorrows, wrapt in grief,
Bow Thine ear to our relief:
Thou for us the path hast trod
Of the dreadful wrath of God;
Thou the cup of fire hast drained
Till its light alone remained.
Lamb of Love, we look to Thee:
Hear our mournful litany.

2. By the garden, fraught with woe,
Whither Thou full oft wouldst go;
By Thine agony of prayer
In the desolation there;
By the dire and deep distress
Of that mystery fathomless—
Lord, our tears in mercy see:
Hearken to our litany.

3. By the chalice brimming o'er
With disgrace and torment sore;
By those Lips which fain would pray
That it might but pass away;
By the Heart which drank it dry,
Lest a rebel race should die—
Be Thy pity, Lord, our plea:
Hear our solemn litany.

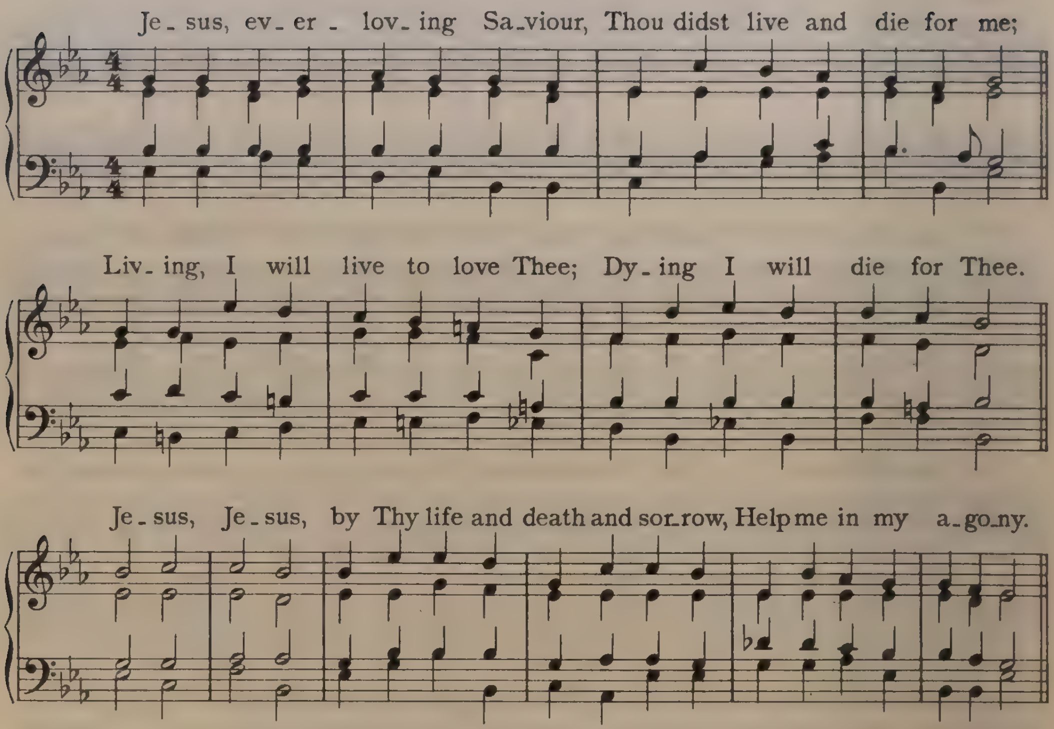
4. Man of Sorrows, let Thy grief
Purchase for us our relief:
Lord of mercy, bow Thine ear,
Slow to anger, swift to hear:
By the Cross's royal road
Lead us to the throne of God,
There for aye to sing to Thee
Heaven's triumphant litany.

(M. Bridges)

(German)

70

Jesus, ever-loving Saviour


Je - sus, ev - er - lov - ing Sa - viour, Thou didst live and die for me;
Liv - ing, I will live to love Thee; Dy - ing I will die for Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus, by Thy life and death and sor - row, Help me in my a - go - ny.

1. Jesus, ever-loving Saviour,
Thou didst live and die for me;
Living, I will live to love Thee,
Dying, I will die for Thee.
Jesus, Jesus,
By Thy life and death and sorrow
Help me in my agony.

2. Jesus, when in cruel anguish
Dying on the shameful tree,
All abandoned by Thy Father,
Thou didst hang in agony.
Jesus, Jesus,
By those three long hours of sorrow
Thou didst purchase hope for me.

3. When the last dread hour approaching
Fills my guilty soul with fear,
All my sins rise up before me,
All my virtues disappear.
Jesus, Jesus,
Turn not Thou in anger from me;
Mary, Joseph, then be near.

4. When the priest, with holy unction,
Prays for mercy and for grace,
May the tears of deep compunction
All my guilty stains efface.
Jesus, Jesus,
Let me find in Thee a refuge,
In Thy Heart a resting-place.

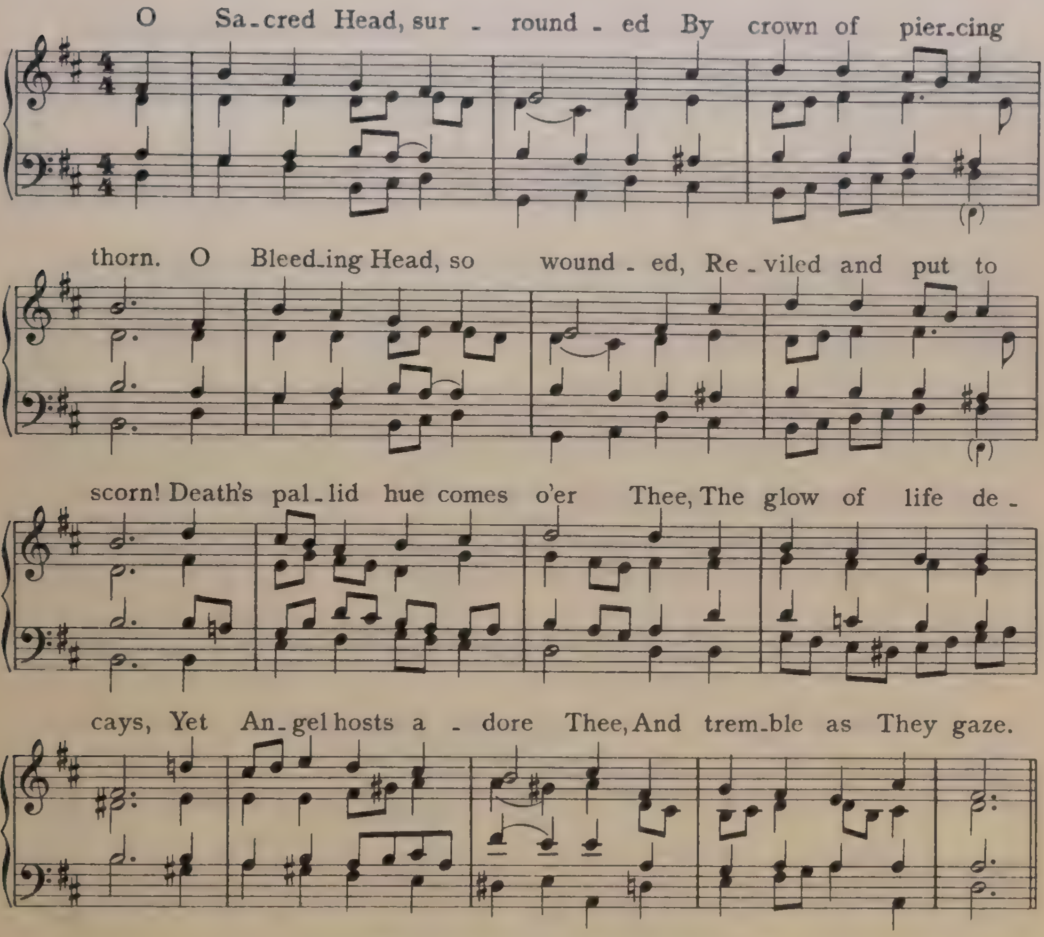
5. Then, by all that Thou didst suffer,
Grant me mercy in that day;
Help me, Mary, my sweet Mother,
Holy Joseph, near me stay.
Jesus, Jesus,
Let me die my lips repeating,
Jesus mercy. Mary pray.

(Anon.)

(Moir Brown)

71

O Sacred Head, surrounded


O Sa-cred Head, sur - round - ed By crown of pier-cing
thorn. O Bleed-ing Head, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to
scorn! Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de -
cays, Yet An-gel hosts a - dore Thee, And trem-ble as They gaze.
(♭)
(♭)

1. O Sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn,
O Bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn,
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet Angel hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

2. I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And Death, with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony of dying,
O love to sinners free;
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy Face on me.

3. In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy Presence blest.

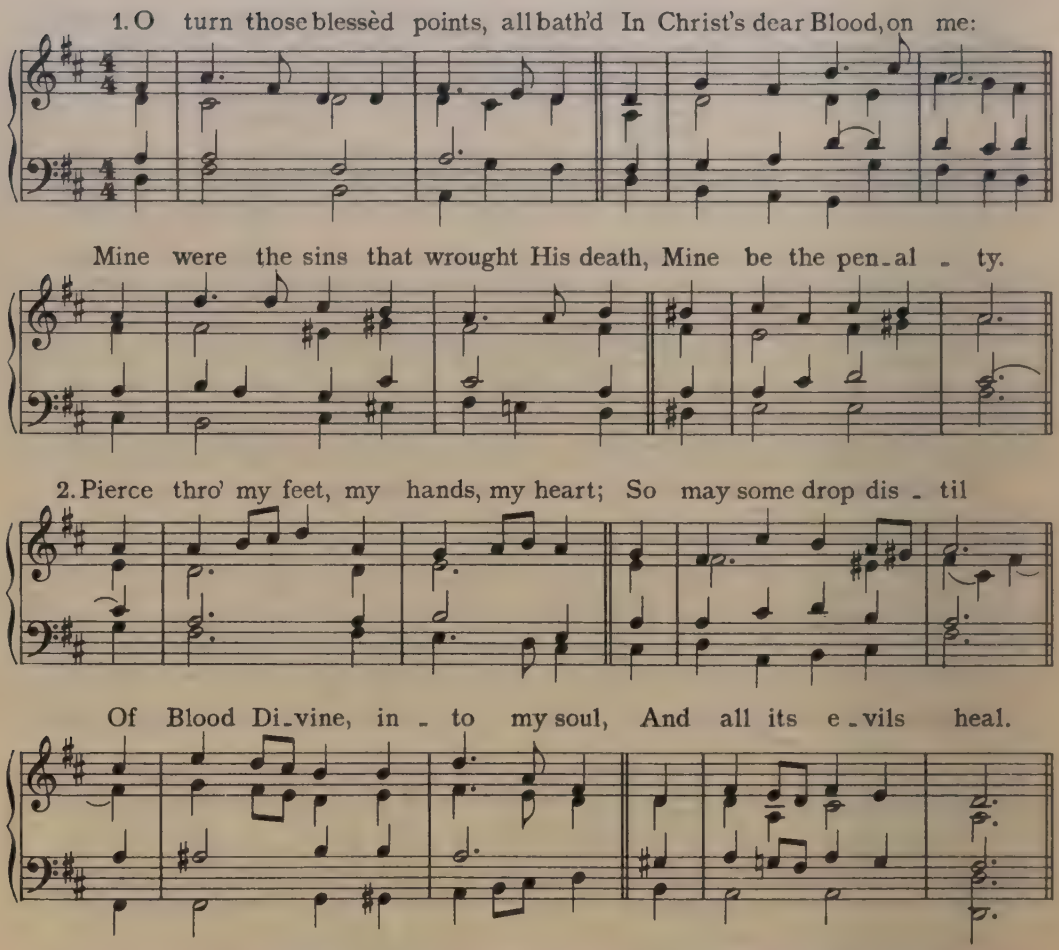
4. O Jesus, I adore Thee,
My thorn-crowned Lord and King;
I bow my heart before Thee,
Thy gracious Name I sing:
Thy Name that brought salvation,
Thy Name in life my stay,
My hope and consolation
When life shall fade away.

(*"Salve caput cruentatum"*
Tr. P. Gerhardt † 1676)

(J. S. Bach)

72

O turn those Blessed Points


1. O turn those blessèd points, all bath'd In Christ's dear Blood, on me:
Mine were the sins that wrought His death, Mine be the pen-al-ty.
2. Pierce thro' my feet, my hands, my heart; So may some drop dis-til
Of Blood Di-vine, in-to my soul, And all its e-vils heal.

1. O turn those blessèd points, all bathed
In Christ's dear Blood, on me:
Mine were the sins that wrought His death,
Mine be the penalty.

2. Pierce through my feet, my hands, my heart;
So may some drop distil
Of Blood Divine into my soul,
And all its evils heal.

3. So shall my feet be slow to sin,
My hands shall harmless be;
So from my wounded heart shall each
Forbidden passion flee.

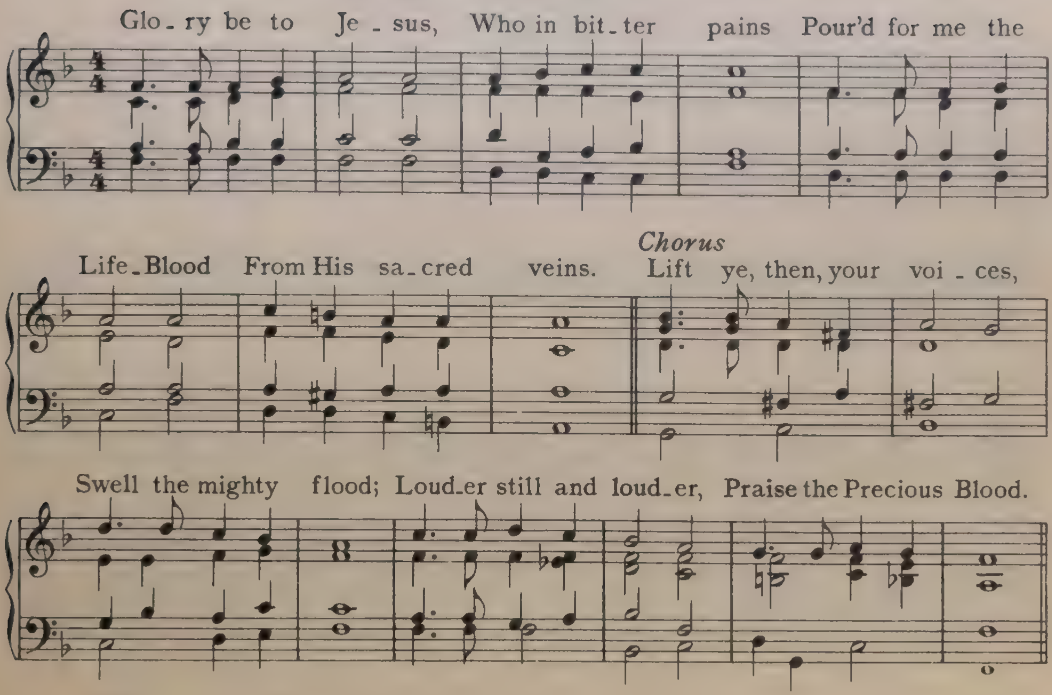
4. Thee, Jesus, pierced with nails and spear,
Let every knee adore;
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Spirit, evermore.

(Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(W. Austin)

73

Glory be to Jesus


Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains Pour'd for me the
Life - Blood From His sa - cred veins.
Chorus
Lift ye, then, your voi - ces,
Swell the mighty flood; Loud - er still and loud - er, Praise the Precious Blood.

1. Glory be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Pour'd for me the Life-Blood
From His sacred veins.
Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the Precious Blood.

2. Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find,
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.
Lift ye, then, *etc.*

3. Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.
Lift ye, then, *etc.*

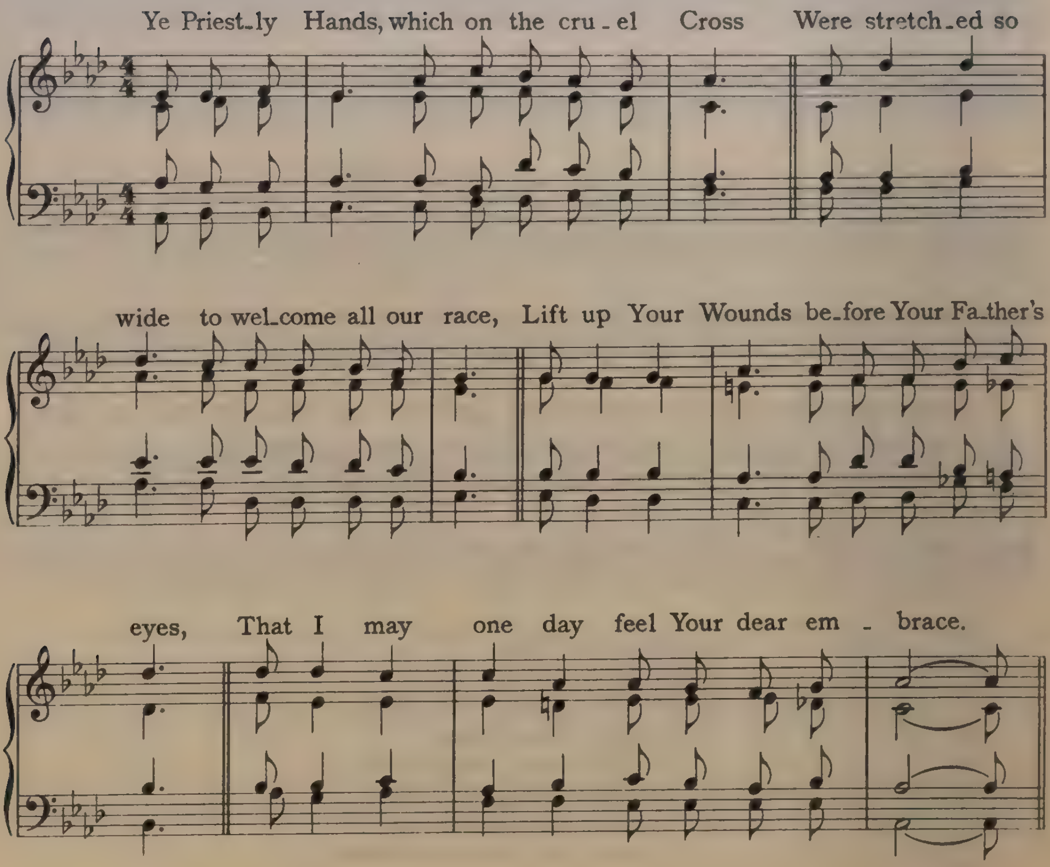
4. There the fainting spirit
Drinks of life her fill,
There as in a fountain
Cleansed can be at will.
Lift ye, then, *etc.*

(Italian "Viva, viva Gesù"
Tr. Fr Caswall)

(Fr F. M. de Zulueta S.J.)

74

Ye Priestly Hands


Ye Priest-ly Hands, which on the cru-el Cross Were stretch-ed so wide to wel-come all our race, Lift up Your Wounds be-fore Your Fa-ther's eyes, That I may one day feel Your dear em - brace.

1. Ye Priestly Hands, which on the cruel Cross,
Were stretched so wide to welcome all our race,
Lift up Your Wounds before Your Father's eyes
That I may one day feel Your dear embrace.

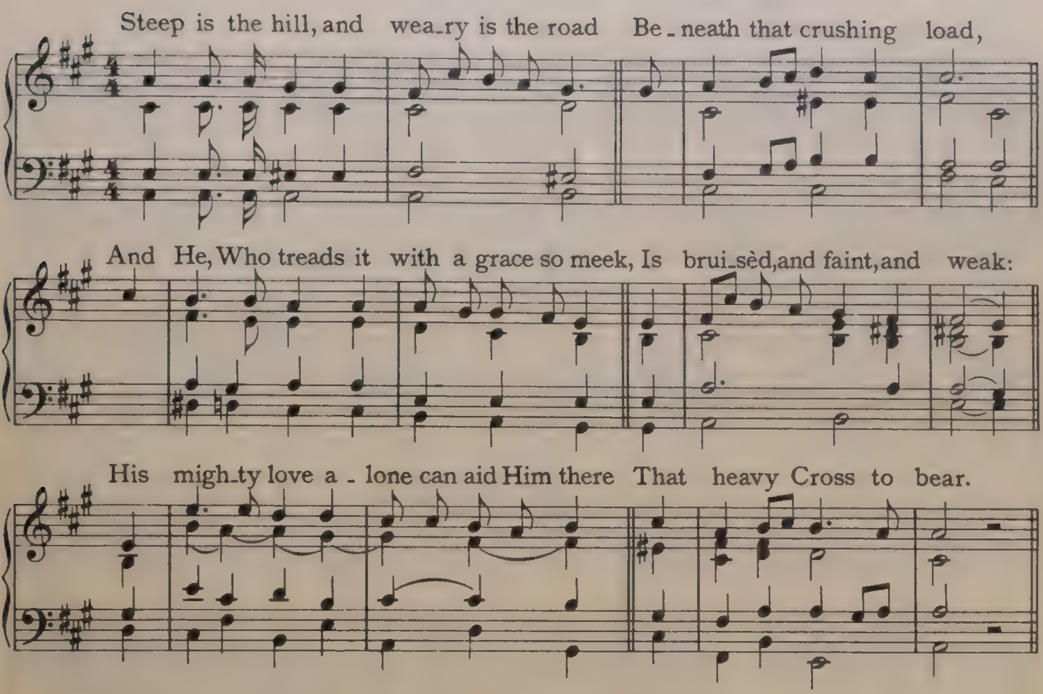
2. Ye weary Feet, way-worn and pierced for me,
Which contrite Mary bathed with tearful grief,
O let me lie, like her, beneath Your Wounds,
And find for sin's disease a sure relief.

3. And Thou,- Thou wounded Heart of pity deep,
Through which my way lies to the Father's throne,
Teach me the love which rent that crimson path,
Gave us Thy life, but made our pains Thine own.

(G. Bampfield) *(T. Haigh)*

75

Steep is the hill and weary is the road


Steep is the hill, and wea_ry is the road Be_neath that crushing load,
And He, Who treads it with a grace so meek, Is brui_sèd, and faint, and weak:
His migh_ty love a_lone can aid Him there That heavy Cross to bear.

1. Steep is the hill, and weary is the road
Beneath that crushing load,
And He, Who treads it with a grace so meek,
Is bruised, and faint, and weak:
His mighty love alone can aid Him there
That heavy Cross to bear.

2. Oh if we would in spirit, day by day,
Follow the blood-stained way
With loving sorrow, storing as a prize
The contrite thoughts which rise,
For us the road to Calvary would be
The road to sanctity.

3. Alas, the world's bright fields have ever been
So gay and fair a scene
That our good Angels have hard work to do
To keep us brave and true;
To turn our wandering thoughts with constant care
To the calm paths of prayer.

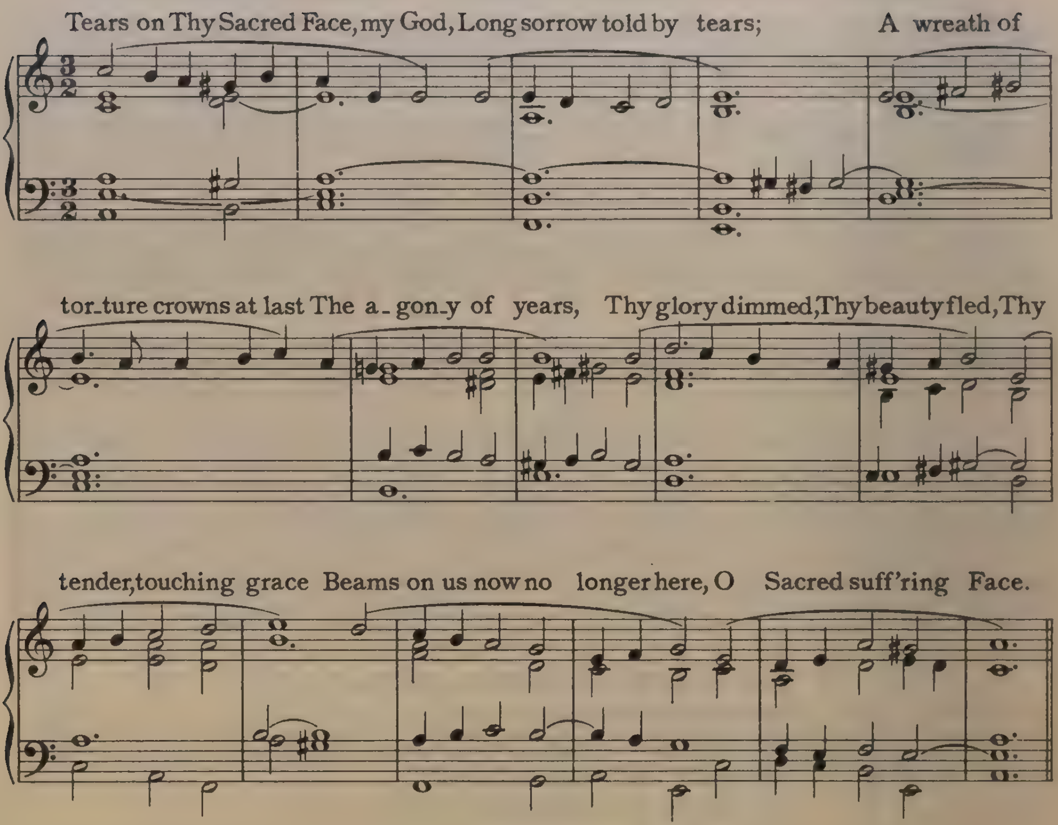
4. Let us henceforth with our own hearts be stern
That they may quickly learn
The rules of daily self-denying strife,
While dangers are so rife:
O let us urge them on with mighty sway
Nor linger on the way.

(Lady Catherine Petre)

(W. Austin)

76

Tears on Thy Sacred Face


Tears on Thy Sacred Face, my God, Long sorrow told by tears; A wreath of
tor-ture crowns at last The a-gon-y of years, Thy glory dimmed, Thy beauty fled, Thy
tender, touching grace Beams on us now no longer here, O Sacred suff'ring Face.

1. Tears on Thy Sacred Face, my God,
Long sorrow told by tears;
A wreath of torture crowns at last
The agony of years.
Thy glory dimmed, Thy beauty fled,
Thy tender, touching grace
Beams on us now no longer here,
O Sacred, suff'ring Face.

2. Grief on Thy Sacred Face, my God,
The anguish that shall win
Hope for the desolate, with peace
And pardon for the sin,
The sin whose deadly hands have laid
So deep, so sad a trace
On brow, on lips and weeping eyes,
O Sacred, suff'ring Face.

3. Love on Thy Sacred Face, my God,
The love that liveth on
Though light and loveliness and joy,
To sight of earth are gone;
The love that calls us to Thy Feet,
And folds in Thine embrace
The children of Thy tears, my God,
O Sacred, suff'ring Face.

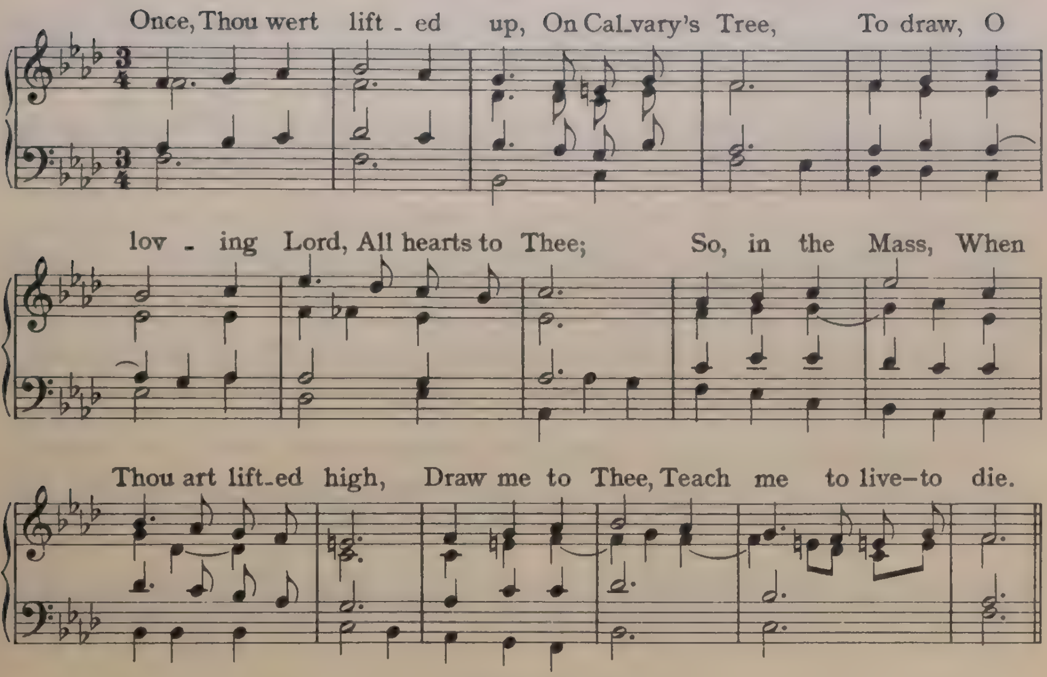
4. Unclose Thy weary eyes, my God,
Bow down Thy weary head;
Over the souls that prostrate lie
Thy Precious Blood be shed.
O royal flood, O golden flood
Of faith, of hope, of grace,
Bless Thou the eyes and hearts that seek
Thy Sacred, suff'ring Face.

(Anon.)

*(A Religious of the
Institute of the B. V. M.)*

77

Once Thou wert lifted up


Once, Thou wert lift - ed up, On Cal-vary's Tree, To draw, O
lov - ing Lord, All hearts to Thee; So, in the Mass, When
Thou art lift-ed high, Draw me to Thee, Teach me to live-to die.

1. Once, Thou wert lifted up,
On Calvary's Tree,
To draw, O loving Lord,
All hearts to Thee;
So, in the Mass,
When Thou art lifted high,
Draw me to Thee,
Teach me to live-to die.

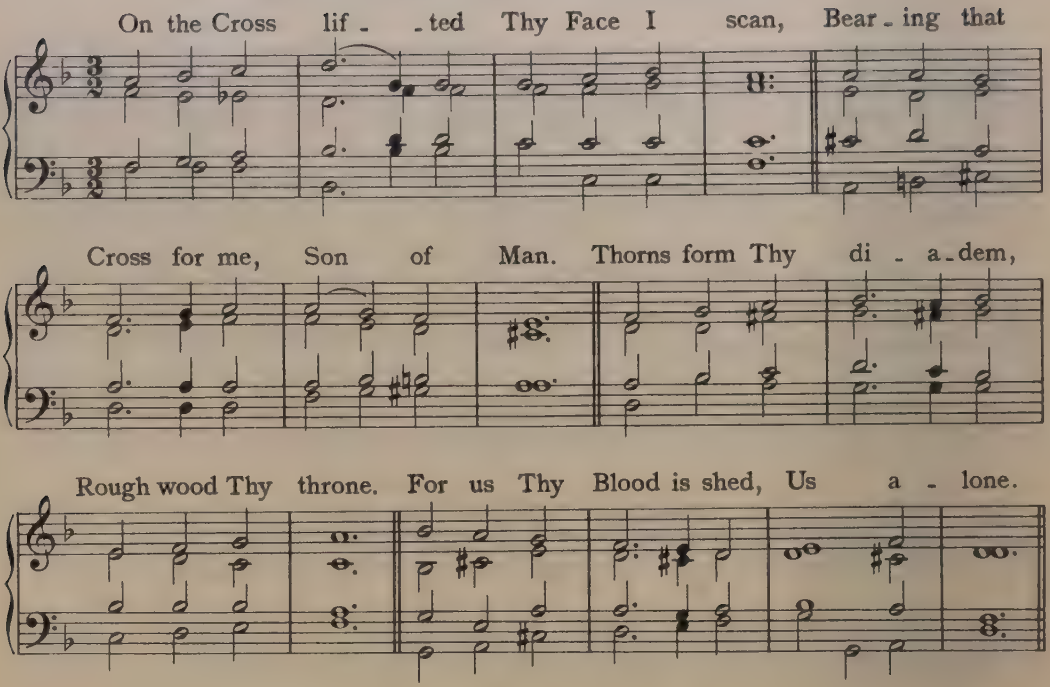
2. Teach me to live for Thee,
Who art my life;
Teach me to walk Thy way
In peace and strife;
From things of earth
Lift up my heart to Thee,
Draw me, O Lord,
For I would nearer be.

3. When Thou art lifted up
That all may see,
Look down, O loving Lord,
With love on me;
My Lord, my God,
Thy Presence I adore;
Draw me to Thee,
That I may love Thee more.

(S. N. D.) *(S. N. D.)*

78

On the Cross lifted


On the Cross lif - - ted Thy Face I scan, Bear - ing that
Cross for me, Son of Man. Thorns form Thy di - a - dem,
Rough wood Thy throne. For us Thy Blood is shed, Us a - lone.

1. On the Cross lifted
Thy Face I scan,
Bearing that Cross for me,
Son of Man.
Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne,
For us Thy Blood is shed,
Us alone.

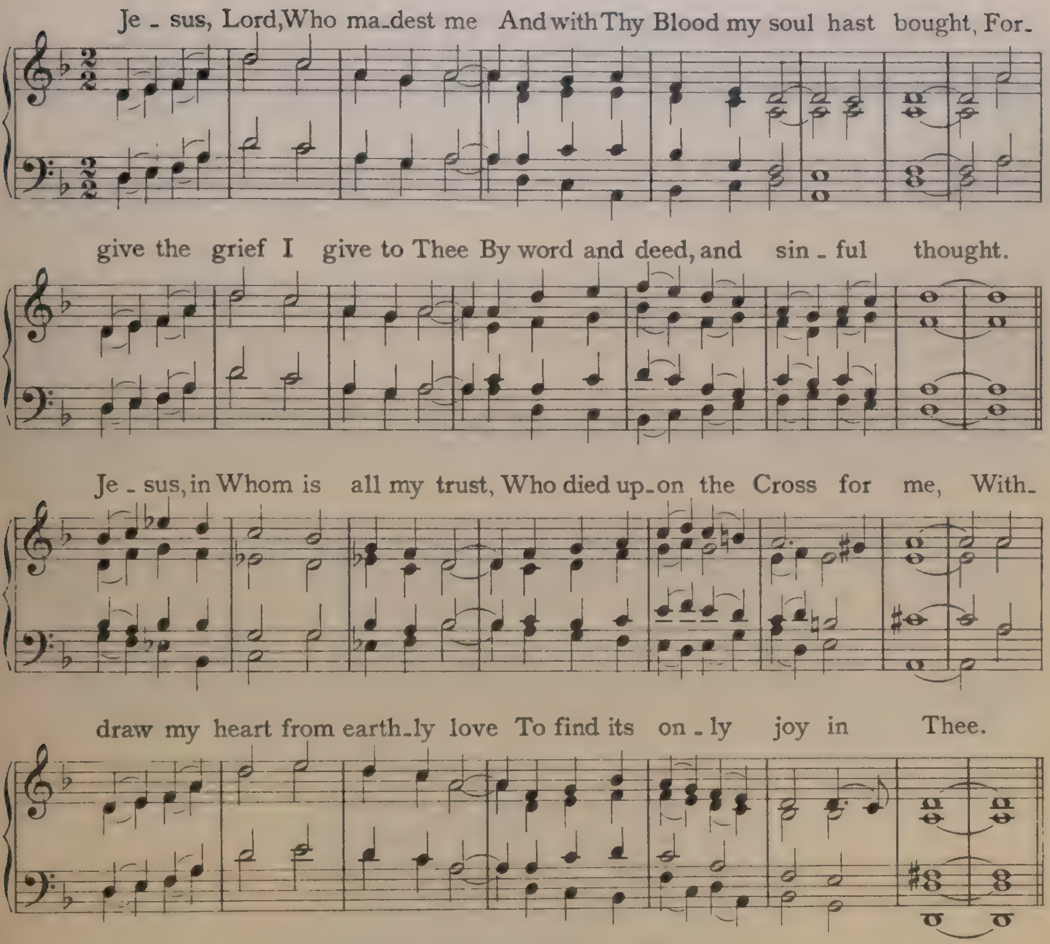
2. No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy Head,
Only the splintered Cross
Is Thy bed.
Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet
Thy Side the spear,
No one to comfort Thee,
Jesus dear.

3. Weary and bleeding,
Sunk on Thy Breast,
Hangeth Thy Sacred Head,
Without rest.
I read Thy Title, Lord,
Inscribed above,
"Jesus of Nazareth,
King of Love."

(Anon)

79

Jesus, Lord, Who madest me


Je - sus, Lord, Who ma-dest me And with Thy Blood my soul hast bought, For-
give the grief I give to Thee By word and deed, and sin - ful thought.
Je - sus, in Whom is all my trust, Who died up-on the Cross for me, With-
draw my heart from earth-ly love To find its on - ly joy in Thee.

1. Jesus, Lord, Who madest me
And with Thy Blood my soul hast bought,
Forgive the grief I give to Thee
By word, and deed, and sinful thought.
Jesus, in Whom is all my trust,
Who died upon the Cross for me,
Withdraw my heart from earthly love
To find its only joy in Thee.

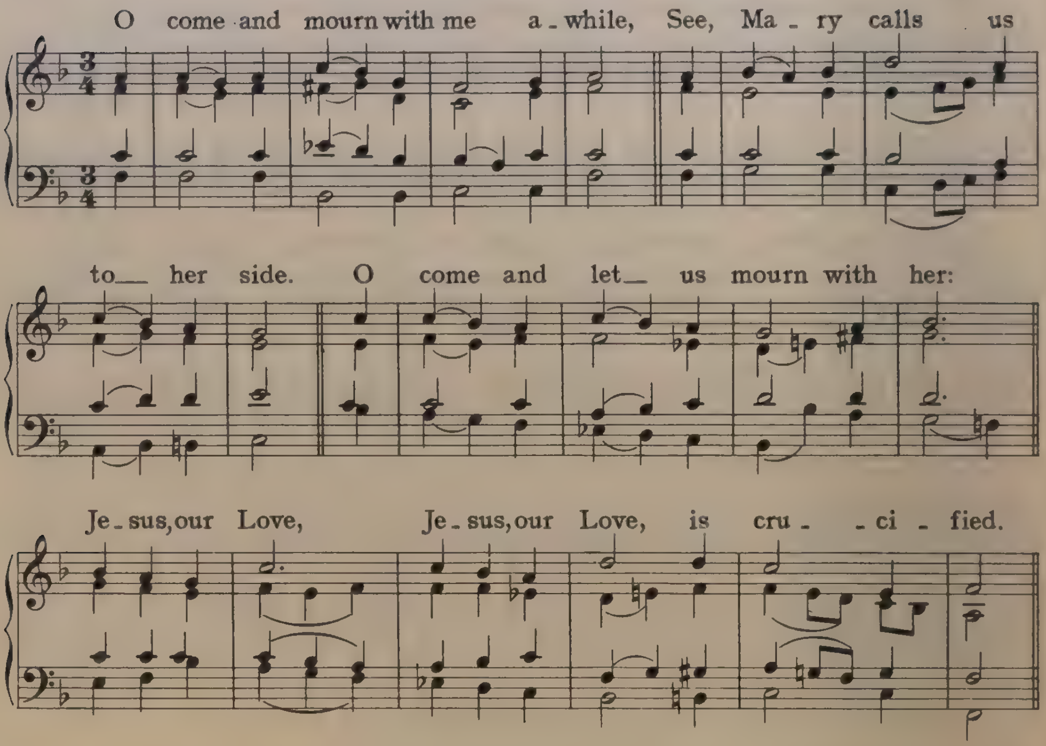
2. Jesus, by those bitter Wounds
In Thy dear Hands and Sacred Feet,
O make me humble, meek of heart,
And strong to love Thee, I entreat.
Jesus, keep them that are good,
Bring back the wanderers to Thy way,
And grant to all who trust in Thee,
Thy daily Bread of Life this day.

("Prayer to Jesus"
Richard de Castre (adapted))

(Sir Richard Terry)

80

O come and mourn with me


O come and mourn with me a-while, See, Ma-ry calls us
to her side. O come and let us mourn with her:
Je-sus, our Love, Je-sus, our Love, is cru-ci-fied.

1. O come and mourn with me awhile,
See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her,
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

2. Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah look how patiently He hangs!
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

3. Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

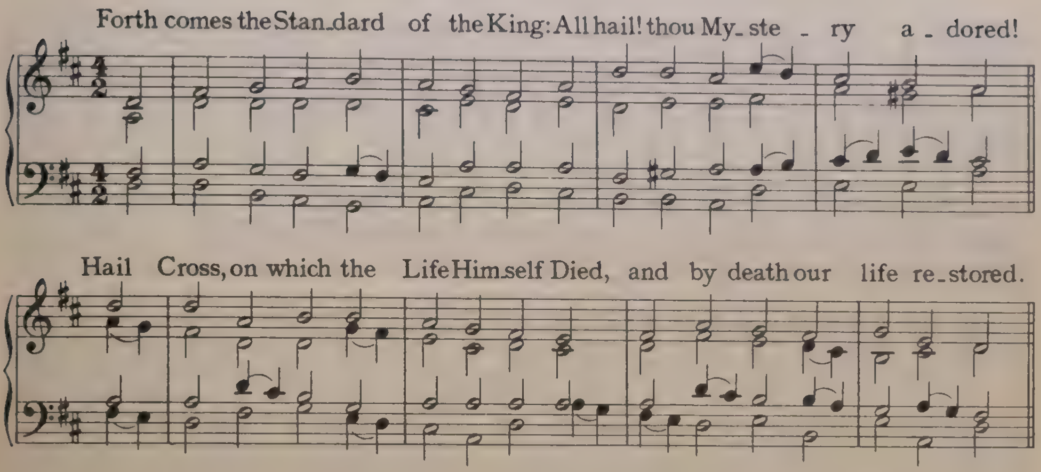
4. Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee, drop by drop,
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5. O Love of God, O sin of man,
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified.

(*Fr Faber* † 1863) (*J. Crookall*)

81

Forth comes the Standard


Forth comes the Stan-dard of the King: All hail! thou My-ste - ry a - dored!
Hail Cross, on which the Life Him-self Died, and by death our life re-stored.

1. Forth comes the Standard of the King:
All hail, thou Mystery adored!
Hail, Cross, on which the Life Himself
Died, and by death our life restored.

2. On which the Saviour's holy Side,
Rent open with a cruel spear,
Its stream of blood and water poured
To wash us from defilement clear.

3. O sacred Wood, fulfilled in thee
Was holy David's truthful lay,
Which told the world that from a tree
The Lord should all the nations sway.

4. Most royally empurpled o'er,
How beauteously thy stem doth shine!
How glorious was its lot to touch
Those limbs so holy and divine!

5. Thrice blessed, upon whose arms outstretched
The Saviour of the world reclined;
Balance sublime! upon whose beam
Was weighed the ransom of mankind.

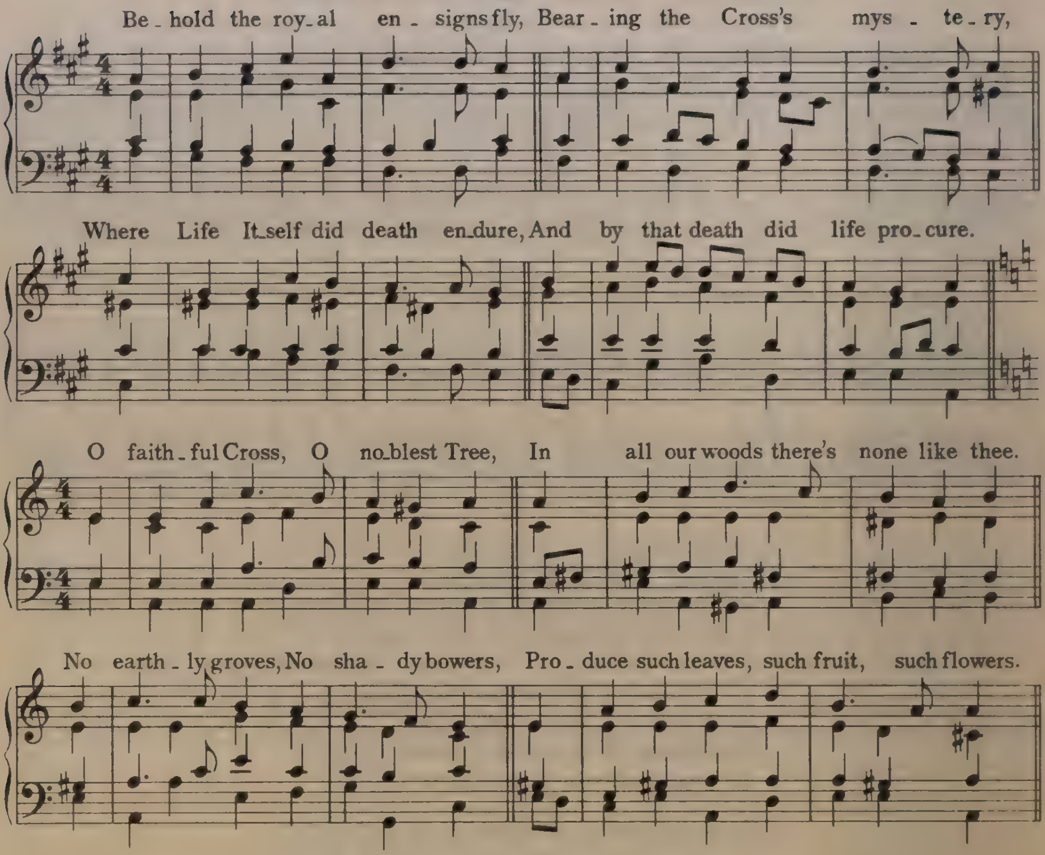
6. Hail Cross, thou only hope of man,
Hail on this holy Passion day!
To saints increase the grace they have;
From sinners purge their guilt away.

7. Salvation's Fount, blest Trinity,
Be praise to Thee through earth and skies:
Thou through the Cross the victory
Dost give; Oh give us too the price!

(Fr Caswall) *(German)*

82

Behold the Royal Ensigns fly


Be - hold the roy - al en - signs fly, Bear - ing the Cross's mys - te - ry,
Where Life It - self did death en - dure, And by that death did life pro - cure.
O faith - ful Cross, O no - blest Tree, In all our woods there's none like thee.
No earth - ly groves, No sha - dy bowers, Pro - duce such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.

1. Behold the royal ensigns fly,
Bearing the Cross's mystery,
Where Life Itself did death endure,
And by that death did life procure.
O faithful Cross, O noblest Tree,
In all our woods there's none like thee;
No earthly groves, no shady bowers,
Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.

2. A cruel spear let out a flood
Of water mixed with saving Blood,
Which, gushing from the Saviour's Side,
Drowned our offences in the tide.
O faithful Cross, *etc.*

3. The mystery we now unfold,
Which David's faithful verse foretold
Of our Lord's Kingdom; whilst we see
God ruling nations from a tree.
O faithful Cross, *etc.*

4. O lovely Tree, whose branches wore
The royal purple of His Gore,
How glorious does thy body shine,
Supporting Members so Divine.
O faithful Cross, *etc.*

5. The world's best balance thou wert made,
Thy happy beam its purchase weighed,
And bore His Limbs, Who snatched away
Devouring hell's expected prey.
O faithful Cross, *etc.*

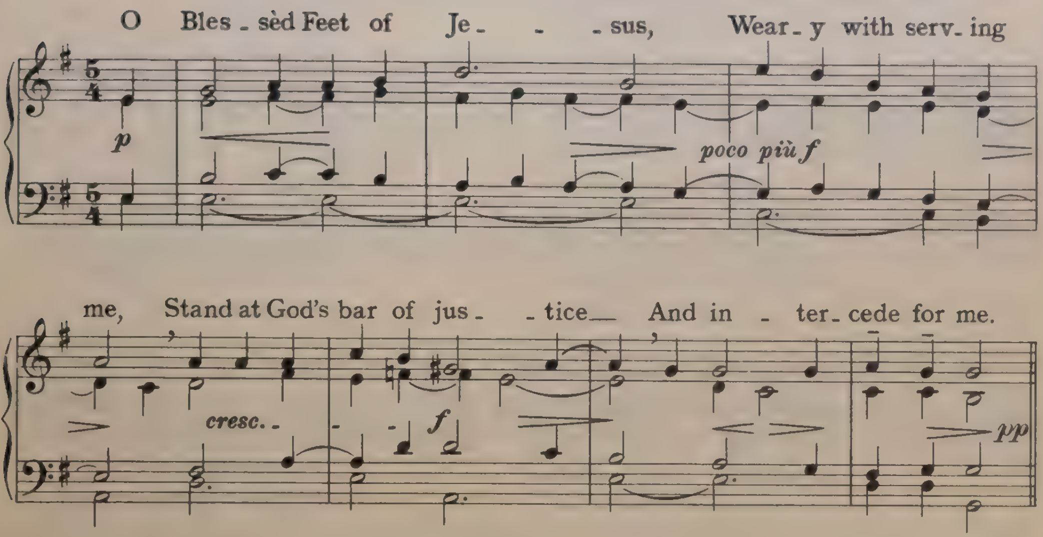
6. Hail Cross, our hope; on thee we call,
Who keep this mournful festival;
Grant to the just increase of grace,
And every sinner's crimes efface.
O faithful Cross, *etc.*

7. Blest Trinity, we praises sing
To Thee, from Whom all graces spring;
Celestial crowns on those bestow
Who conquer by the Cross below.
O faithful Cross, *etc.*

(?) (*Ancient Melody*)

83

O Blessed Feet of Jesus


O Bles - sèd Feet of Je - - - sus, Wear - y with serv - ing
me, Stand at God's bar of jus - - tice___ And in - ter - cede for me.
p
poco più f
cresc. .
f
pp

1. O Blessèd Feet of Jesus,
Weary with serving me,
Stand at God's bar of justice
And intercede for me.

2. O Knees that bent in anguish
In dark Gethsemane,
Kneel at the Throne of Glory,
And intercede for me.

3. O Side from whence the Spear-point
Brought Blood and Water free,
For healing and for cleansing,
Still intercede for me.

4. O Hands that were extended
Upon the awful Tree,
Hold up those precious nail-prints,
And intercede for me.

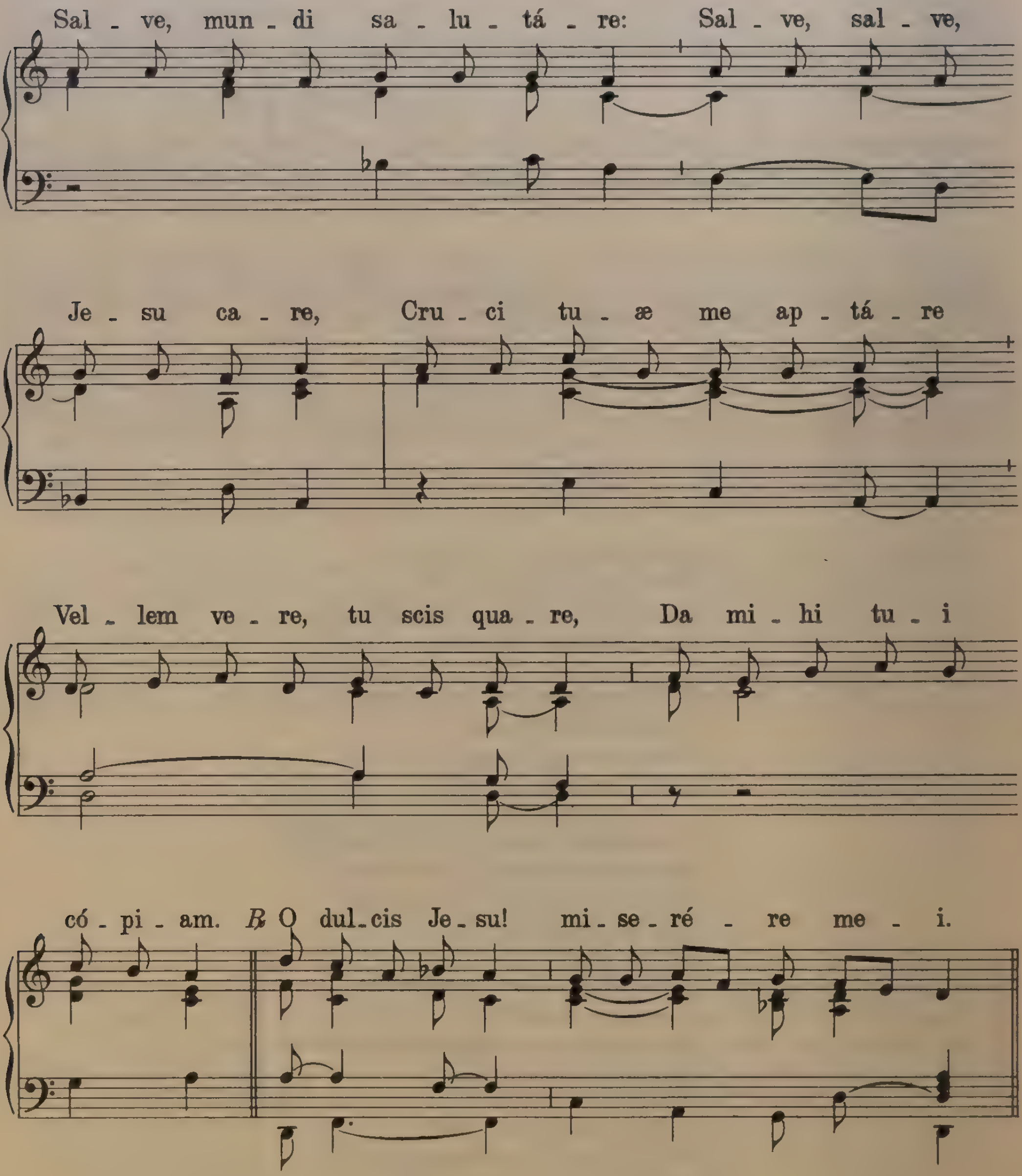
5. O Head so deeply piercèd,
With thorns that sharpest be,
Bend low before Thy Father
And intercede for me.

6. O loving risen Jesus,
From death and sorrow free,
Though throned in endless glory
Still intercede for me.

(Anon.) *(Fr Leo O. S. F. C. Mus. B.)*

84

Salve, mundi salutare


Sal - ve, mun - di sa - lu - tá - re: Sal - ve, sal - ve,
Je - su ca - re, Cru - ci tu - æ me ap - tá - re
Vel - lem ve - re, tu scis qua - re, Da mi - hi tu - i
có - pi - am. ℟ O dul - cis Je - su! mi - se - ré - re me - i.

1. Salve, mundi salutáre:
Salve, salve, Jesu care,
Cruci tuæ me aptáre
Vellem vere, tu scis quare,
Da mihi tui cópiam.
O dulcis Jesu, miserére mei.

1. Hail, Salvation of our race;
Hail, sweet Jesus, Lord of grace.
On Thy Cross with Thee to die
I would wish: Thou knowest why,
So to win Thee all.
Sweet Jesus, have mercy on me.

2. Ac si præsens sis accédo,
Imo te præséntem credo,
O quam mundum hic te cerno
Ecce tibi me prostérno:
Sis fácilis ad véniam.
O dulcis Jesu, *etc.*

3. Clavos pedum, plagas duras,
Et tam gravis impressúras
Circumpléctor cum affėctu,
Tuo pavens in aspéctu,
Tuórum memor vúlnerum.
O dulcis Jesu, *etc.*

4. Te in tua cruce quæro,
Prout queo, corde mero;
Me sanábis hic, ut spero:
Sana me et salvus ero,
In tuo lavans sánguine.
O dulcis Jesu, *etc.*

5. Plagas tuas rubicúndas,
Et fixúras tam profúndas,
Cordi meo fac inscríbi,
Ut confígar totus tibi,
Te modis amans ómnibus.
O dulcis Jesu, *etc.*

6. Dulcis Jesu, pie Deus,
Ad te clamo licet reus:
Præbe mihi te benígnum,
Ne repéllas me indígnum
De tuis sanctis pédibus.
O dulcis Jesu, *etc.*

7. Coram cruce procumbéntem,
Hosque pedes amplecténtem,
Jesu bone, non me spernas,
Sed de cruce sancta cernas
Compassiónis grátia.
O dulcis Jesu, *etc.*

8. In hac cruce stans diréete
Vide me, O mi diléete,
Ad te totum me convérte;
Esto sanus, dic apérte,
Dimítto tibi ómnia.
O dulcis Jesu, *etc.*

2. Lo, I come as Thou wert by,
Nay, believe Thee to be nigh,
O how pure I see Thee now,
Prone before Thy Feet I bow,
Gracious be to me.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

3. Feet through which the nails are driven,
Sacred Feet so direly riven
With affection I embrace:
Pallor seizes all my face
Looking on Thy Wounds.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

4. Thee upon Thy Cross I seek
As I may, with yearning meek,
Trusting Thou wilt succour me;
Heal me, and I safe shall be
By Thy saving Blood.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

5. Thy sweet Wounds so ruby-red,
Wounds so willingly that bled,
In my heart be deep impressed,
Seal of all the worthiest,
Proving me Thy own.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

6. Sweetest Jesus, God on high,
Hear a guilty sinner's cry:
Turn to me a willing ear,
Keep me, though unworthy, near
To Thy Sacred Feet.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

7. By Thee be my resting-place,
Let me Thy poor Feet embrace;
Do not, Jesus, spurn my sighs,
Turn to me Thy brimming Eyes,
For Thy pity's sake.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

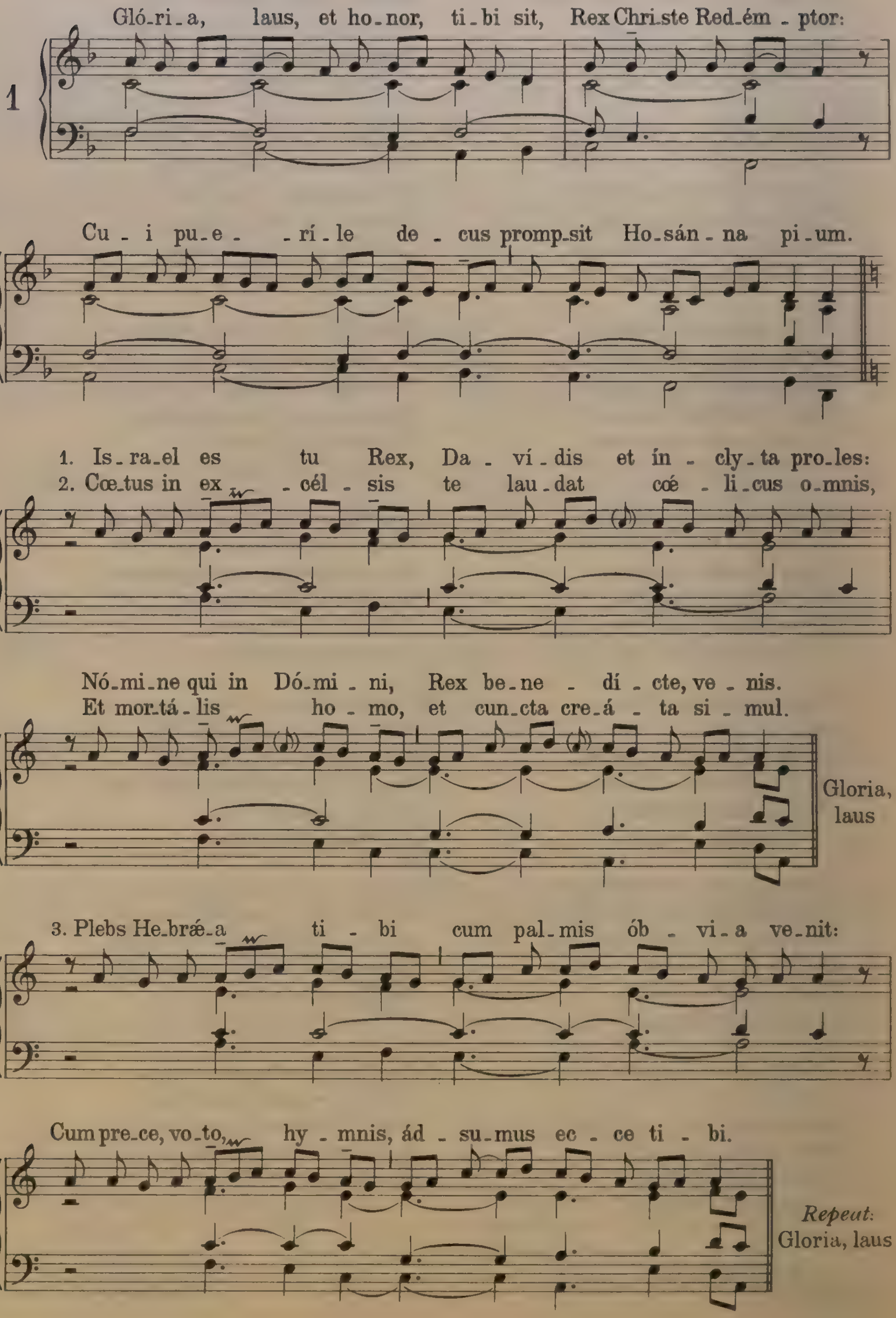
8. Hanging on the cruel wood,
Look on me, my only Good,
Bend to Thee my heart and soul,
Say to me: "Be thou made whole,
Go, thou art forgiven."
Sweet Jesus, etc.

(*St. Bernard* + 1153
Tr. from Devotions for Holy Communion)

(*Old Plainsong Melody*)

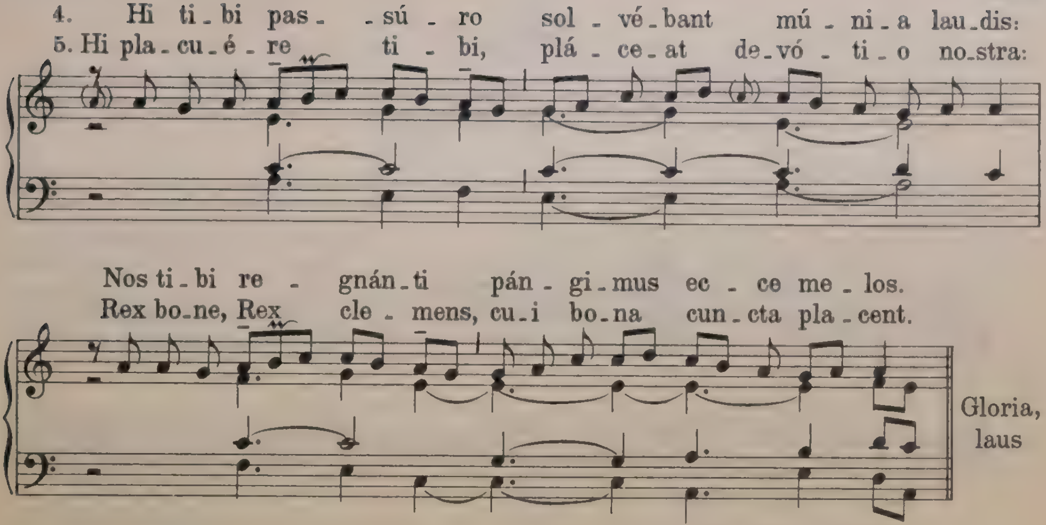
85

Gloria, laus, et honor


1
Gló-ri-a, laus, et ho-nor, ti-bi sit, Rex Chri-ste Red-ém-ptor:
Cu-i pu-e-rí-le de-cus promp-sit Ho-sán-na pi-um.
1. Is-ra-el es tu Rex, Da-ví-dis et ín-cly-ta pro-les:
2. Cœ-tus in ex-cél-sis te lau-dat cǽ-li-cus o-mnis,
Nó-mi-ne qui in Dó-mi-ni, Rex be-ne-dí-cte, ve-nis.
Et mor-tá-lis ho-mo, et cun-cta cre-á-ta si-mul.
3. Plebs He-brǽ-a ti-bi cum pal-mis ób-vi-a ve-nit:
Cum pre-ce, vo-to, hy-mnis, ád-su-mus ec-ce ti-bi.

Gloria, laus

Repeat: Gloria, laus


4. Hi ti-bi pas-sú-ro sol-vé-bant mú-ni-a lau-dis:
5. Hi pla-cu-é-re ti-bi, plá-ce-at de-vó-ti-o no-stra:
Nos ti-bi re-gnán-ti pán-gi-mus ec-ce me-los.
Rex bo-ne, Rex cle-mens, cu-i bo-na cun-cta pla-cent.
Gloria, laus

Glória, laus et honor, tibi
sit Rex Christe Redémptor:
Cui pueríle decus prompsit
Hosánna pium.
Glória, laus, etc.

1. Israel es tu Rex, Davídis
et ínclyta proles:
Nómine qui in Dómini
Rex benedícte, venis.
Glória, laus, etc.

2. Cœtus in excélsis te laudat
cǽlicus omnis,
Et mortális homo, et
cuncta creáta simul.
Glória, laus, etc.

3. Plebs Hebrǽa tibi cum
palmis óbvia venit:
Cum prece, voto, hymnis,
ádsumus ecce tibi.
Glória, laus, etc.

4. Hi tibi passúro solvébant
múnia laudis.
Nos tibi regnánti pángimus
ecce melos.
Glória, laus, etc.

5. Hi placuére tibi, pláceat
devótio nostra:
Rex bone, Rex clemens,
cui bona cuncta placent.
Glória, laus, etc.

(*Theodulf Bp. of Orleans* † 821 *Tr. Roman Missal*)

Glory, praise and honour, to Thee,
O Christ, our King!
Hosanna, children winsome
to Thee, Redeemer, sing.
Glory, praise, etc.

1. Thou art the King of Israel,
of David's glorious line,
In the name of God Thou comest,
Thou blessed King divine.
Glory, praise, etc.

2. Thy praises loud in heaven,
each host angelic sings,
And mortal man in unison
with all created things.
Glory, praise, etc.

3. With palms the Hebrew people
went forth to meet their King:
Behold, we too our homage
and prayers and anthems bring.
Glory, praise, etc.

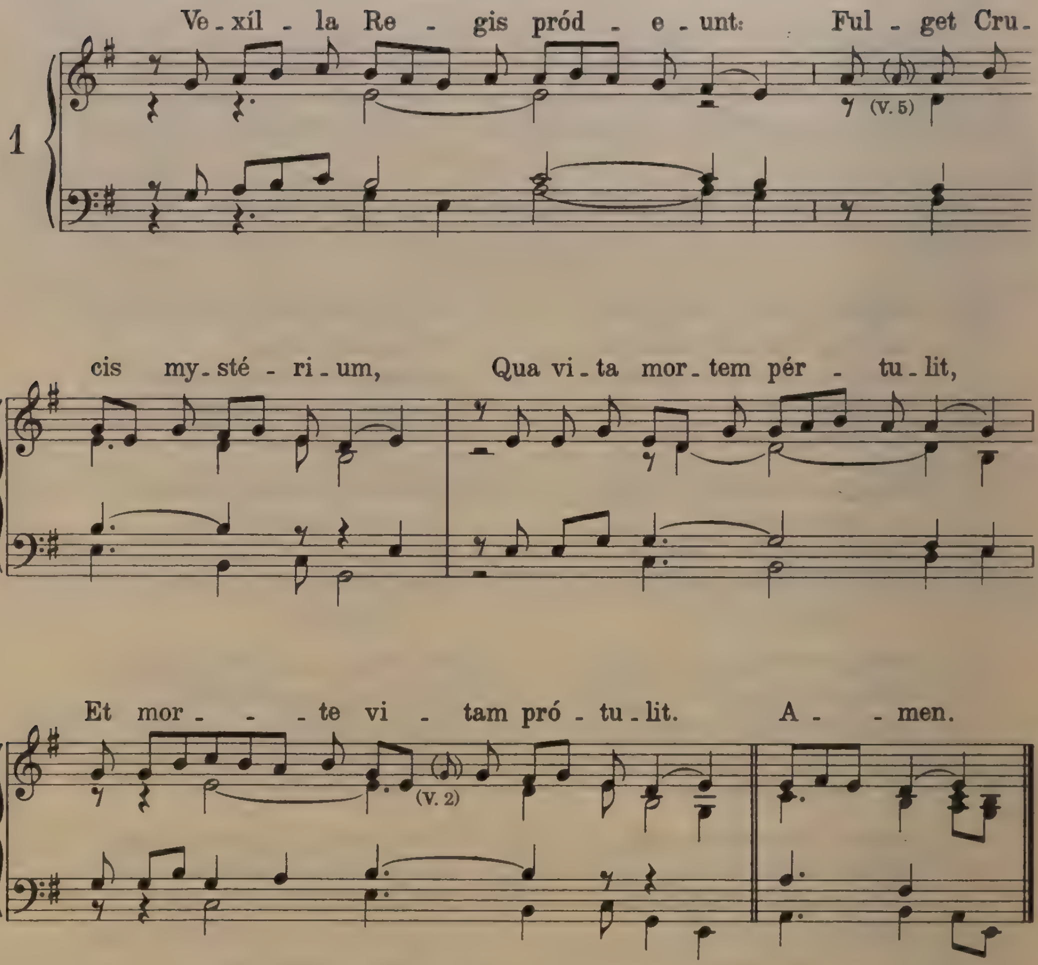
4. To Thee about to suffer,
they paid their debt of praise;
To Thee on throne exalted
we now our voices raise.
Glory, praise, etc.

5. Their homage Thou acceptedst:
accept the hearts we bring,
Who all that's good approvest,
Thou good and gracious King.
Glory, praise, etc.

(*Office of Palm Sunday*)
(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

86

Vexilla Regis


1
Ve - xíl - la Re - gis pród - e - unt: Ful - get Cru -
(V. 5)
cis my - sté - ri - um, Qua vi - ta mor - tem pér - tu - lit,
Et mor - - te vi - tam pró - tu - lit. A - - men.
(V. 2)

1. Vexílla Regis pródeunt:
Fulget Crucis mystérium,
Qua vita mortem pértulit,
Et morte vitam prótulit.

2. Quæ, vulneráta lánceæ
Mucróne diro, críminum
Ut nos laváret sórdibus,
Manávit unda et sánguine.

1. Forth comes the standard of the King:
All hail, thou mystery adored!
Hail Cross! On which the Life Himself
Died, and by death our life restored.

2. On which the Saviour's holy Side,
Rent open with a cruel spear,
Its stream of blood and water poured,
To wash us from defilement clear.

3. Impléta sunt quæ cóncinit
David fidéli cármine,
Dicéndo natiónibus:
Regnávit á ligno Deus.

4. Arbor decóra et fúlgida,
Ornáta Regis púrpura,
Elécta digno stípite
Tam sancta membra tángere.

5. Beáta cujus bráchiis
Prétium pepéndit sǽculi,
Statéra facta córporis,
Tulítque prædam tártari.

6. O Crux, ave, spes única,
Hoc Passiónis témpore*)
Piis adáuge gratiam
Reísque dele crímina.

7. Te, fons salútis Trínitas,
Colláudet omnis spíritus:
Quibus crucis victóriam
Largíris, adde prǽmium.
Amen.

3. O sacred Wood! fulfilled in thee
Was holy David's truthful lay
Which told the world that from a tree
The Lord should all the nations sway.

4. Most royally empurpled o'er,
How beauteously thy stem doth shine.
How glorious was its lot to touch
Those limbs so holy and divine.

5. Thrice blest, upon whose arms outstretched
The Saviour of the world reclined:
Balance sublime! upon whose beam
Was weighed the ransom of mankind.

6. Hail, Cross, thou only hope of man,
*Hail on this holy Passion day!**)
To saints increase the grace they have;
From sinners purge their guilt away.

7. Salvation's fount, Blest Trinity,
Be praise to thee through earth and skies.
Thou through the Cross the victory
Dost give; oh, give us too the prize!
Amen.

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*) (May 3rd) Paschále quæ fers gáudium
(Sept. 14th) In hac triúmphi glória.

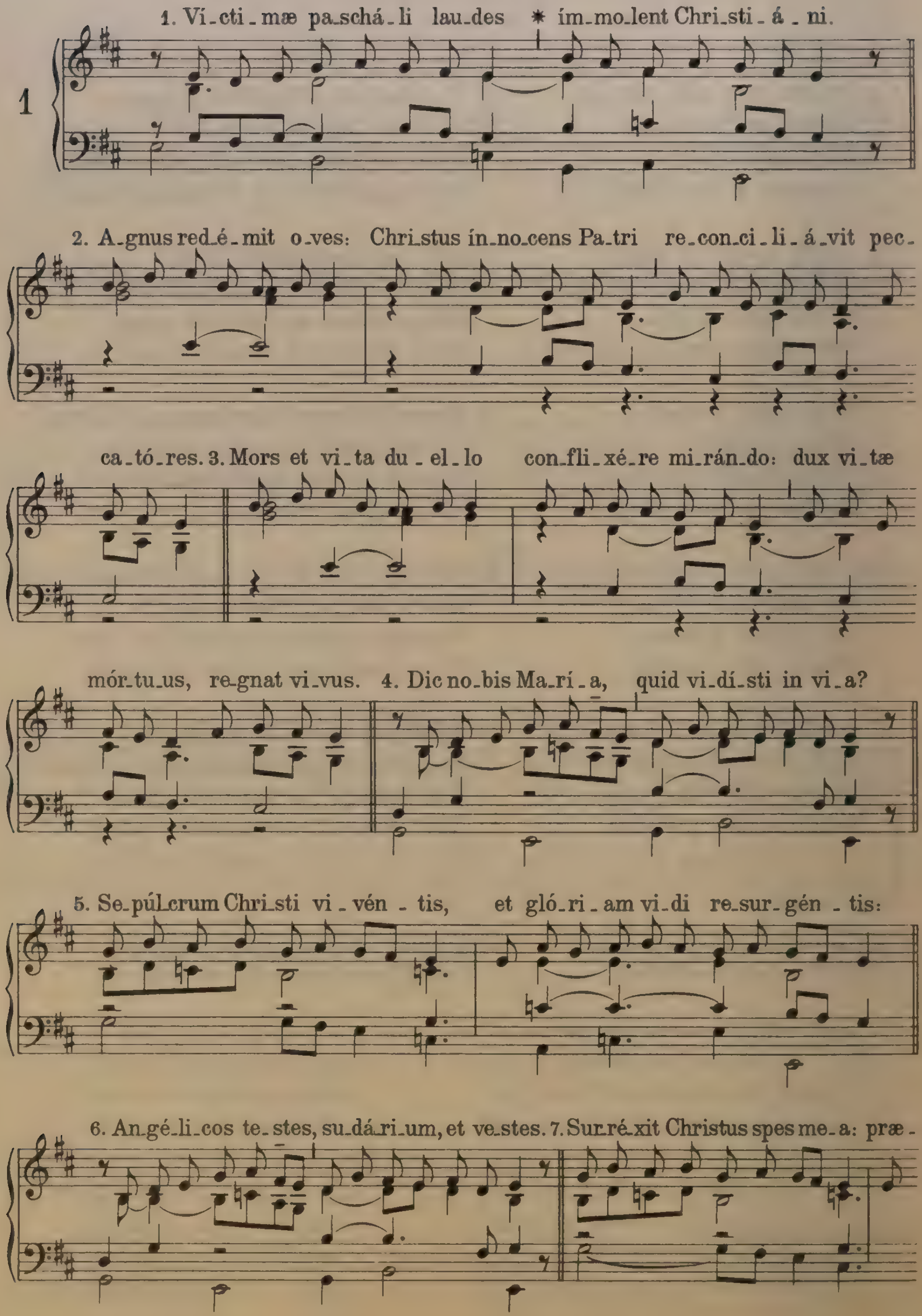
*) (*May 3rd*) *Now in this joyous Paschal time*
(*Sept. 14th*) *Hail on this glorious triumph day.*

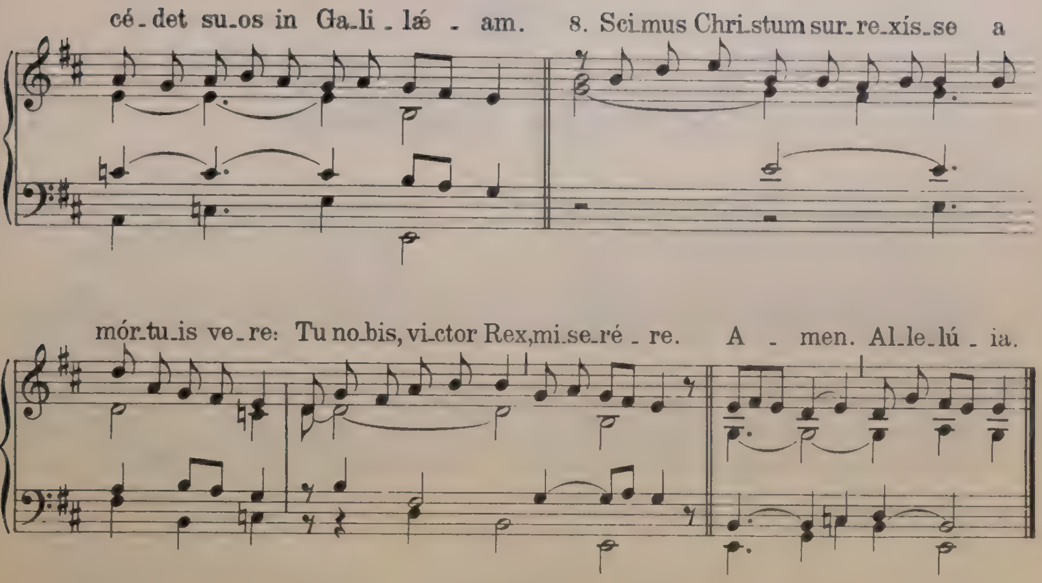
(*Venantius Fortunatus* † 600
Bp. of Poitiers
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

87

Victimæ Paschali laudes


1
1. Ví_cti_mæ pa_schá_li lau_des * ím_mo_lent Chri_sti_á_ni.
2. A_gnus red_é_mit o_ves: Chri_stus ín_no_cens Pa_tri re_con_ci_li_á_vit pec_ca_tó_res.
3. Mors et vi_ta du_el_lo con_fli_xé_re mi_rán_do: dux vi_tæ mór_tu_us, re_gnat vi_vus.
4. Dic no_bis Ma_rí_a, quid vi_dí_sti in vi_a?
5. Se_púl_crum Chri_sti vi_vén_tis, et gló_ri_am vi_di re_sur_gén_tis:
6. An_gé_li_cos te_stes, su_dá_ri_um, et ve_stes.
7. Sur_ré_xit Christus spes me_a: præ_


cé_det su_os in Ga_li_lǽ_am.
8. Sci_mus Chri_stum sur_re_xís_se a
mór_tu_is ve_re: Tu no_bis, vi_ctor Rex, mi_se_ré_re.
A_men. Al_le_lú_ia.

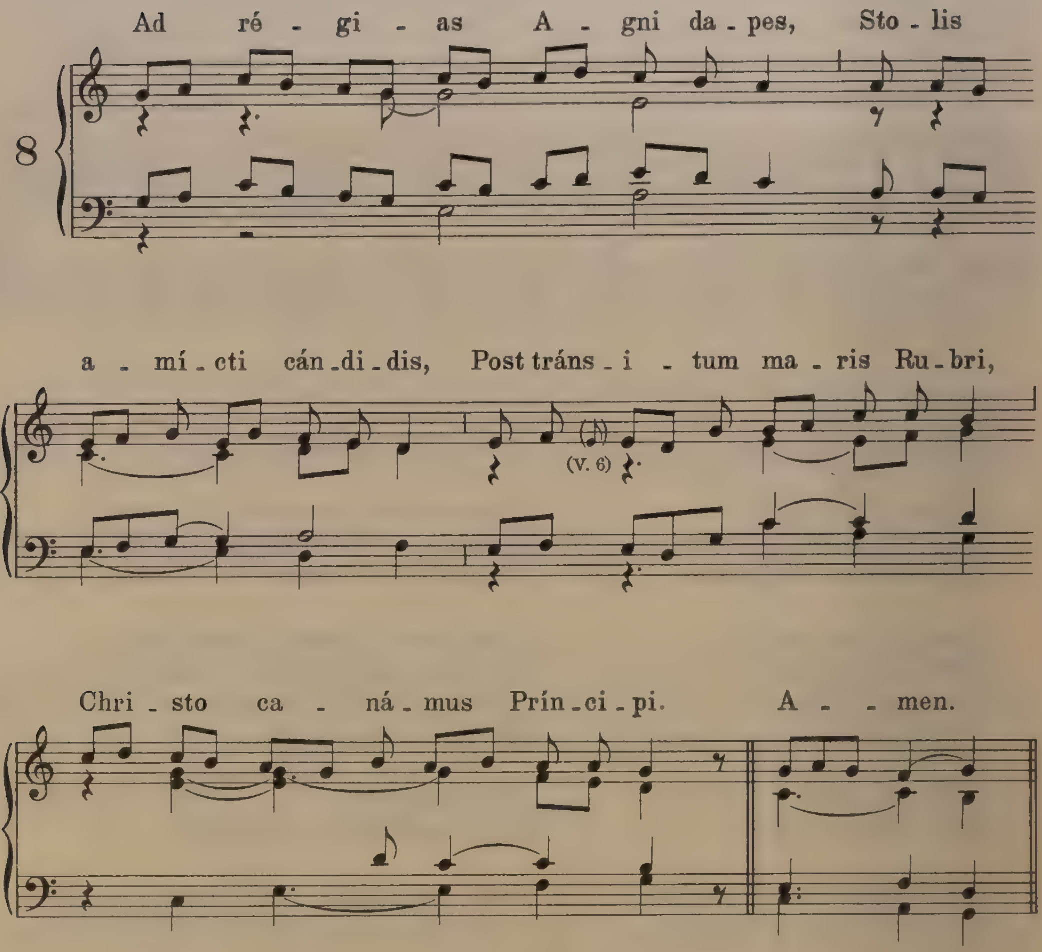
1. Víctimæ pascháli laudes Ímmolent Christiáni.	*1. Let Christians offer to the Paschal Victim the sacrifice of praise.*
2. Agnus redémit oves: Christus ínnocens Patri Reconciliávit peccatóres.	*2. The Lamb hath redeemed the sheep: The innocent Jesus hath reconciled sinners to His Father.*
3. Mors et vita duéllo Conflixére mirándo: Dux vitæ mórtuus Regnat vivus.	*3. Death and life fought against each other, and wonderful was the duel: the King of life was put to death; yet now He lives and reigns.*
4. Dic nobis, María, Quid vidísti in via?	*4. Tell us, O Mary, What sawest thou on the way?*
5. Sepúlchrum Christi vivéntis: Et glóriam vidi resurgéntis.	*5. I saw the sepulchre of the living Christ: I saw the glory of Him that had risen.*
6. Angélicos testes, Sudárium et vestes.	*6. I saw the Angels that were the witnesses; I saw the winding sheet and the cloth.*
7. Surréxit Christus spes mea: Præcédet vos in Galilǽam.	*7. Christ, my hope, hath risen! He shall go before you into Galilee.*
8. Scimus Christum surrexísse A mórtuis vere: Tu nobis, victor Rex, miserére. Amen. Allelúia.	*8. We know that Christ hath truly risen from the dead. Do Thou, O Conqueror and King, Have mercy upon us. Amen. Alleluia.*

(Sequence Easter Sunday
Tr. from Liturgical Year)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

88

Ad regias Agni dapes


8
Ad ré - gi - as A - gni da - pes, Sto - lis
a - mí - cti cán - di - dis, Post tráns - i - tum ma - ris Ru - bri,
(V. 6)
Chri - sto ca - ná - mus Prín - ci - pi. A - men.

1. Ad régias Agni dapes
Stolis amícti cándidis,
Post tránsitum maris Rubri,
Christo canámus Príncipi.

2. Divína cujus cáritas
Sacrum propínat sánguinem,
Almíque membra córporis
Amor Sacérdos ímmolat.

1. Now at the Lamb's high royal feast,
In robes of saintly white, we sing,
Through the Red Sea in safety brought
By Jesus our immortal King.

2. O depth of love - for us He drains
The chalice of His agony;
For us a victim on the Cross
He meekly lays him down to die.

3. Sparsum cruórem póstibus
Vastátor horret Angelus,
Fugítque divísum mare,
Mergúntur hostes flúctibus.

4. Jam Pascha nostrum Christus est,
Paschális idem víctima,
Et pura puris méntibus
Sinceritátis ázyma.

5. O vera cæli Víctima,
Subjécta cui sunt tártara,
Solúta mortis víncula,
Recépta vitæ præmia.

6. Victor subáctis ínferis,
Trophæa Christus éxplicat,
Cælóque apérto, súbditum
Regem tenebrárum trahit.

7. Ut sis perénne méntibus
Paschále, Jesu, gaúdium,
A morte dira críminum
Vitæ renátos libera.

8. Deo Patri sit glória,
Et Fílio, qui a mórtuis
Surréxit, ac Paráclito,
In sempitérna sæcula.
Amen.

3. And as the avenging Angel pass'd
Of old the blood-besprinkled door;
As the cleft sea a passage gave,
Then closed to whelm th' Egyptians o'er;

4. So Christ, our Paschal Sacrifice,
Has brought us safe all perils through;
While for unleaven'd bread he asks
But heart sincere and purpose true.

5. Hail, purest Victim heav'n could find
The powers of hell to overthrow,
Who didst the bonds of death unbind;
Who dost the prize of life bestow.

6. Hail, victor Christ, hail, risen King!
To Thee alone belongs the crown,
Who hast the heavenly gates unbarred,
And cast the Prince of darkness down.

7. O Jesu, from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

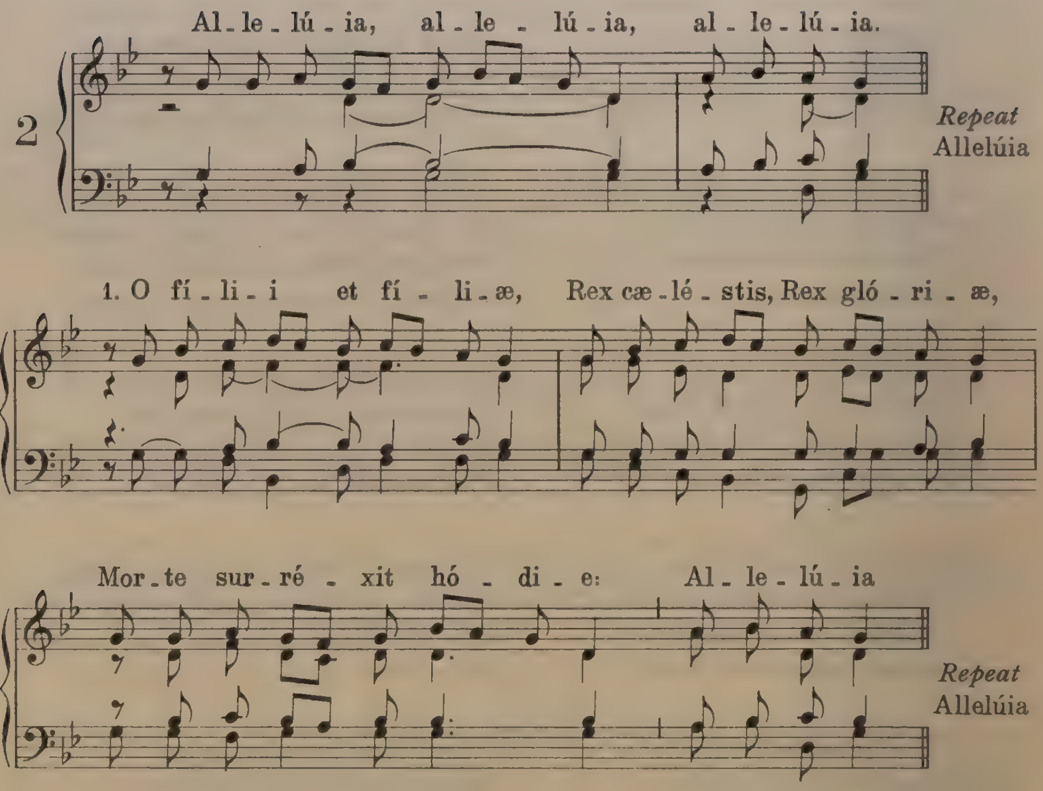
8. To God the Father, with the Son,
Who from the grave immortal rose,
And Thee, O Paraclete, be praise
While age on endless ages flows.
Amen.

(*Ascribed to St. Ambrose*
Bp. of Milan †397
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

89

O filii et filiæ


Al - le - lú - ia, al - le - lú - ia, al - le - lú - ia.
2
Repeat Allelúia
1. O fí - li - i et fí - li - æ, Rex cæ - lé - stis, Rex gló - ri - æ,
Mor - te sur - ré - xit hó - di - e: Al - le - lú - ia
Repeat Allelúia

1. O fílii et fíliæ Rex cæléstis, Rex glóriæ Morte surréxit hódie: Allelúia, etc.	*1. Ye sons and daughters of the Lord,* *The King of glory, King adored,* *This day Himself from death restored.* *Alleluia, etc.*
2. Et mane prima Sábbati Ad óstium monuménti Accessérunt discípuli, Allelúia, etc.	*2. All in the early morning grey,* *Went holy women on their way,* *To see the tomb where Jesus lay.* *Alleluia, etc.*
3. Et María Magdaléne Et Jacóbi et Salóme Venérunt corpus úngere: Allelúia, etc.	*3. Of spices pure a precious store* *In their pure hands those women bore,* *To anoint the Sacred Body o' er.* *Alleluia, etc.*

4. In albis sedens Ángelus
Prædíxit muliéribus,
In Galilǽa est Dóminus,
Allelúia, etc.

5. Et Joánnes Apóstolus
Cucúrrit Petro cítius:
Monuménto venit prius.
Allelúia, etc.

6. Discípulis adstántibus
In médio stetit Christus,
Dicens: "Pax vobis ómnibus,"
Allelúia, etc.

7. Ut intelléxit Dídymus,
Quod surréxerat Jesus,
Remánsit fere dúbius
Allelúia, etc.

8. Vide, Thoma, vide latus,
Vide pedes, vide manus,
Noli esse incrédulus,
Allelúia, etc.

9. Quando Thomas Christi latus,
Pedes vidit atque manus,
Dixit: Tu es Deus meus,
Allelúia, etc.

10. Beáti qui non vidérunt,
Et fírmiter credidérunt:
Vitam ætérnam habébunt,
Allelúia, etc.

11. In hoc festo sanctíssimo,
Sit laus et jubilátio,
Benedicámus Dómino.
Allelúia, etc.

4. An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three:
"Your Lord hath gone to Galilee."
Alleluia, etc.

5. This told they Peter, told they John;
Who forthwith to the Tomb are gone,
But Peter is by John out-run.
Alleluia, etc.

6. That night th' Apostles met in fear,
But Christ did in the midst appear:
"My peace," He saith, "be on you all."
Alleluia, etc.

7. But Thomas, when of this he heard,
Was doubtful of his brethren's word;
Wherefore again there came the Lord.
Alleluia, etc.

8. "My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, My Feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia, etc.

9. When Thomas saw that wounded Side,
The truth no longer he denied,
"Thou art my Lord and God." he cried.
Alleluia, etc.

10. O blest are they who have not seen
Their Lord, and yet believe in Him,
Eternal life awaiteth them.
Alleluia, etc.

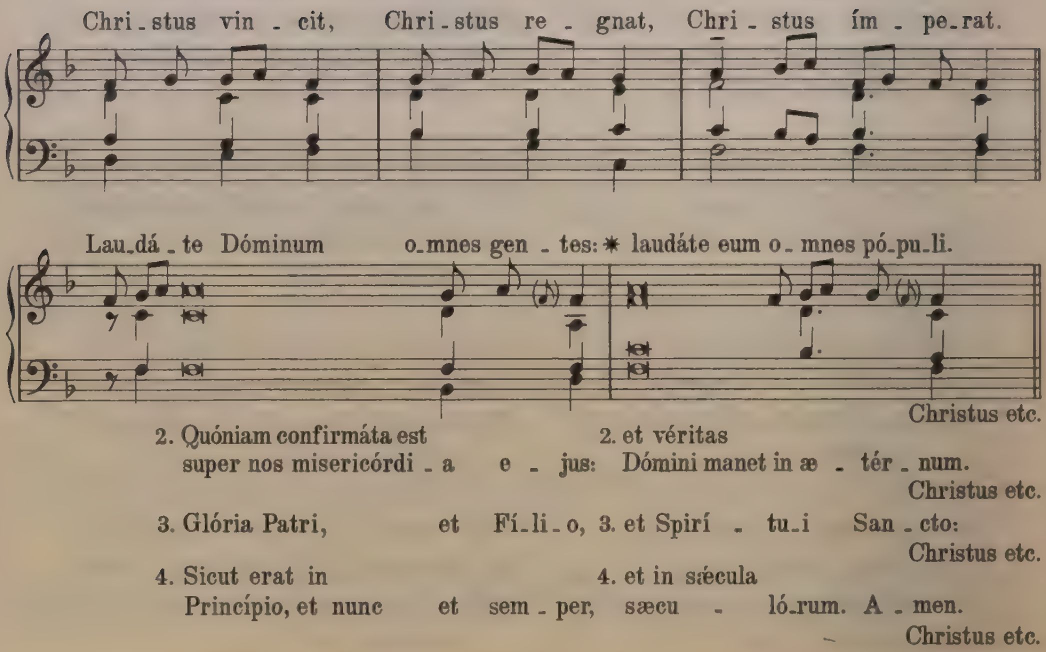
11. On this most holy Day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise.
Alleluia, etc.

(*Tisserand O.F.M.* † 1494
Tr. Caswall)

(*Ancient Melody*)

90

Christus vincit


Chri-stus vin-cit, Chri-stus re-gnat, Chri-stus ím-pe-rat.
Lau-dá-te Dóminum o-mnes gen-tes: ✱ laudáte eum o-mnes pó-pu-li.
Christus etc.
2. Quóniam confirmáta est super nos misericórdi-a e-jus: 2. et véritas Dómini manet in æ-tér-num.
Christus etc.
3. Glória Patri, et Fí-li-o, 3. et Spirí-tu-i San-cto:
Christus etc.
4. Sicut erat in Princípio, et nunc et sem-per, 4. et in sǽcula sæcu-ló-rum. A-men.
Christus etc.

Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus ímperat.
Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ rules.

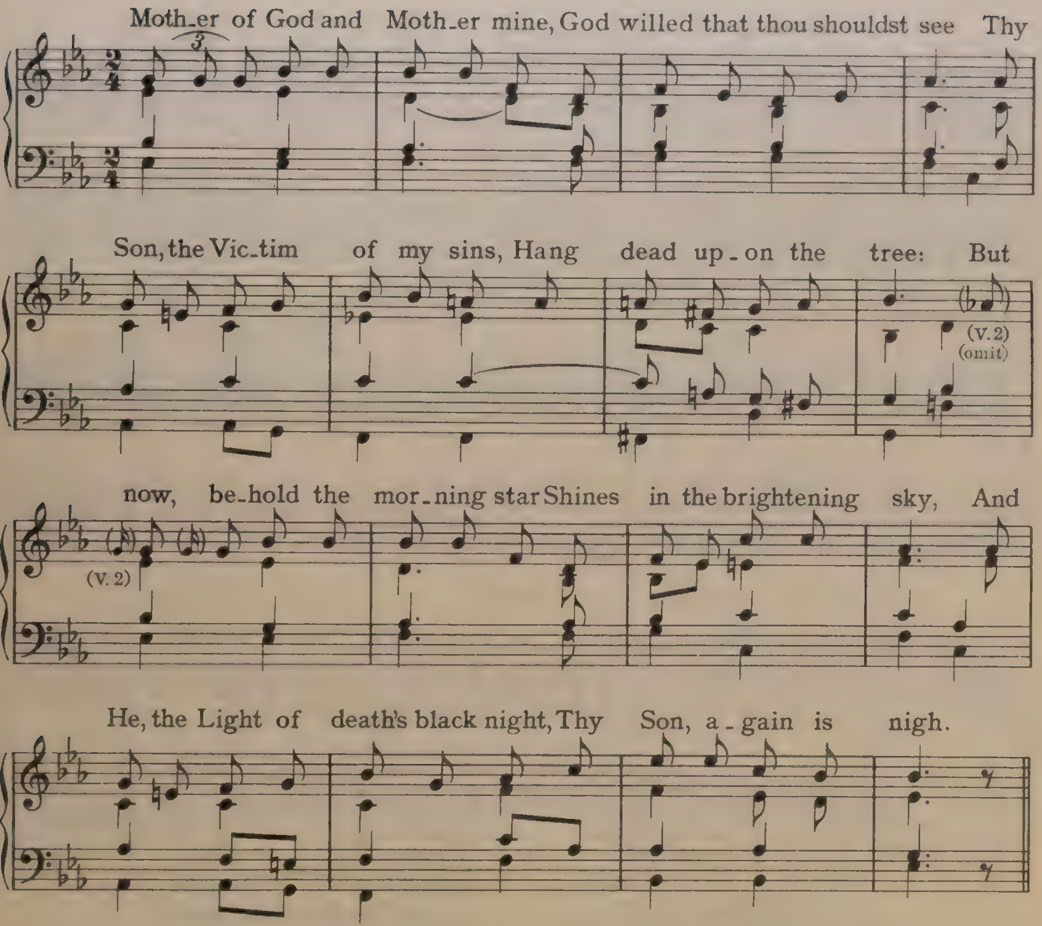
Psalm 116

1. Laudáte Dóminum omnes gentes: laudáte eum omnes pópuli. Christus vincit, etc.	*1. O praise the Lord, all ye nations:* *praise Him, all ye people.* *Christ conquers, etc.*
2. Quóniam confirmáta est super nos misericórdia ejus: Et véritas Dómini manet in ætérnum. Christus vincit, etc.	*2. For His mercy is confirmed* *upon us:* *and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.* *Christ conquers, etc.*
3. Glória Patri, et Fílio, et Spirítui Sancto: Christus vincit, etc.	*3. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,* *and to the Holy Ghost.* *Christ conquers, etc.*
4. Sicut erat in princípio, et nunc et semper, Et in sǽcula sæculórum. Amen. Christus vincit, etc.	*4. As it was in the beginning,* *is now, and ever shall be,* *world without end. Amen.* *Christ conquers, etc.*

(*Old Plainsong Melody*)

91

Mother of God and Mother mine


Moth-er of God and Moth-er mine, God willed that thou shouldst see Thy
3
Son, the Vic-tim of my sins, Hang dead up-on the tree: But
(V. 2)
(omit)
now, be-hold the mor-ning star Shines in the brightening sky, And
(V. 2)
He, the Light of death's black night, Thy Son, a-gain is nigh.

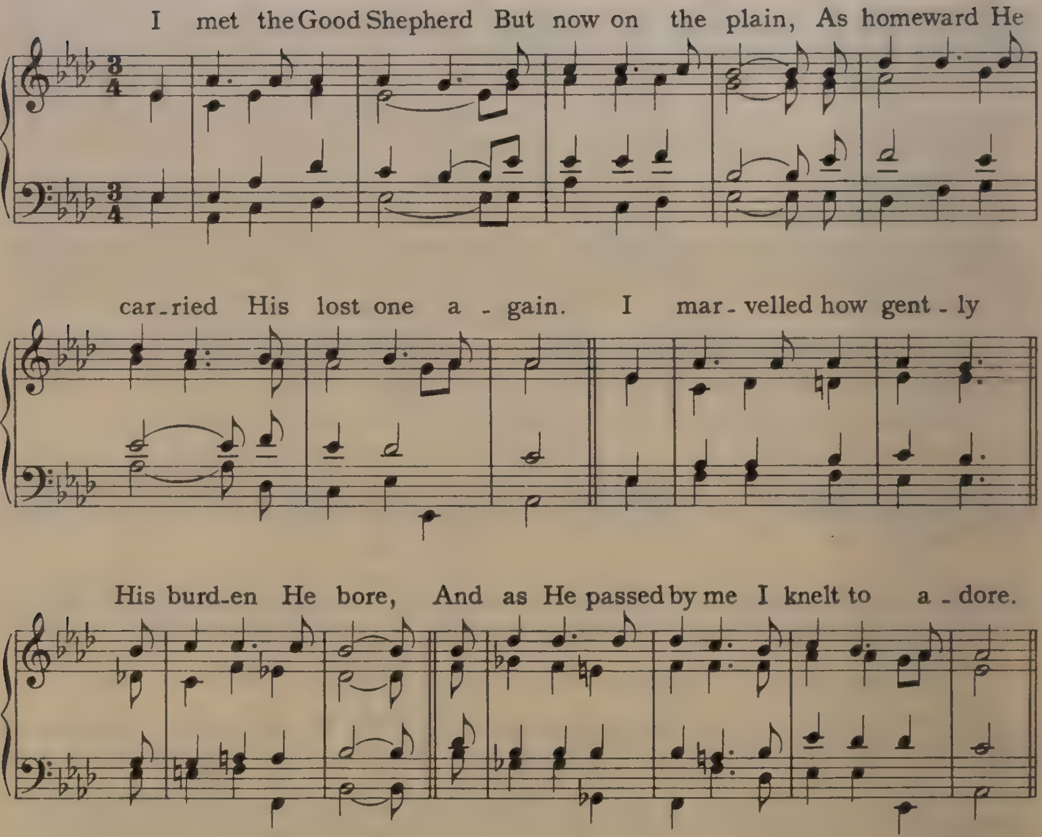
1. Mother of God and Mother mine,
God willed that thou shouldst see
Thy Son, the Victim of my sins,
Hang dead upon the tree;
But now, behold the morning star
Shines in the brightening sky,
And He, the Light of death's black night,
Thy Son, again is nigh.

2. He that was dead is raised again,
Alive for evermore,
And heaven and earth and sky and sea
Their glad thanksgivings pour.
Glory and praise to Him we raise
Who reigns above the sky;
May He be pleased that we may reach
The marriage-feast on high.

(Order of Compline 1880 from "Annus Sanctus") *(Editor)*

92

I met the Good Shepherd


I met the Good Shepherd But now on the plain, As homeward He
car-ried His lost one a-gain. I mar-velled how gent-ly
His burd-en He bore, And as He passed by me I knelt to a-dore.

1. I met the Good Shepherd
But now on the plain,
As homeward He carried
His lost one again.
I marvelled how gently
His burden He bore,
And as He passed by me
I knelt to adore.

2. O Shepherd, Good Shepherd,
Thy Wounds they are deep,
The wolves have sore hurt Thee
In saving Thy sheep;
Thy raiment all over
With crimson is dyed,
And what is this rent
They have made in Thy Side?

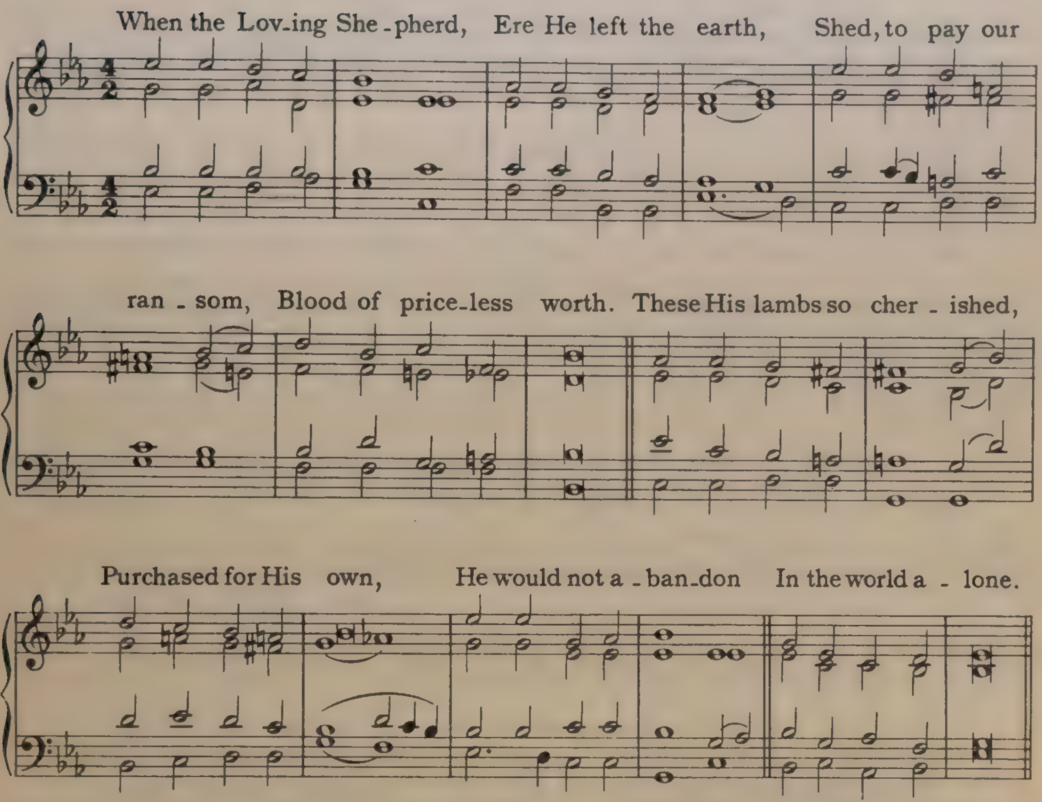
3. Ah me, how the thorns
Have entangled Thy Hair,
And cruelly riven
That Forehead so fair.
How feebly Thou drawest
Thy faltering breath;
And lo, on Thy Face
Is the shadow of death.

4. O Shepherd, Good Shepherd,
And is it for me
This grievous affliction
Has fallen on Thee?
Ah then, let me strive,
For the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer
Occasion to mourn.

(Fr. Caswall)

93

When the Loving Shepherd


When the Lov-ing She-pherd, Ere He left the earth, Shed, to pay our
ran-som, Blood of price-less worth. These His lambs so cher-ished,
Purchased for His own, He would not a-ban-don In the world a-lone.

1. When the Loving Shepherd,
Ere He left the earth,
Shed, to pay our ransom,
Blood of priceless worth.
These His lambs so cherished,
Purchased for His own,
He would not abandon
In the world alone.

2. Ere He makes us partners
Of His realm on high,
Happy and immortal
With Him in the sky,
Love immense, stupendous,
Makes Him here below
Partner of our exile,
In this world of woe.

3. Jesus, Food of Angels,
Monarch of the heart,
O that I could never
From Thy Face depart.
Yes, Thou ever dwellest
Here for love of me,
Hidden Thou remainest,
God of Majesty.

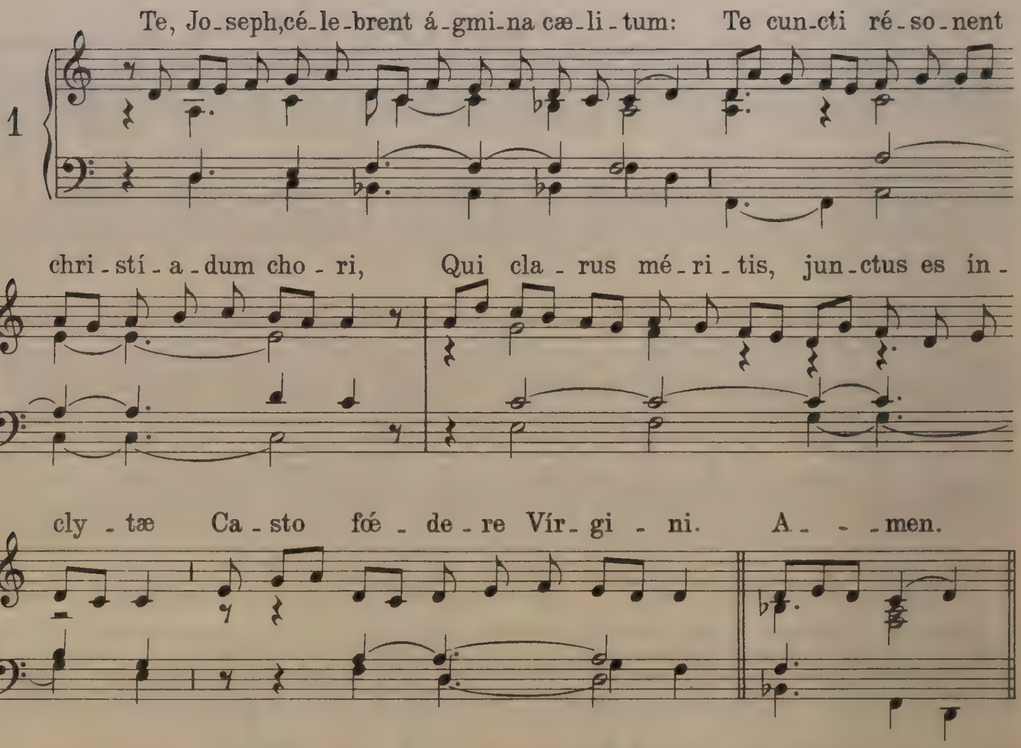
4. Soon I hope to see Thee
And enjoy Thy love
Face to face, sweet Jesus,
In Thy Heaven above.
But on earth an exile,
My delight shall be
Ever to be near Thee,
Veiled for love of me.

(St. Alphonsus Liguori † 1787
Tr. Frʳ Caswall)

(J. Hallett Shepherd)

94

Te, Joseph, celebrent


1
Te, Jo-seph, cé-le-brent á-gmi-na cæ-li-tum: Te cun-cti ré-so-nent
chri-stí-a-dum cho-ri, Qui cla-rus mé-ri-tis, jun-ctus es ín-
cly-tæ Ca-sto fœ́-de-re Vír-gi-ni. A-men.

1. Te, Joseph, célebrent ágmina cælitum,
Te cuncti résonent christiadum chori,
Qui clarus méritis junctus es ínclytæ
Casto fœ́dere Vírgini.

2. Almo cum túmidam gérmine cónjugem
Admírans, dúbio tángeris ánxius;
Afflátu súperi Fláminis Angelus
Concéptum púerum docet.

3. Tu natum Dóminum stringis, ad ésteras
Ægýpti prófugum tu séqueris plagas,
Amíssum Sólymis quæris, et ínvenis,
Miscens gaúdia flétibus.

4. Post mortem réliquos sors pia cónsecrat,
Palmámque eméritos glória súscipit:
Tu vivens, Súperis par, frúeris Deo,
Mira sorte beátior.

5. Nobis, summa Trias, parce precántibus,
Da Joseph méritis sídera scándere:
Ut tandem líceat nos tibi pérpetim
Gratum prómere cánticum. Amen.

(P. Juan Escallar de la
Concepcion O. C. D. † 1671
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

1. Joseph, pure Spouse of that immortal Bride
Who shines in ever-virgin glory bright,
Through all the Christian climes thy praise be sung,
Through all the realms of light.

2. Thee, when amazed concern for thy betrothed
Had filled thy righteous spirit with dismay,
An Angel visited, and with blest words,
Scattered thy fears away.

3. Thine arms embraced thy Maker newly-born;
With him to Egypt's desert didst thou flee;
Him in Jerusalem didst seek and find;
O grief, O joy for thee.

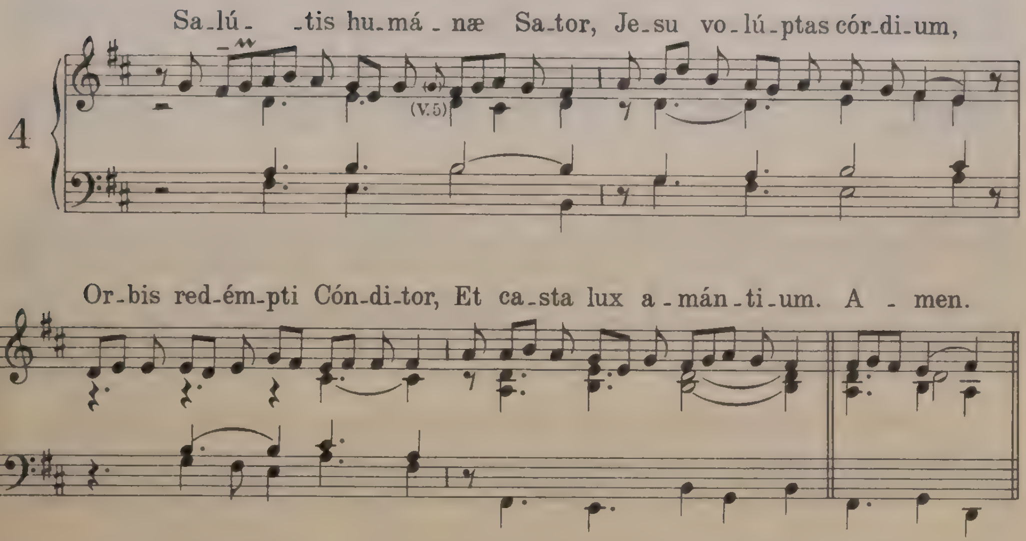
4. Not until after death their blissful crown
Others obtain: but unto thee was given
In thine own lifetime to enjoy thy God,
As do the blest in heaven.

5. Grant us, great Trinity, for Joseph's sake,
Unto the starry mansions to attain;
There with glad tongues thy praise to celebrate
In one eternal strain. Amen.

(Accpt: Julius Bas)

95

Salutis humanæ Sator


4
Sa-lú- -tis hu-má-næ Sa-tor, Je-su vo-lú-ptas cór-di-um,
(V.5)
Or-bis red-ém-pti Cón-di-tor, Et ca-sta lux a-mán-ti-um. A - men.

1. Salútis humánæ Sator,
Jesu, volúptas córdium,
Orbis redémpti Cónditor,
Et casta lux amántium.

1. O Thou pure light of souls that love,
True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Maker, and Redeemer blest!

2. Qua victus es cleméntia,
Ut nostra ferres crímina?
Mortem subíres ínnocens,
A morte nos ut tólleres?

2. What wondrous pity Thee o'ercame,
To make our guilty load Thine own,
And, sinless, suffer death and shame,
For our transgressions to atone.

3. Perrúmpis inférnum chaos,
Vinctis caténas détrahis:
Victor triúmpho nóbili
Ad déxteram Patris sedes.

3. Thou, bursting Hades open wide,
Didst all the captive souls unchain;
And thence to Thy dread Father's side
With glorious pomp ascend again.

4. Te cogat indulgéntia,
Ut damna nostra sárcias,
Tuíque vultus cómpotes
Dites beáto lúmine.

4. O still may pity Thee compel
To heal the wounds of which we die;
And take us in Thy light to dwell,
Who for Thy blissful presence sigh.

5. Tu dux ad astra et sémita,
Sis meta nostris córdibus,
Sis lacrymárum gaúdium,
Sis dulce vitæ præmium.
Amen.

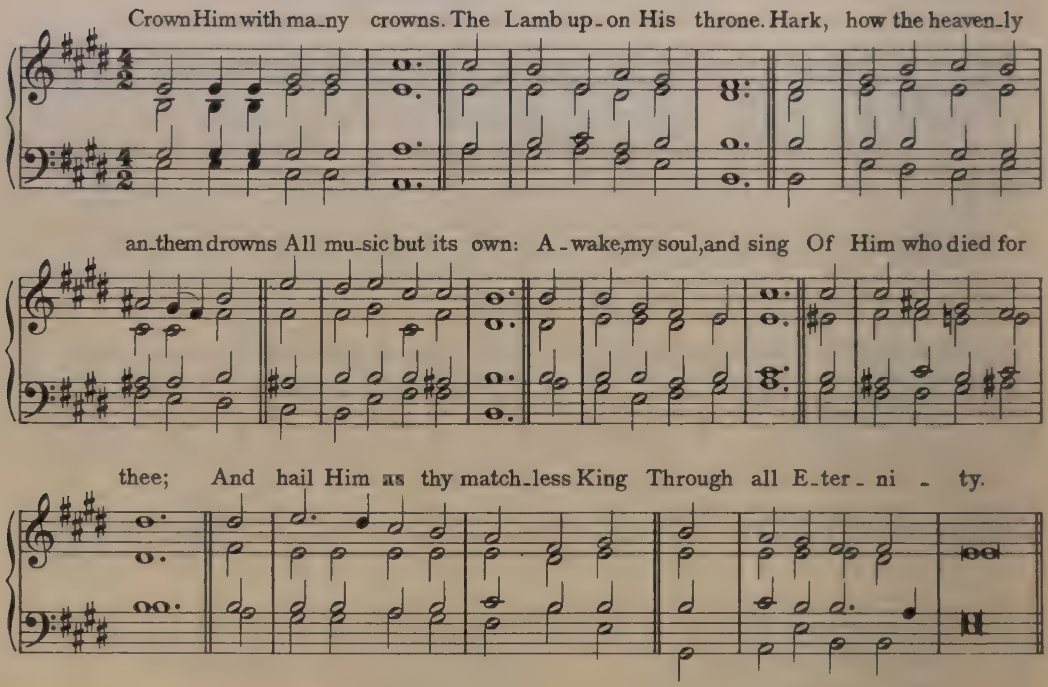
5. Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal;
Be Thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.
Amen.

(*St. Ambrose Bp. of Milan* † 397)
(*Tr. Fr. Caswall*)

(*Accpt: Julius Bas*)

96a

Crown Him with many crowns


Crown Him with ma-ny crowns. The Lamb up-on His throne. Hark, how the heaven-ly
an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own: A-wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for
thee; And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all E-ter-ni-ty.

1. Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2. Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root, whence Mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3. Crown Him the Lord of Love:
Behold His Hands and Side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4. Crown Him the Lord of Peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease.
Absorbed in prayer and praise
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

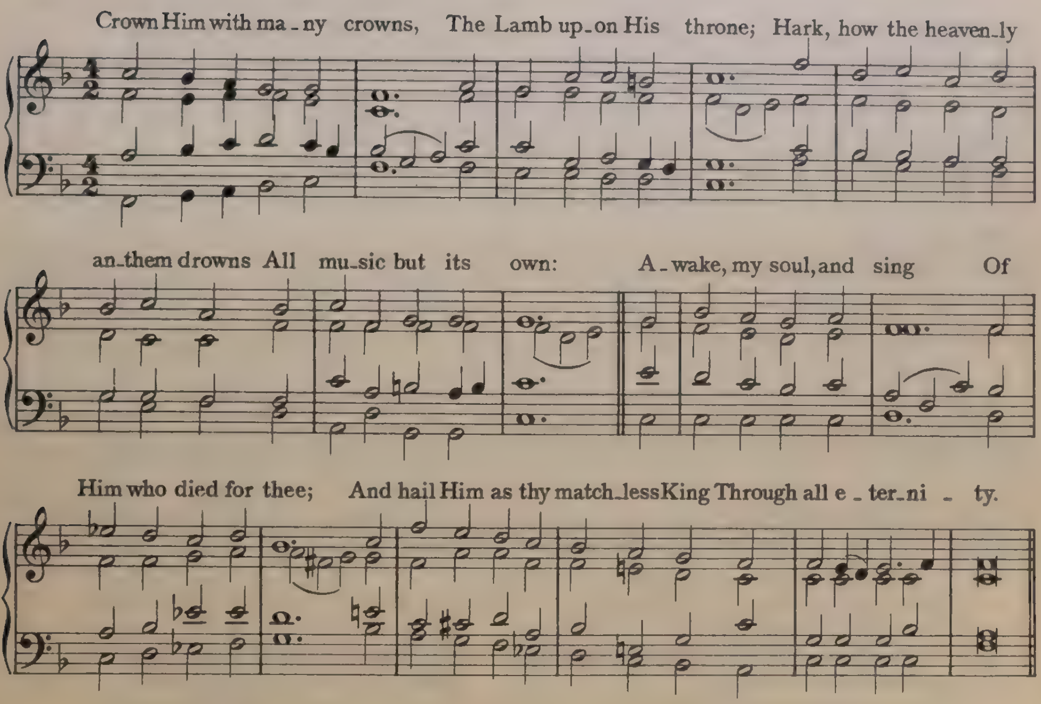
5. Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
Glazed in a sea of light
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His form, the Infinite,
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

6. Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit through Him given
From yonder triune throne:
All hail, Redeemer, hail,
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

(M. Bridges) *(Elvey)*

96^{b}

Crown Him with many crowns


Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark, how the heaven - ly
an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own: A - wake, my soul, and sing Of
Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy match - less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

1. Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2. Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root, whence Mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3. Crown Him the Lord of Love:
Behold His Hands and Side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4. Crown Him the Lord of Peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease.
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His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5. Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
Glazed in a sea of light
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His form, the Infinite,
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

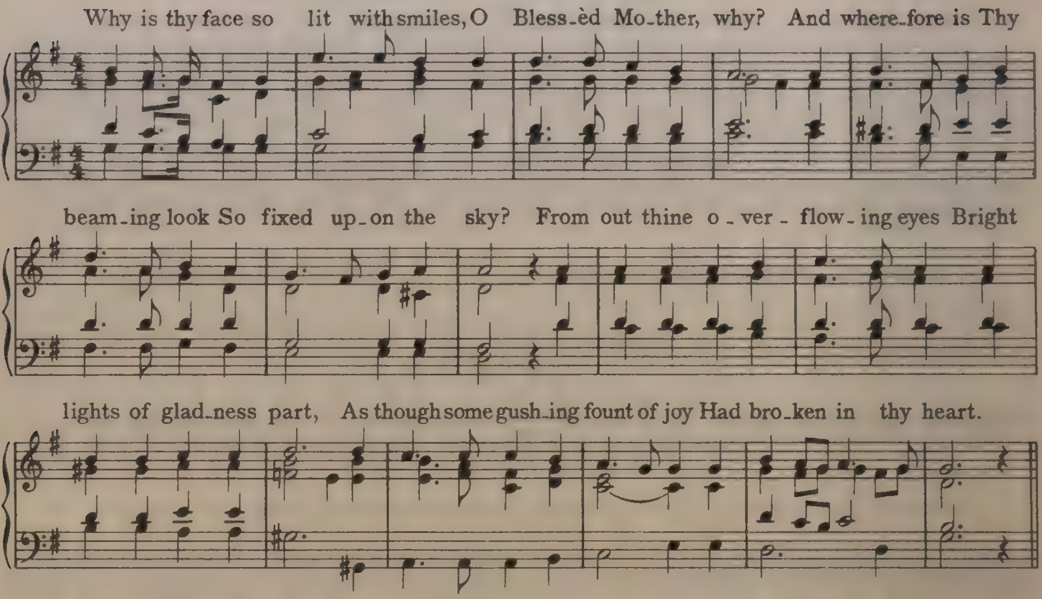
6. Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit through Him given
From yonder triune throne:
All hail, Redeemer, hail,
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

(*M. Bridges*) (*Sir Richard Terry*)

97

Ascension

Why is thy face so lit with smiles?


Why is thy face so lit with smiles, O Bless_èd Mo_ther, why? And where_fore is Thy
beam_ing look So fixed up_on the sky? From out thine o_ver_flow_ing eyes Bright
lights of glad_ness part, As though some gush_ing fount of joy Had bro_ken in thy heart.

1. Why is thy face so lit with smiles,
O Blessèd Mother, why?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky?
From out thine overflowing eyes
Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
Had broken in thy heart.

2. Mother, how canst thou smile today?
How can thine eyes be bright?
When He, thy Life, thy Love, thine All,
Has vanished from thy sight?
The Feet which thou hast kissed so oft,
Those living Feet are gone;
And now thou canst but stoop and kiss
Their print upon the stone.

3. Yes, He hath left thee, Mother dear.
His throne is far above;
How canst thou be so full of joy,
When thou hast lost thy Love?
Ah no! Thy love is rightful love,
From all self-seeking free;
The change that is such gain to Him
Can be no loss to thee.

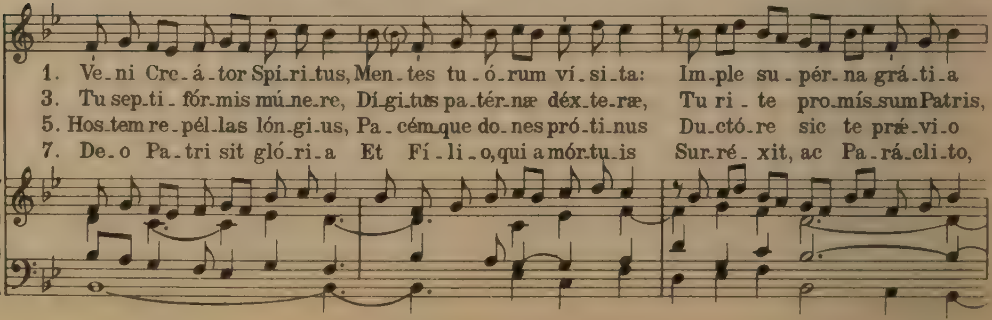
4. 'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,
To feel His presence near,
Yet loyal love His glory holds
A thousand times more dear.
Oh never is our love so true
As when refined by pain,
Or when God's glory upon earth
Finds in our loss its gain.

(*Fr. Faber* † 1863) (*Anon.*)

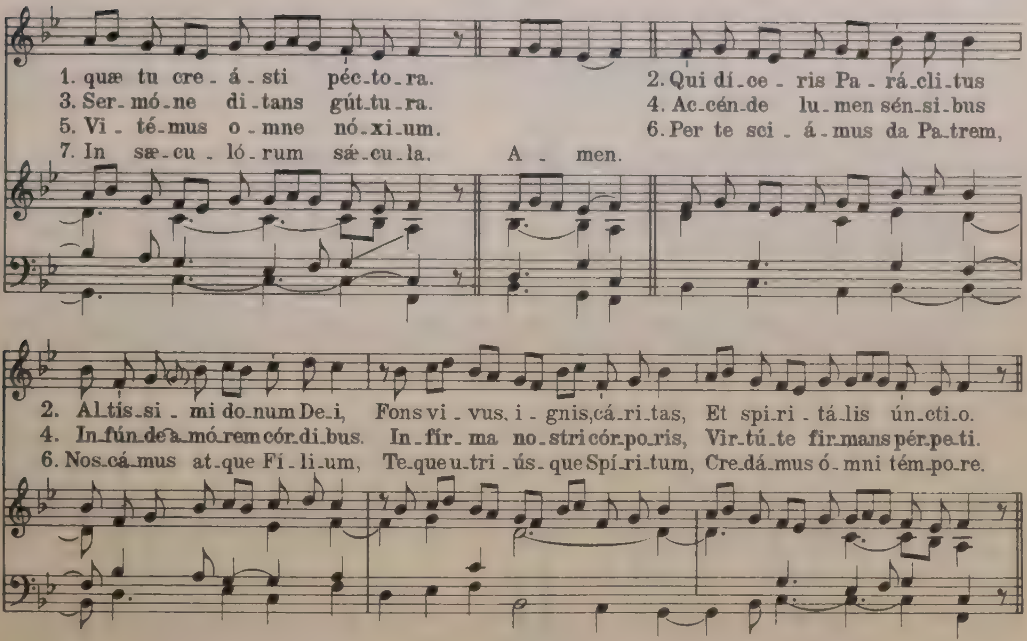
98

Pentecost

Veni Creator Spiritus


1. Ve_ni Cre_á_tor Spí_ri_tus, Men_tes tu_ó_rum ví_si_ta: Im_ple su_pér_na grá_ti_a
3. Tu sep_ti_fór_mis mú_ne_re, Dí_gi_tus pa_tér_næ déx_te_ræ, Tu ri_te pro_mís_sum Patris,
5. Hos_tem re_pél_las lón_gi_us, Pa_cém_que do_nes pró_ti_nus Du_ctó_re sic te prǽ_vi_o
7. De_o Pa_tri sit gló_ri_a Et Fí_li_o, qui a mór_tu_is Sur_ré_xit, ac Pa_rá_cli_to,

8


1. quæ tu cre - á - sti péc - to - ra.
3. Ser - mó - ne di - tans gút - tu - ra.
5. Vi - té - mus o - mne nó - xi - um.
7. In sæ - cu - ló - rum sǽ - cu - la. A - men.
2. Qui dí - ce - ris Pa - rá - cli - tus
4. Ac - cén - de lu - men sén - si - bus
6. Per te sci - á - mus da Pa - trem,
2. Al - tis - si - mi do - num De - i, Fons vi - vus, i - gnis, cá - ri - tas, Et spi - ri - tá - lis ún - cti - o.
4. In - fún - de a - mó - rem cór - di - bus. In - fír - ma no - stri cór - po - ris, Vir - tú - te fir - mans pér - pe - ti.
6. Nos - cá - mus at - que Fí - li - um, Te - que u - tri - ús - que Spí - ri - tum, Cre - dá - mus ó - mni tém - po - re.

1. Veni, Creátor Spíritus,
Mentes tuórum vísita,
Imple supérna grátia,
Quæ tu creásti, péctora.

2. Qui díceris Paráclitus,
Altíssimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, cáritas,
Et spiritális únctio.

3. Tu septifórmis múnere,
Dígitus patérnæ déxteræ,
Tu rite promíssum Patris
Sermóne ditans gúttura.

4. Accénde lumen sénsibus,
Infúnde amórem córdibus
Infírma nostri córporis
Virtúte fírmans pérpeti.

5. Hostem repéllas lóngius,
Pacémque dones prótinus;
Ductóre sic te prævio,
Vitémus omne nóxium.

6. Per te sciámus da Patrem,
Noscámus atque Fílium,
Teque utriúsque Spíritum
Credámus omni témpore.

7. Deo Patri sit glória,
Et Fílio qui a mórtuis
Surréxit, ac Paráclito,
In sæculórum sǽcula.
Amen.

(Rhabanus Maurus † 856
Archbp. of Mainz)

1. Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
From Thy bright heavenly throne,
Come, take possession of our souls,
And make them all Thine own.

2. Thou Who art called the Paraclete,
Best Gift of God above,
The living spring, the living fire,
Sweet unction and true love.

3. Thou who art sevenfold in thy grace,
Finger of God's right hand;
His promise teaching little ones
To speak and understand.

4. O guide our minds with Thy bless'd light,
With love our hearts inflame;
And with Thy strength which ne'er decays
Confirm our mortal frame.

5. Far from us drive our deadly foe;
True peace unto us bring;
And through all perils lead us safe
Beneath Thy sacred wing.

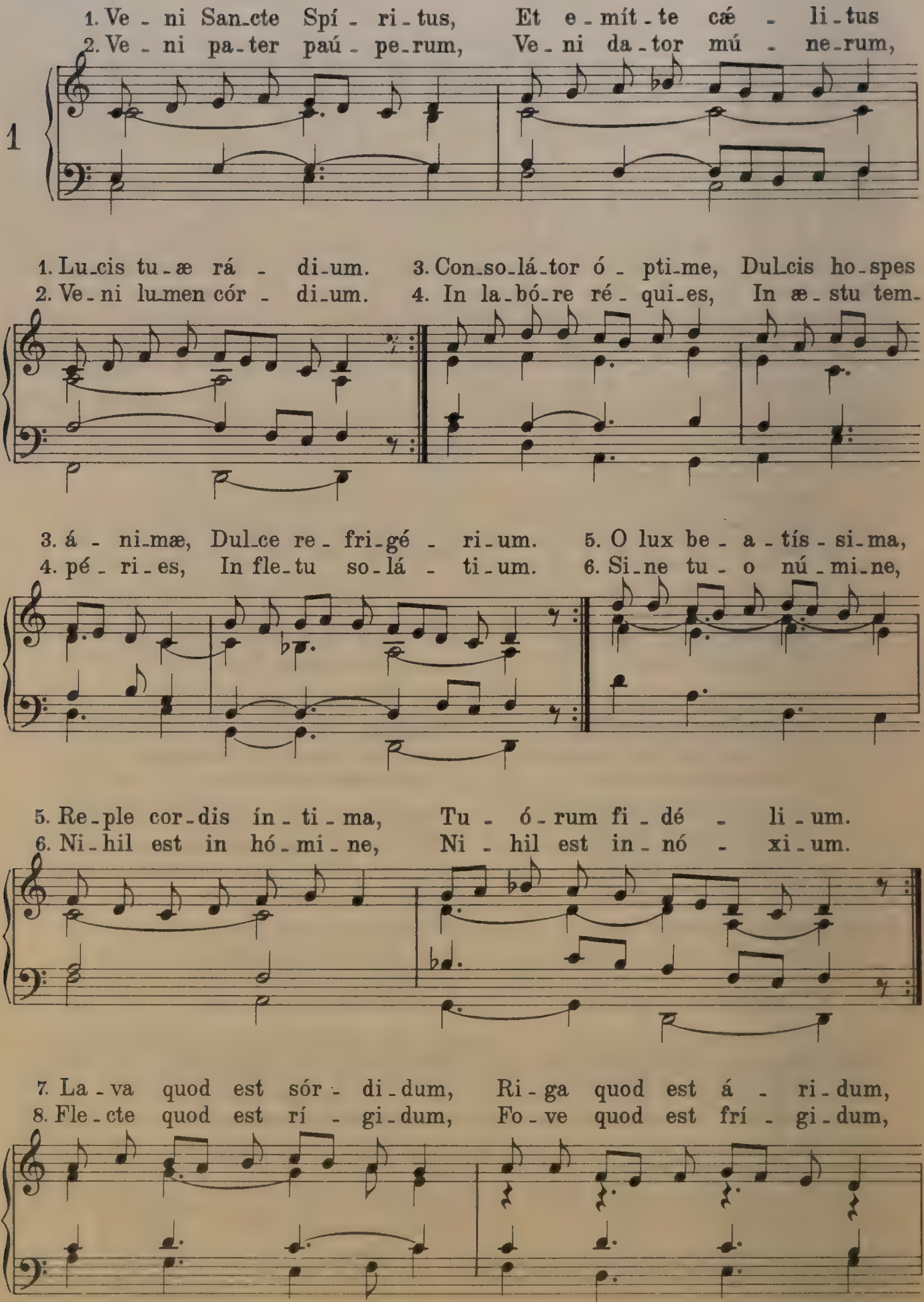
6. Through Thee may we the Father know,
Through Thee the Eternal Son
And Thee, the Spirit of them both,
Thrice-blessed Three in One.

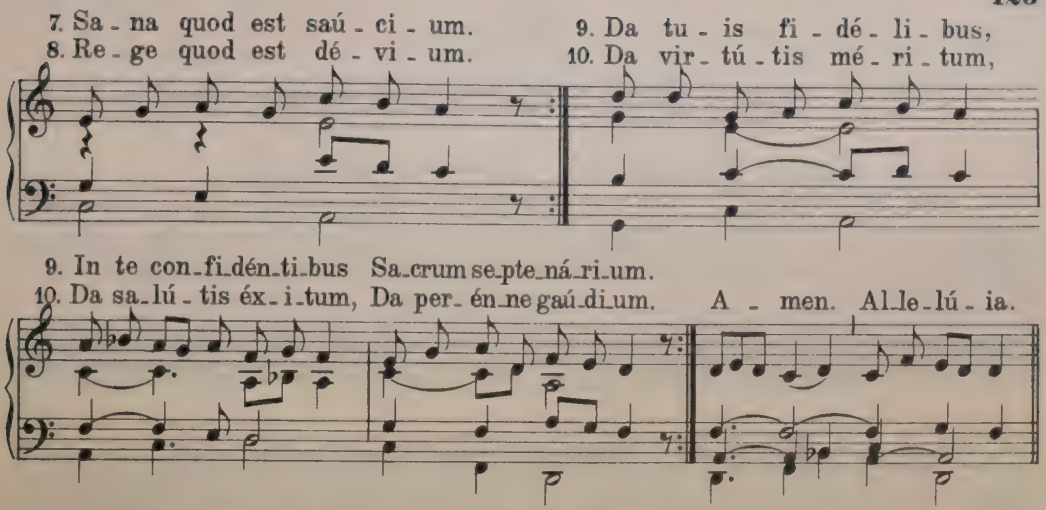
7. All glory to the Father be,
With his co-equal Son,
The same to Thee, great Paraclete
While endless ages run.
Amen.

A. le Guennant
(publishers: H. Hérelle & Cie)

99

Veni Sancte Spiritus


1. Ve - ni San-cte Spí - ri - tus, Et e - mít - te cǽ - li - tus
2. Ve - ni pa - ter paú - pe - rum, Ve - ni da - tor mú - ne - rum,
1
1. Lu - cis tu - æ rá - di - um. 3. Con - so - lá - tor ó - pti - me, Dul - cis ho - spes
2. Ve - ni lu - men cór - di - um. 4. In la - bó - re ré - qui - es, In æ - stu tem -
3. á - ni - mæ, Dul - ce re - fri - gé - ri - um. 5. O lux be - a - tís - si - ma,
4. pé - ri - es, In fle - tu so - lá - ti - um. 6. Si - ne tu - o nú - mi - ne,
5. Re - ple cor - dis ín - ti - ma, Tu - ó - rum fi - dé - li - um.
6. Ni - hil est in hó - mi - ne, Ni - hil est in - nó - xi - um.
7. La - va quod est sór - di - dum, Ri - ga quod est á - ri - dum,
8. Fle - cte quod est rí - gi - dum, Fo - ve quod est frí - gi - dum,


7. Sa - na quod est saú - ci - um.
8. Re - ge quod est dé - vi - um.
9. Da tu - is fi - dé - li - bus,
10. Da vir - tú - tis mé - ri - tum,
9. In te con-fi-dén-ti-bus Sa-crum se-pte-ná-ri-um.
10. Da sa-lú - tis éx - i-tum, Da per - én-ne gaú-di-um.
A - men. Al-le-lú - ia.

1. Veni Sancte Spíritus
Et emítte cælitus
Lucis tuæ rádium.

2. Veni pater paúperum,
Veni dator múnerum,
Veni lumen córdium.

3. Consolátor óptime,
Dulcis hospes ánimæ,
Dulce refrigérium.

4. In labóre réquies,
In æstu tempéries,
In fletu solátium.

5. O Lux beatíssima,
Reple cordis íntima,
Tuórum fidélium.

6. Sine tuo númine,
Nihil est in hómine,
Nihil est innóxium.

7. Lava quod est sórdidum,
Riga quod est áridum,
Sana quod est sáucium.

8. Flecte quod est rígidum,
Fove quod est frígidum,
Rege quod est dévium.

9. Da tuis fidélibus,
In te confidéntibus,
Sacrum septenárium.

10. Da virtútis méritum,
Da salútis éxitum,
Da perénne gáudium.
Amen. Allelúia.

1. Holy Spirit, Lord of Light,
From the clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give.

2. Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure;
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

3. Thou, of all Consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4. Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

5. Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill.

6. If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

7. Heal our wounds, our strength renew,
On our dryness pour Thy dew,
Wash the stains of guilt away.

8. Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

9. Thou on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore
In Thy Sevenfold Gifts descend.

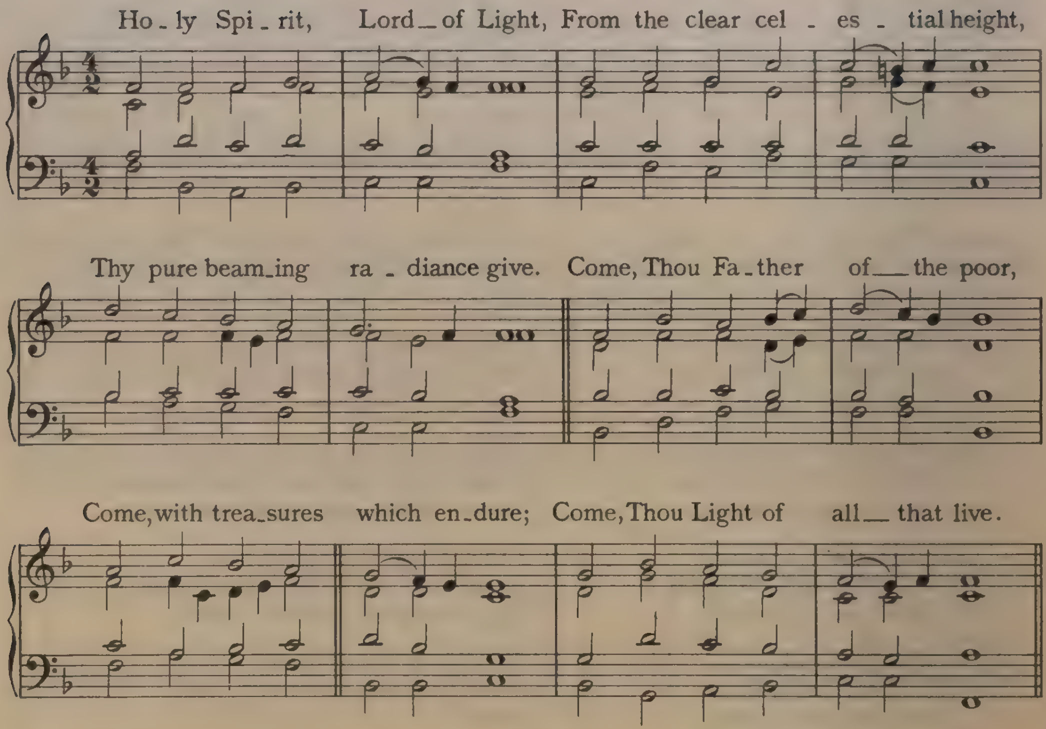
10. Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high,
Give them joys which never end.
Amen. Alleluia.

(*Pope Innocent III* † 1216
Sequence of Mass. Whit Sunday)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

100

Holy Spirit, Lord of Light


Ho-ly Spi-rit, Lord of Light, From the clear cel-es-tial height,
Thy pure beam-ing ra-diance give. Come, Thou Fa-ther of the poor,
Come, with trea-sures which en-dure; Come, Thou Light of all that live.

1. Holy Spirit, Lord of Light,
From the clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure;
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

2. Thou, of all Consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome Guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow:
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
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3. Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

4. Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away.
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

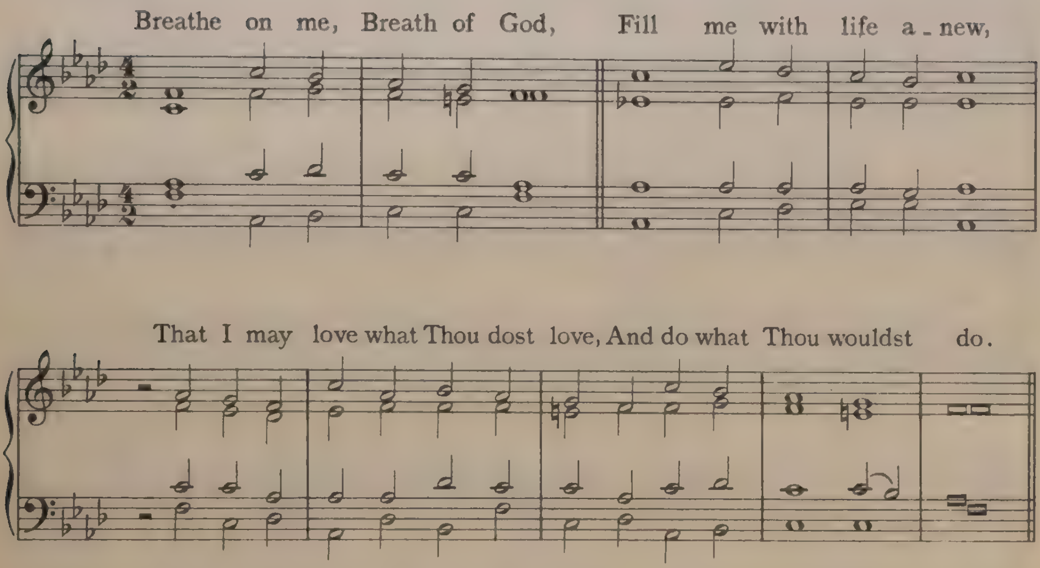
5. Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

("Veni Sancte Spiritus"
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(S. Webbe)

101

Breathe on me, Breath of God


Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,
That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure:
Until with Thee I have one will
To do and to endure.

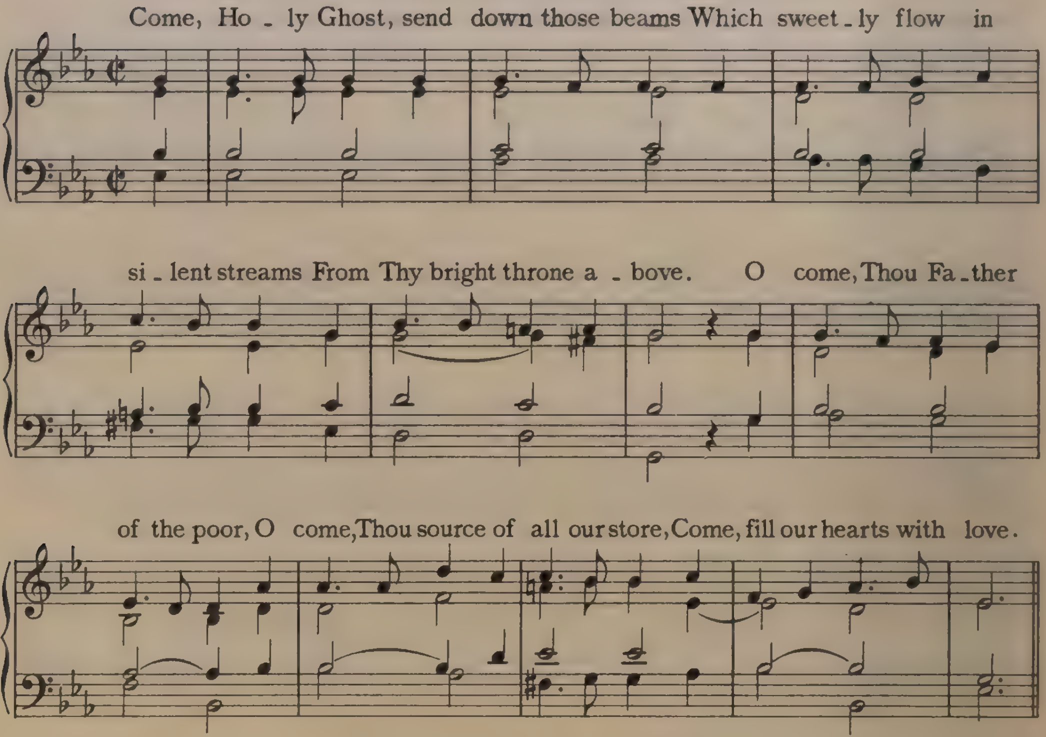
3. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire Divine.

4. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine Eternity.

(Anon.) *(E. Hatch)*

102

Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams


Come, Ho - ly Ghost, send down those beams Which sweet - ly flow in
si - lent streams From Thy bright throne a - bove. O come, Thou Fa - ther
of the poor, O come, Thou source of all our store, Come, fill our hearts with love.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams
Which sweetly flow in silent streams
From Thy bright throne above.
O come, Thou Father of the poor,
O come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, fill our hearts with love.

2. O Thou, of Comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's delightful Guest,
The pilgrim's sweet relief.
Thou art true rest in toil and sweat,
Refreshment in excess of heat,
And solace in our grief.

3. Thrice blessed Light, shoot home Thy darts,
And pierce the centre of those hearts,
Whose faith aspires to Thee;
Without Thy Godhead nothing can
Have any price or worth in man,
Nothing can harmless be.

4. Lord, wash our sinful stains away,
Refresh from heaven our barren clay,
Our wounds and bruises heal;
To Thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,
Warm with Thy fire our hearts of snow,
Our wand'ring feet repeal.

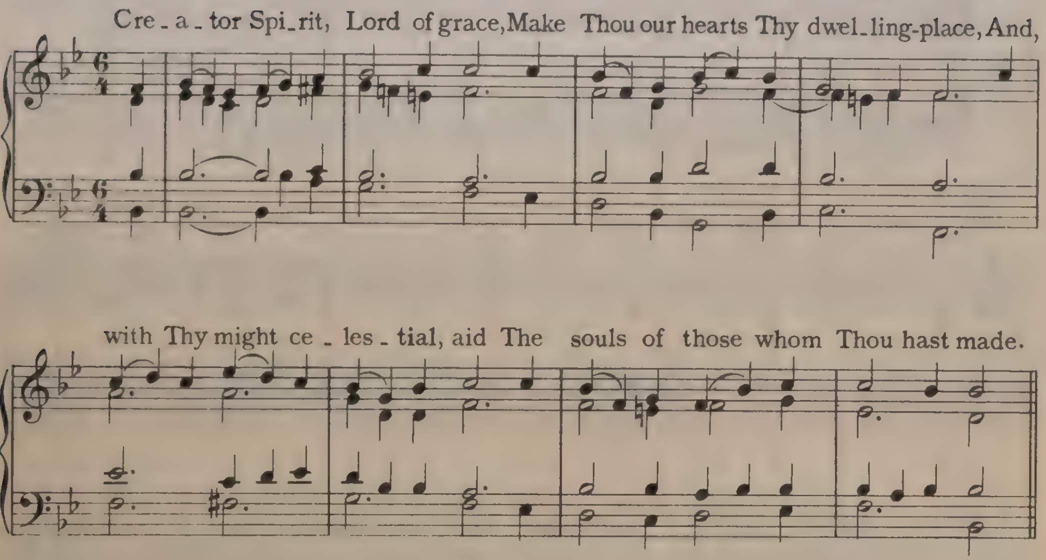
5. Grant to Thy faithful, dearest Lord,
Whose only hope is Thy sure word,
The seven gifts of Thy Spirit;
Grant us in life Thy helping grace,
Grant us in death to see Thy Face,
And endless joys inherit.

(Veni Sancte Spiritus
Tr. J. Austin)

(Old Melody
Harmonised by Editor)

103

Creator Spirit, Lord of grace


Cre - a - tor Spi - rit, Lord of grace, Make Thou our hearts Thy dwel - ling-place, And,
with Thy might ce - les - tial, aid The souls of those whom Thou hast made.

1. Creator Spirit, Lord of grace,
Make Thou our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And, with Thy might celestial, aid
The souls of those whom Thou hast made.

2. Come from the Throne of God above,
O Paraclete, O Holy Dove,
Come, oil of gladness, cleansing fire,
And living spring of pure desire.

3. O finger of the Hand Divine,
The seven-fold gifts of grace are Thine,
And, touched by Thee, the lips proclaim
All praise to God's most Holy Name.

4. Then to our souls Thy light impart,
And give Thy Love to every heart;
Turn all our weakness into might,
O Thou the source of Life and Light.

5. Far from us keep our cruel foe,
And peace from Thine own hand bestow;
Upheld by Thee, our strength and guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

6. Spirit of faith, on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know;
And of the Twain, the Spirit, Thee–
Eternal One, Eternal Three.

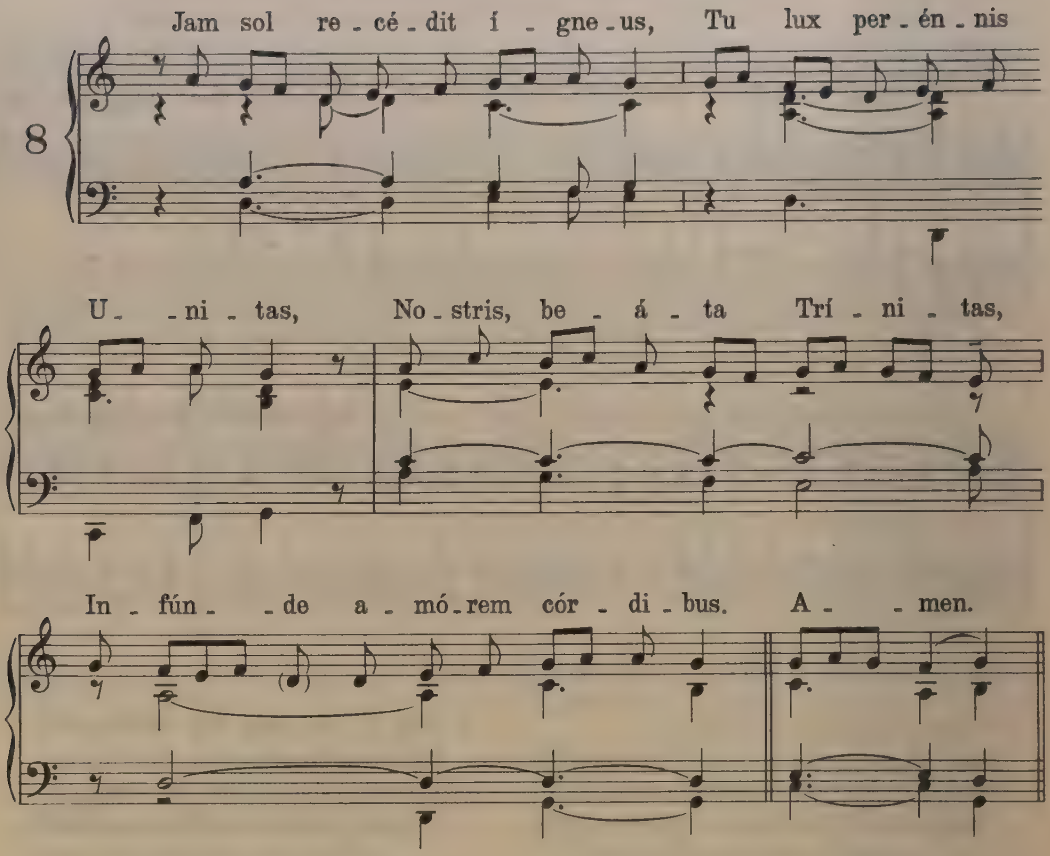
7. To God the Father let us sing,
To God the Son, our Risen King,
And equally with These adore
The Spirit, God for evermore.

(Veni Creator Spiritus
Paraphrase R. Campbell
from "Annus Sanctus")

(Editor)

104

Jam sol recedit


8
Jam sol re-cé-dit í-gne-us, Tu lux per-én-nis
U-ni-tas, No-stris, be-á-ta Trí-ni-tas,
In-fún-de a-mó-rem cór-di-bus. A-men.

1. Jam sol recédit ígneus,
Tu, lux perénnis Unitas,
Nostris, beáta Trínitas,
Infúnde amórem córdibus.

2. Te mane laudum cármine,
Te deprecámur véspere:
Dignéris ut te súpplices
Laudémus inter cælites.

3. Patri simúlque Fílio,
Tibíque, sancte Spíritus,
Sicut fuit, sit júgiter
Sæclum per omne glória.
Amen.

1. Now doth the fiery sun decline:
Thou, Unity eternal, shine;
Thou, Trinity, Thy blessings pour,
And make our hearts with love run o'er.

2. Thee in the hymns of morn we praise:
To Thee our voice at eve we raise;
O grant us with Thy Saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify.

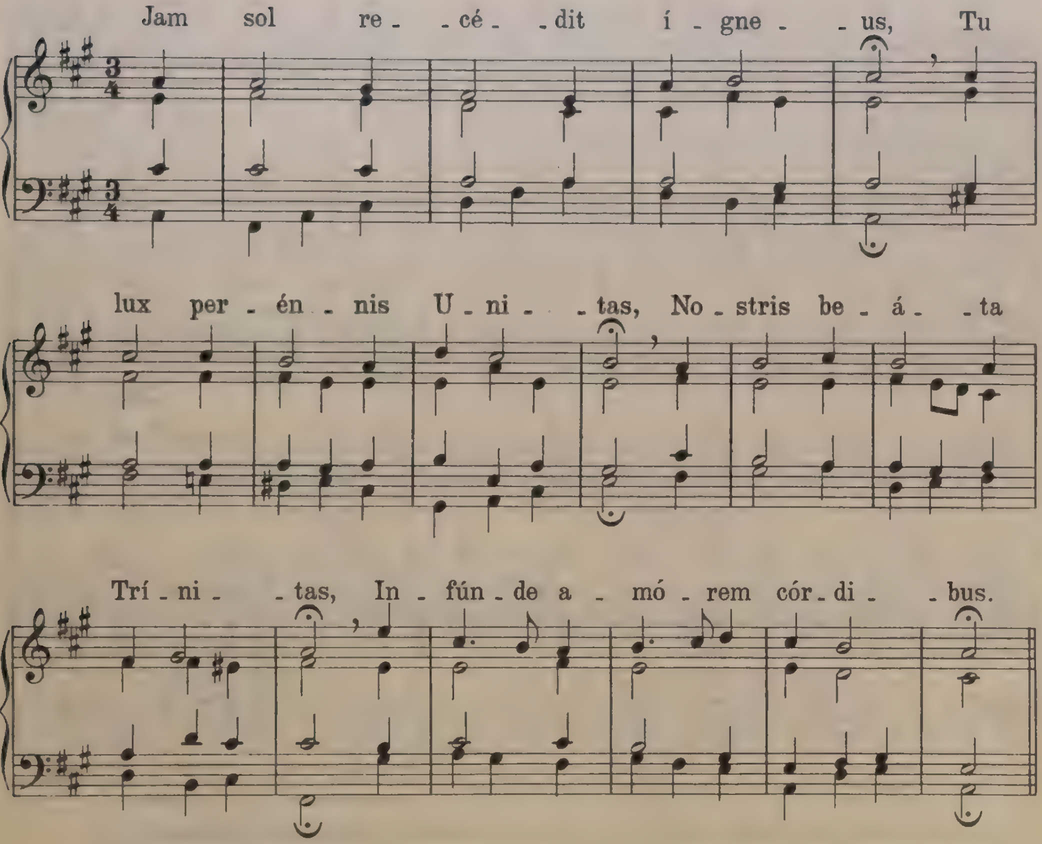
3. Praise to the Father with the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And so shall be while ages last.
Amen.

(*St. Ambrose Bp. of Milan* + 397
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

105

Jam sol recedit


Jam sol re - cé - dit í - gne - us, Tu
lux per - én - nis U - ni - tas, No - stris be - á - ta
Trí - ni - tas, In - fún - de a - mó - rem cór - di - bus.

1. Jam sol recédit ígneus,
Tu, lux perénnis Unitas,
Nostris, beáta Trínitas,
Infúnde amórem córdibus.

2. Te mane laudum cármine,
Te deprecámur véspere:
Dignéris ut te súpplices
Laudémus inter cælites.

3. Patri simúlque Fílio,
Tibíque, Sancte Spíritus,
Sicut fuit, sit júgiter
Sæclum per omne glória.

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O grant us with Thy Saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify.

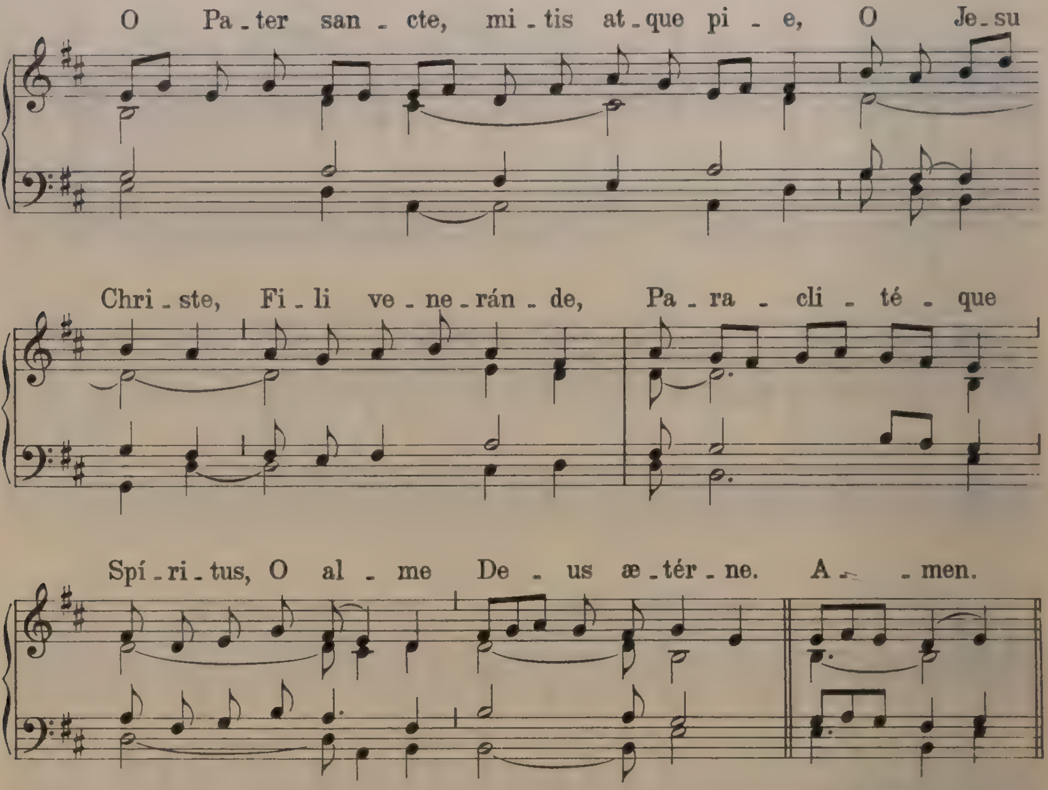
3. Praise to the Father with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As ever was in ages past,
And so shall be while ages last.

(St. Ambrose Bp. of Milan +397
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(J. S. Bach)

106

O Pater sancte


O Pa-ter san-cte, mi-tis at-que pi-e, O Je-su
Chri-ste, Fi-li ve-ne-rán-de, Pa-ra-cli-té-que
Spí-ri-tus, O al-me De-us æ-tér-ne. A-men.

1. O Pater sancte, mitis atque pie,
O Jesu Christe, Fili veneránde,
Paraclitéque Spíritus, O alme
Deus ætérne.

2. Trínitas sancta, únitas beáta,
Déitas vera, bónitas imménsa,
Lux angelórum, salus orphanórum,
Spesque cunctórum.

3. Sérviunt tibi cuncta quæ creásti:
Te tuæ cunctæ laudant creatúræ,
Nos quoque tibi psállimus devóti,
Tu nos exaúdi.

4. Glória tibi, omnipotens Deus,
Trinus et Unus, magnus et excélsus:
Te decet hymnus, honor, laus et decus
Nunc et in ævum.
Amen.

1. O Holy Father, gentle, kind and loving,
Praiseworthy Jesu Christ, the Sole-begotten,
Comforting Spirit, holiest, benignest,
God everlasting.

2. Trinity holy, Unity unshaken,
Veriest Godhead, boundless Lovingkindness,
Light of the angels, Saviour of the friendless,
Hope of all people.

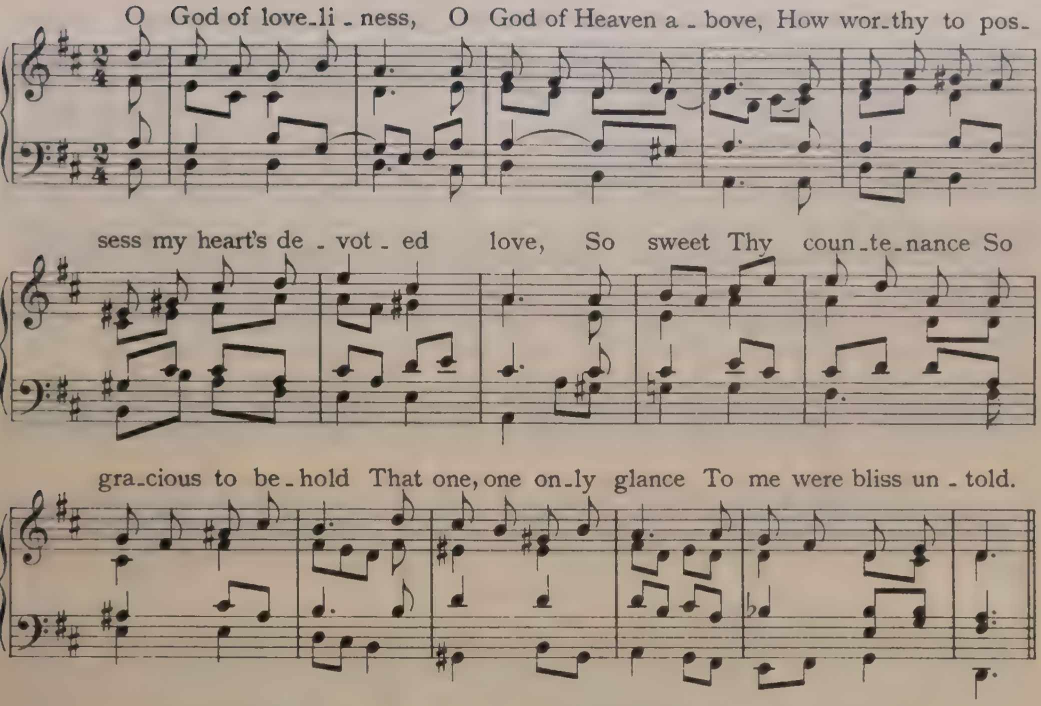
3. All Thy creation pays Thee faithful service,
Thee all Thy creatures praise with song unceasing,
We too pour forth our hymns of meet devotion;
Deign Thou to hear us.

4. Glory be Thine, O God of might unbounded,
Three and yet One, most great and high of honour,
Thine be meet hymns, laud, praise and adoration
Now and for ever.
Amen.

(From "The Inner Court")

107

O God of Loveliness


O God of love-li-ness, O God of Heaven a-bove, How wor-thy to pos-
sess my heart's de-vot-ed love, So sweet Thy coun-te-nance So
gra-cious to be-hold That one, one on-ly glance To me were bliss un-told.

1. O God of loveliness,
O Lord of Heaven above,
How worthy to possess
My heart's devoted love,
So sweet Thy countenance,
So gracious to behold,
That one, one only glance
To me were bliss untold.

2. Thou art blest Three in One,
Yet undivided still;
Thou art that One alone
Whose love my heart can fill.
The heavens, the earth below
Were fashioned by Thy Word;
How full of love art Thou,
My ever-dearest Lord.

3. To think Thou art my God,-
O thought for ever blest!
My heart has overflowed
With joy within my breast.
My soul so full of bliss
Is plunged as in a sea,
Deep in the sweet abyss
Of holy charity.

4. No object here below
Awakens my desire;
Nor suffering nor woe
Can grief or pain inspire.
The world I could despise
Though it were all of gold;
Thee only do I prize,
O mine of wealth untold.

5. Were hearts as countless mine
As sands upon the shore,
All should in choir combine
To love Thee evermore.
And every heart should yearn
With tenderest desire,
And in my bosom burn
With flames of holiest fire.

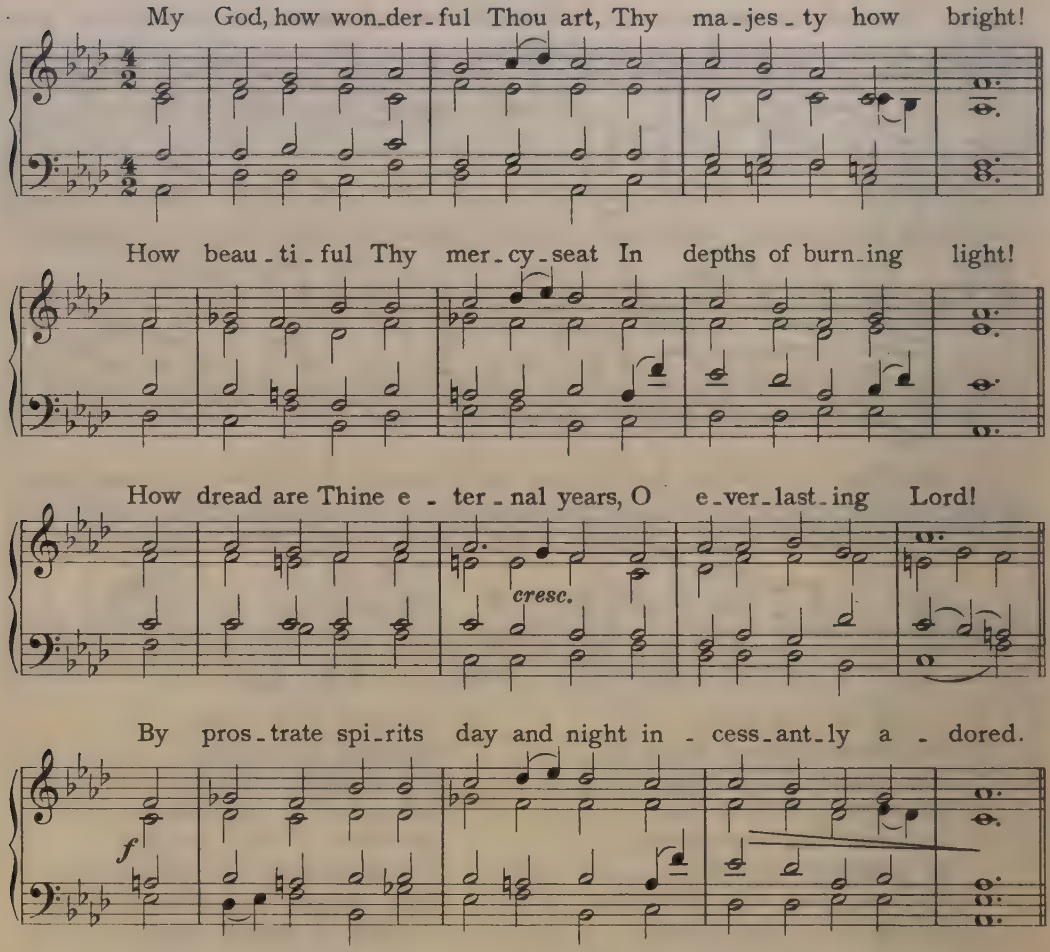
6. O Loveliness supreme,
And Beauty infinite;
O ever-flowing Stream,
And Ocean of Delight:
O Life by which I live,
My truest Life above,
To Thee alone I give
My undivided love.

(St. Alphonsus Liguori
Tr. Fr. E. Vaughan C.SS.R.)

(Editor)

108

My God, how wonderful Thou art


My God, how won-der-ful Thou art, Thy ma-jes-ty how bright!
How beau-ti-ful Thy mer-cy-seat In depths of burn-ing light!
How dread are Thine e-ter-nal years, O e-ver-last-ing Lord!
cresc.
By pros-trate spi-rits day and night in-cess-ant-ly a-dored.
f

1. My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light.
How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

2. How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless Wisdom, boundless Power,
And awful Purity.
O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

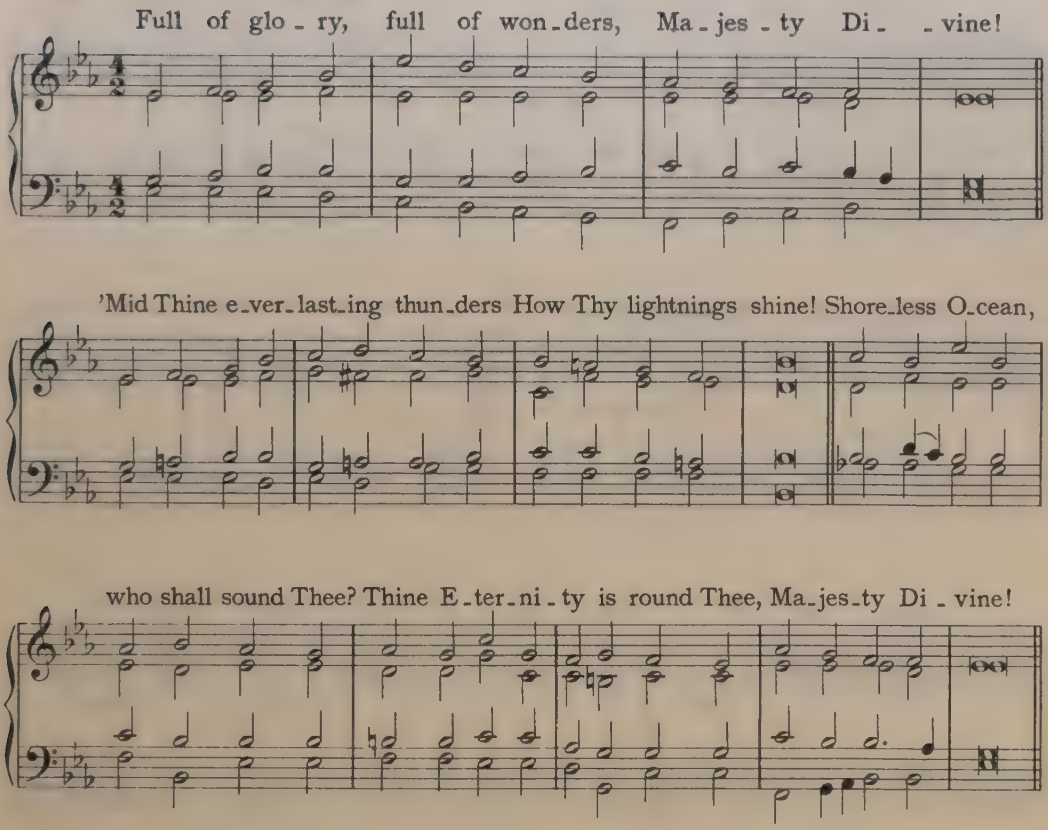
3. Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art:
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
O then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take;
And make it love Thee for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.

(*Fr. Faber* + 1863)

(*Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S. J.*)

109

Full of glory, full of wonders


Full of glo-ry, full of won-ders, Ma-jes-ty Di-vine!
'Mid Thine e-ver-last-ing thun-ders How Thy lightnings shine! Shore-less O-cean,
who shall sound Thee? Thine E-ter-ni-ty is round Thee, Ma-jes-ty Di-vine!

1. Full of glory, full of wonders,
Majesty Divine!
'Mid Thine everlasting thunders
How Thy lightnings shine!
Shoreless Ocean, who shall sound Thee?
Thine Eternity is round Thee,
Majesty Divine!

2. Timeless, spaceless, simple, lonely,
Yet sublimely Three,
Thou art grandly, always, only,
God in Unity.
Lone in grandeur, lone in glory,
Who shall tell Thy wondrous story?
Awful Trinity!

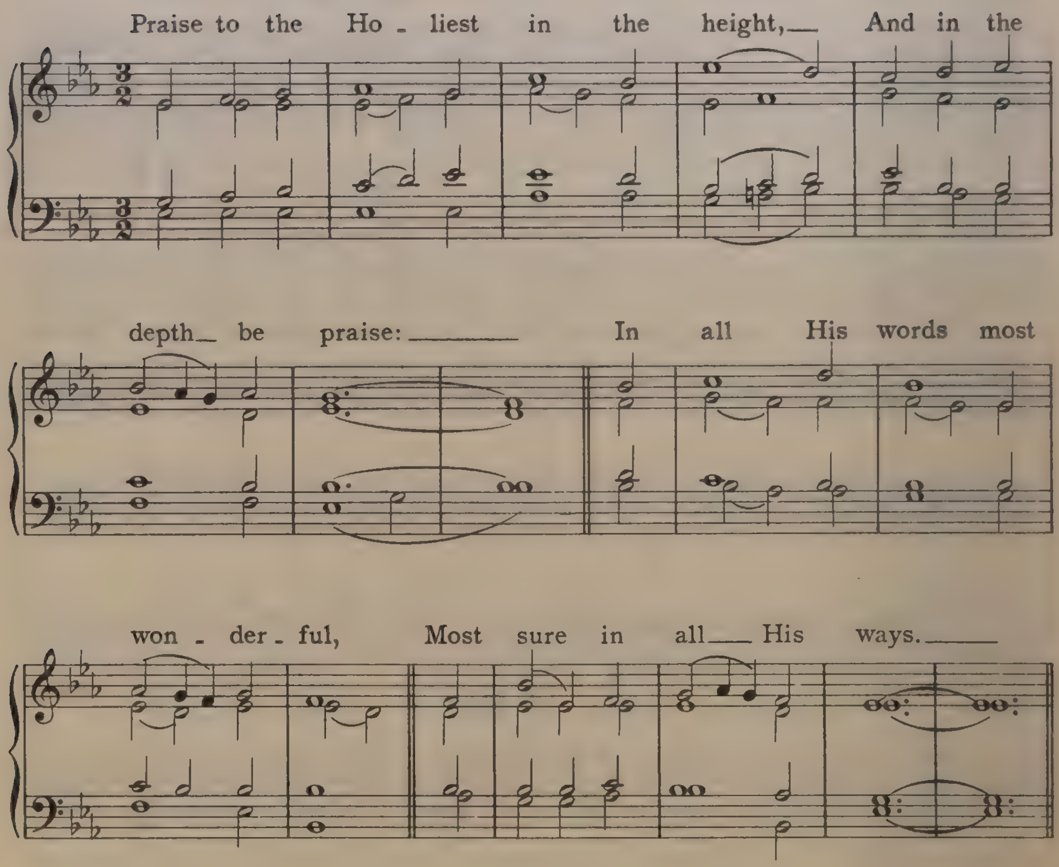
3. Speechlessly, without beginning,
Sun that never rose.
Vast, adorable and winning,
Day that hath no close.
Bliss from Thine own glory tasting,
Ever living, everlasting,
Life that never grows.

4. Splendours upon splendours beaming
Change and intertwine;
Glories over glories streaming
All translucent shine.
Blessings, praises, adorations,
Greet Thee from the trembling nations
Majesty Divine!

(Fr. Faber + 1863) *(Sir Richard Terry)*

110

Praise to the Holiest


Praise to the Ho - liest in the height,— And in the
depth— be praise: ——
In all His words most
won - der - ful, Most sure in all— His ways. ——

1. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

2. O loving Wisdom of our God,
When all was sin and shame
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3. O wisest Love! That flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail.

4. And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all divine.

5. O generous love! That He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo.

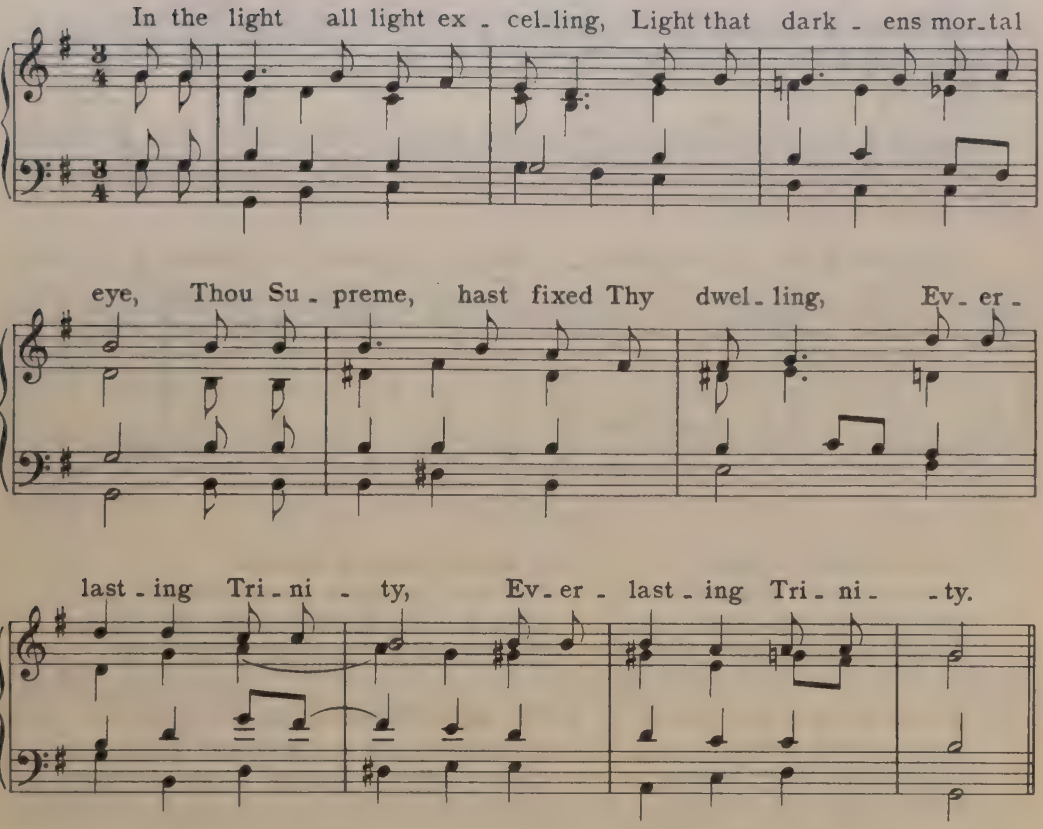
6. And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

(*Cardinal Newman* + 1890)

(*Sir Arthur Somervell*)

111

In the light all light excelling


In the light all light ex - cel-ling, Light that dark - ens mor-tal
eye, Thou Su - preme, hast fixed Thy dwel - ling, Ev - er -
last - ing Tri - ni - ty, Ev - er - last - ing Tri - ni - ty.

1. In the light all light excelling,
Light that darkens mortal eye,
Thou, Supreme, hast fixed Thy dwelling,
|: Everlasting Trinity. :|

2. Angels veil their radiant faces:
Saints are trembling in Thy sight,
We the while, in earth's dark places,
|: Watch the slowly waning night. :|

3. Watch till night is turned to morning,
Morning of the eternal day,
Suns our earthly heaven adorning
|: Fade like starlight from its ray. :|

4. Yet we gaze and see no token;
Weary is it waiting here
Till the bonds of flesh are broken,
|: And the promised day appear. :|

5. Then upon the cloudless vision
Shall the ransomed spirit gaze;
Endless love in God's fruition,
|: Endless music in His praise. :|

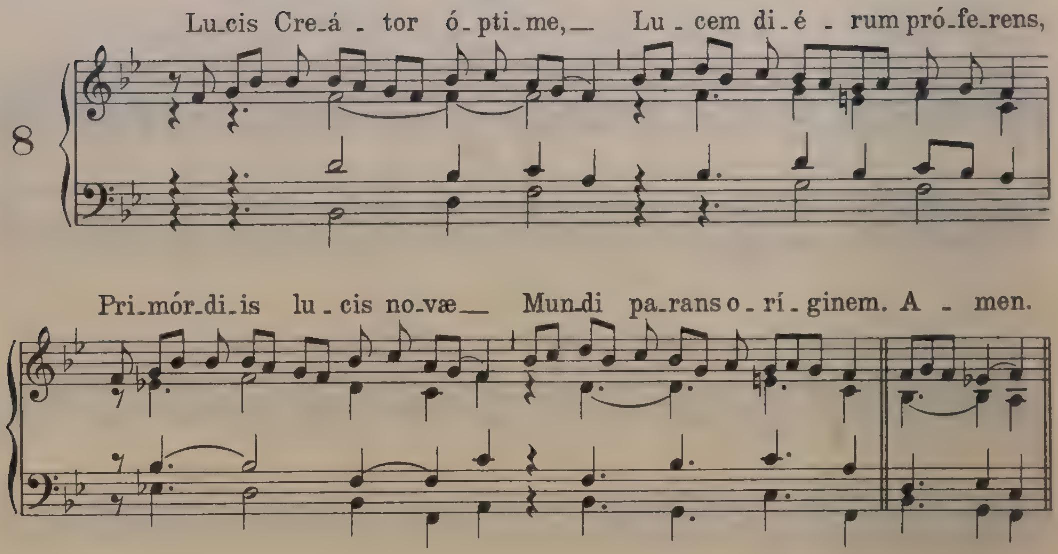
6. Grant that here Thy gifts receiving,
We may there Thy glory see,
Gazing then, more than believing,
|: Trinity in Unity. :|

(H. N. Oxenham from
"Annus Sanctus")

(Editor)

112

Lucis Creator


8
Lu-cis Cre-á-tor ó-pti-me, Lu-cem di-é-rum pró-fe-rens,
Pri-mór-di-is lu-cis no-væ Mun-di pa-rans o-rí-ginem. A-men.

1. Lucis Creátor óptime,
Lucem diérum próferens,
Primórdiis lucis novæ
Mundi parans oríginem.

2. Qui mane junctum vésperi
Diem vocári præcipis,
Illábitur tetrum chaos:
Audi preces cum flétibus.

3. Ne mens graváta crímine
Vitæ sit exsul múnere,
Dum nil perénne cógitat,
Seséque culpis ílligat.

4. Cæléste pulset óstium:
Vitále tollat præmium,
Vitémus omne nóxium
Purgémus omne péssimum.

5. Præsta, Pater piíssime,
Patríque compar Unice,
Cum Spíritu Paráclito,
Regnans per omne sæculum.
Amen.

1. O Blest Creator of the light
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring;
And framing Nature's depth and height,
Didst, with the light, Thy work begin:

2. Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day;
Thick flows the flood of darkness down;
O hear us as we weep and pray.

3. Keep Thou our souls from schemes of crime,
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;
Nor, thinking but on things of time,
Into eternal darkness go.

4. Teach us to knock at Heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

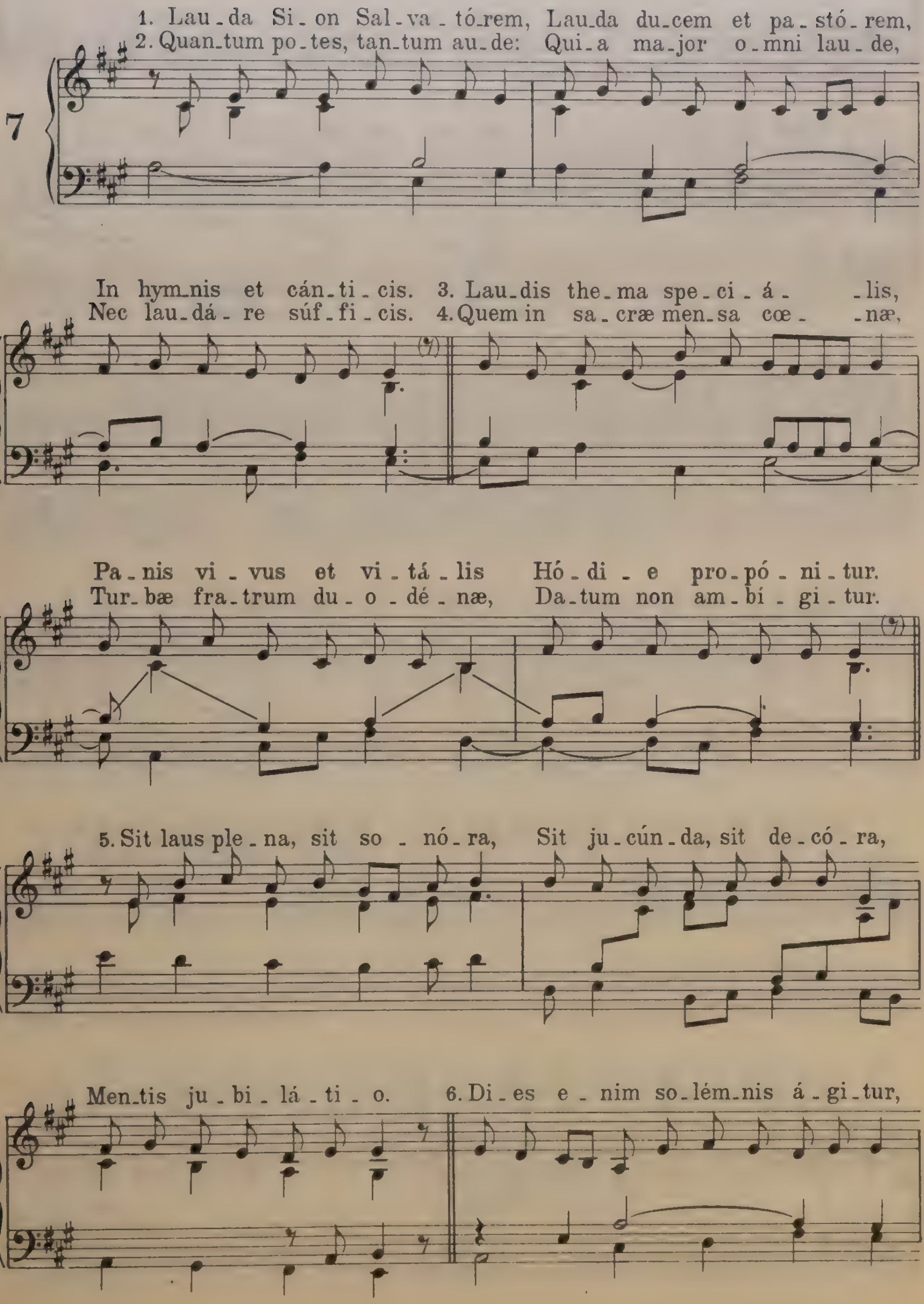
5. Father of mercies, hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son,
Who with the Holy Ghost most high
Reignest while endless ages run.
Amen.

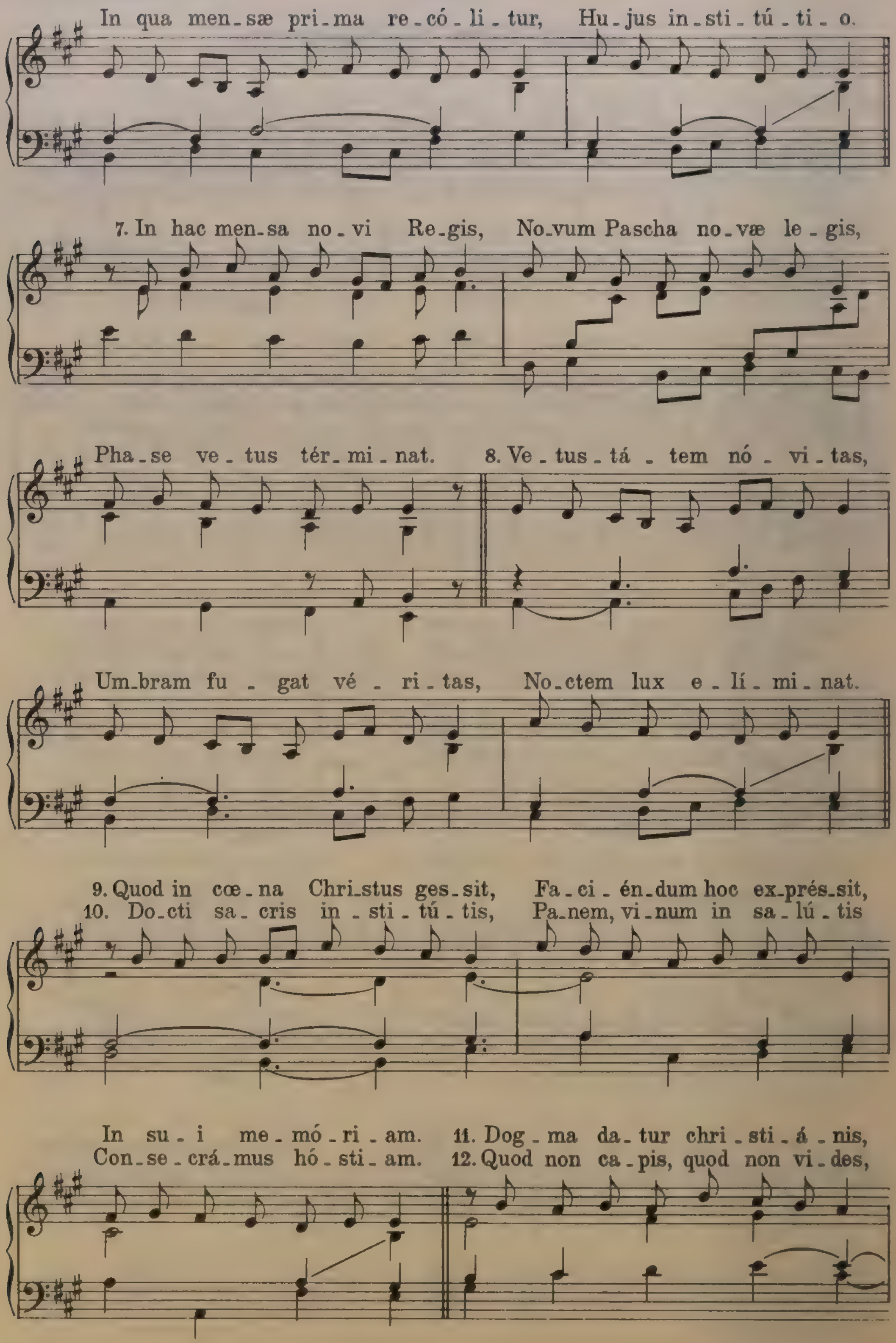
(*Ascribed to St. Gregory the Great* † 604
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

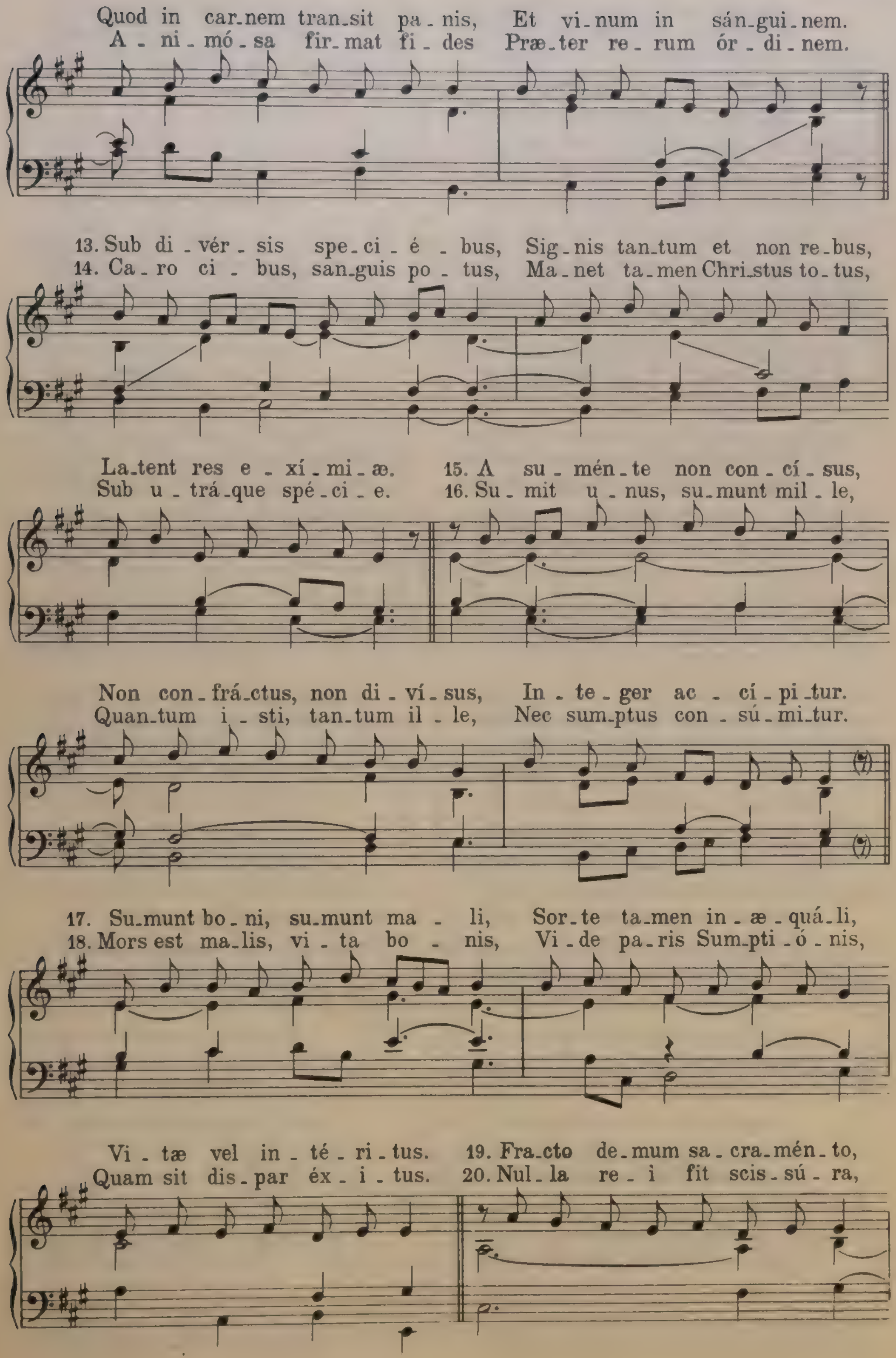
(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

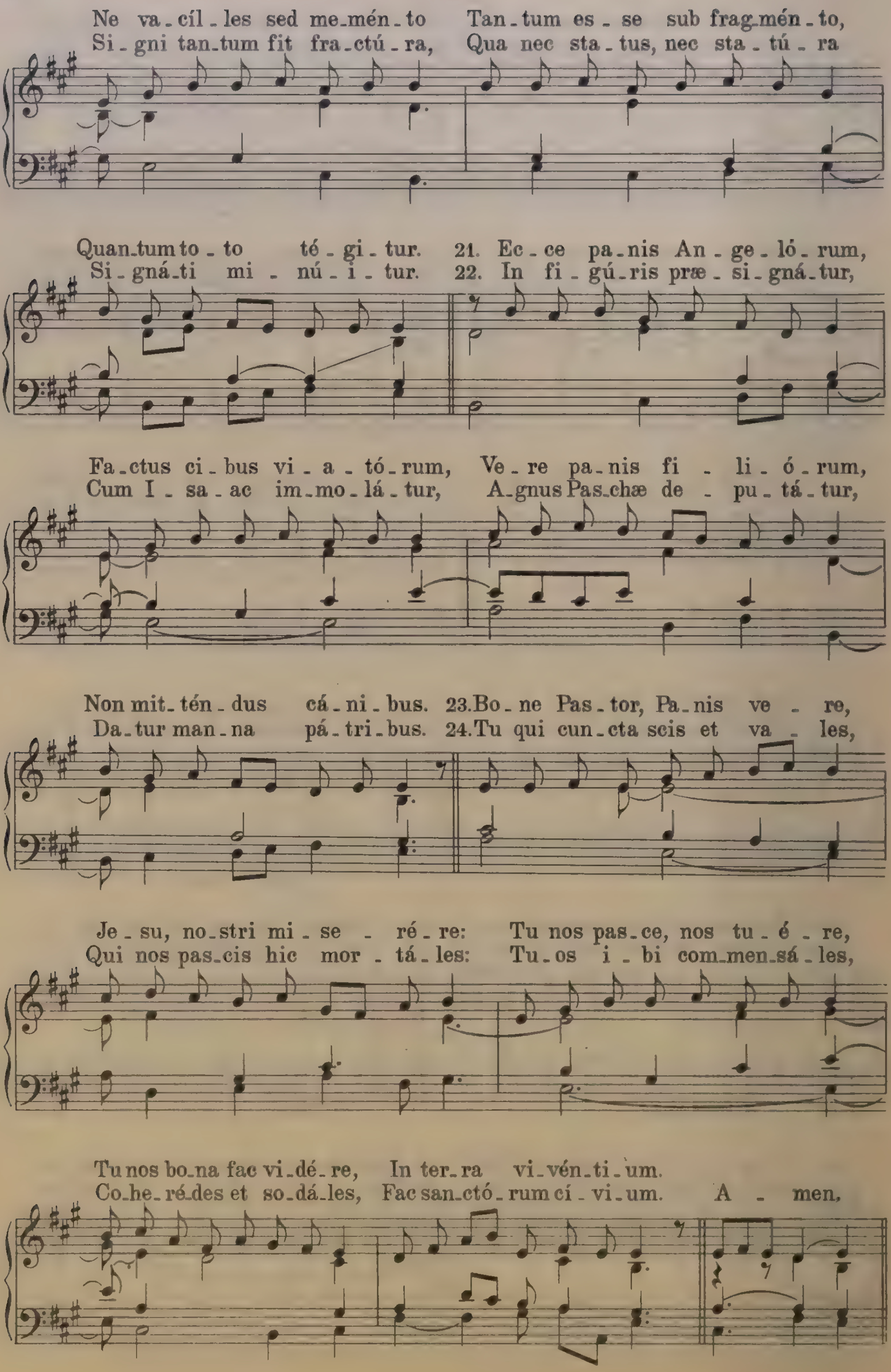
113

Lauda Sion Salvatorem


7
1. Lau-da Si-on Sal-va-tó-rem, Lau-da du-cem et pa-stó-rem,
2. Quan-tum po-tes, tan-tum au-de: Qui-a ma-jor o-mni lau-de,
In hym-nis et cán-ti-cis. 3. Lau-dis the-ma spe-ci-á-lis,
Nec lau-dá-re súf-fi-cis. 4. Quem in sa-cræ men-sa cœ-næ,
Pa-nis vi-vus et vi-tá-lis Hó-di-e pro-pó-ni-tur.
Tur-bæ fra-trum du-o-dé-næ, Da-tum non am-bi-gi-tur.
5. Sit laus ple-na, sit so-nó-ra, Sit ju-cún-da, sit de-có-ra,
Men-tis ju-bi-lá-ti-o. 6. Di-es e-nim so-lém-nis á-gi-tur,


In qua men_sæ pri_ma re_có_li_tur, Hu_jus in_sti_tú_ti_o.
7. In hac men_sa no_vi Re_gis, No_vum Pascha no_væ le_gis,
Pha_se ve_tus tér_mi_nat. 8. Ve_tus_tá_tem nó_vi_tas,
Um_bram fu_gat vé_ri_tas, No_ctem lux e_lí_mi_nat.
9. Quod in cœ_na Chri_stus ges_sit, Fa_ci_én_dum hoc ex_prés_sit,
10. Do_cti sa_cris in_sti_tú_tis, Pa_nem, vi_num in sa_lú_tis
In su_i me_mó_ri_am. 11. Dog_ma da_tur chri_sti_á_nis,
Con_se_crá_mus hó_sti_am. 12. Quod non ca_pis, quod non vi_des,


Quod in car_nem tran_sit pa_nis, Et vi_num in sán_gui_nem.
A_ni_mó_sa fir_mat fi_des Præ_ter re_rum ór_di_nem.
13. Sub di_vér_sis spe_ci_é_bus, Sig_nis tan_tum et non re_bus,
14. Ca_ro ci_bus, san_guis po_tus, Ma_net ta_men Chri_stus to_tus,
La_tent res e_xí_mi_æ. 15. A su_mén_te non con_cí_sus,
Sub u_trá_que spé_ci_e. 16. Su_mit u_nus, su_munt mil_le,
Non con_frá_ctus, non di_ví_sus, In_te_ger ac_cí_pi_tur.
Quan_tum i_sti, tan_tum il_le, Nec sum_ptus con_sú_mi_tur.
17. Su_munt bo_ni, su_munt ma_li, Sor_te ta_men in_æ_quá_li,
18. Mors est ma_lis, vi_ta bo_nis, Vi_de pa_ris Sum_pti_ó_nis,
Vi_tæ vel in_té_ri_tus. 19. Fra_cto de_mum sa_cra_mén_to,
Quam sit dis_par éx_i_tus. 20. Nul_la re_i fit scis_sú_ra,


Ne va_cíl_les sed me_mén_to Tan_tum es_se sub frag_mén_to,
Si_gni tan_tum fit fra_ctú_ra, Qua nec sta_tus, nec sta_tú_ra
Quan_tum to_to té_gi_tur. 21. Ec_ce pa_nis An_ge_ló_rum,
Si_gná_ti mi_nú_i_tur. 22. In fi_gú_ris præ_si_gná_tur,
Fa_ctus ci_bus vi_a_tó_rum, Ve_re pa_nis fi_li_ó_rum,
Cum I_sa_ac im_mo_lá_tur, A_gnus Pas_chæ de_pu_tá_tur,
Non mit_tén_dus cá_ni_bus. 23.Bo_ne Pas_tor, Pa_nis ve_re,
Da_tur man_na pá_tri_bus. 24.Tu qui cun_cta scis et va_les,
Je_su, no_stri mi_se_ré_re: Tu nos pas_ce, nos tu_é_re,
Qui nos pas_cis hic mor_tá_les: Tu_os i_bi com_men_sá_les,
Tu nos bo_na fac vi_dé_re, In ter_ra vi_vén_ti_um.
Co_he_ré_des et so_dá_les, Fac san_ctó_rum cí_vi_um. A_men.

1. Lauda Sion Salvatórem, Lauda ducem et pastórem, In hymnis et cánticis.	*1. Sing forth, O Sion, sweetly sing The praises of thy Shepherd-King, In hymns and canticles divine.*
2. Quantum potes, tantum aude: Quia major omni laude, Nec laudáre súfficis.	*2. Dare all thou canst, thou hast no song Worthy His praises to prolong, So far surpassing powers like thine.*
3. Laudis thema speciális, Panis vivus et vitális Hódie propónitur.	*3. Today no theme of common praise Forms the sweet burden of thy lays- The living, life-dispensing Food.*
4. Quem in sacræ mensa cœnæ, Turbæ fratrum duodénæ Datum non ambígitur.	*4. That Food which at the sacred board Unto the brethren twelve our Lord His parting legacy bestowed.*
5. Sit laus plena, sit sonóra, Sit jucúnda, sit decóra Mentis jubilátio.	*5. Then be the anthem clear and strong, Thy fullest note, thy sweetest song, The very music of the breast:*
6. Dies enim solémnis ágitur, In qua mensæ prima recólitur Hujus institútio.	*6. For now shines forth the day sublime That brings remembrance of the time When Jesus first His table blest.*
7. In hac mensa novi Regis, Novum Pascha novæ legis, Phase vetus términat.	*7. Within our new King's banquet-hall They meet to keep the festival That closed the ancient Paschal rite:*
8. Vetustátem nóvitas, Umbram fugat véritas, Noctem lux elíminat.	*8. The old is by the new replaced; The substance hath the shadow chased; And rising day dispels the night.*
9. Quod in cœna Christus gessit, Faciéndum hoc expréssit In sui memóriam.	*9. Christ willed what He Himself had done Should be renewed while time should run In memory of his parting hour.*
10. Docti sacris institútis, Panem, vinum in salútis Consecrámus hóstiam.	*10. Thus, tutored in His school divine, We consecrate the bread and wine; And lo, a Host of saving power.*
11. Dogma datur christiánis, Quod in carnem transit panis, Et vinum in sánguinem.	*11. This faith to Christian men is given- Bread is made Flesh by words from Heaven; Into His Blood the wine is turned.*
12. Quod non capis, quod non vides, Animósa firmat fides, Præter rerum órdinem.	*12. What though it baffles nature's powers Of sense and sight? This faith is ours, Proves more than nature e'er discerned.*
13. Sub divérsis speciébus, Signis tantum, et non rebus, Latent res exímiæ.	*13. Concealed beneath the two-fold sign Meet symbols of the Gifts Divine, There lie the mysteries adored:*
14. Caro cibus, sanguis potus: Manet tamen Christus totus Sub utráque spécie.	*14. The living Body is our Food; Our Drink the ever-Precious Blood; In each, one undivided Lord.*
15. A suménte non concísus, Non confráctus, non divísus: Integer accípitur.	*15. Not he that eateth it divides The sacred Food, which whole abides Unbroken still, nor knows decay:*
16. Sumit unus, sumunt mille: Quantum isti, tantum ille: Nec sumptus consúmitur.	*16. Be one, or be a thousand fed, They eat alike that Living Bread Which, still received, ne'er wastes away.*

17. Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:
Sorte tamen inæquáli,
Vitæ vel intéritus.

17. The good, the guilty share therein,
With sure increase of grace or sin,
The ghostly life, or ghostly death:

18. Mors est malis, vita bonis:
Vide paris sumptiónis
Quam sit dispar éxitus.

18. Death to the guilty; to the good
Immortal life. See how one food
Man's joy or woe accomplisheth.

19. Fracto demum sacraménto,
Ne vacílles, sed meménto
Tantum esse sub fragménto,
Quantum toto tégitur.

19. We break the Sacrament; but bold
And firm thy faith shall keep its hold:
Deem not the whole doth more enfold
Than in the fractured part resides:

20. Nulla rei fit scissúra:
Signi tantum fit fractúra,
Qua nec status, nec statúra
Signáti minúitur.

20. Deem not that Christ doth broken lie;
'Tis but the sign that meets the eye;
The hidden deep reality
In all its fulness still abides.

21. Ecce panis Angelórum,
Factus cibus viatórum;
Vere panis filiórum,
Non mitténdus cánibus.

21. Behold the Bread of Angels, sent
For pilgrims in their banishment,
The Bread for God's true children meant,
That may not unto dogs be given.

22. In figúris præsignátur,
Cum Isaac immolátur,
Agnus Paschæ deputátur,
Datur manna pátribus.

22. Oft in the olden types foreshowed;
In Isaac on the altar bowed,
And in the ancient Paschal food,
And in the manna sent from Heaven.

23. Bone Pastor, Panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserére:
Tu nos pasce, nos tuére,
Tu nos bona fac vidére,
In terra vivéntium.

23. Come then, Good Shepherd, Bread Divine,
Still show to us Thy mercy-sign;
O feed us still, still keep us Thine;
So may we see Thy glories shine
In fields of immortality.

24. Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortáles:
Tuos ibi commensáles,
Coherédes et sodáles
Fac sanctórum cívium. Amen.

24. O Thou, the wisest, mightiest, best,
Our present Food, our future Rest,
Come, make us each Thy chosen guest,
Co-heirs of Thine, and comrades blest
With Saints whose dwelling is with Thee.

(St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274
Tr. Fr. Aylward O.P.)

(From "Chants des Saluts et des Processions"
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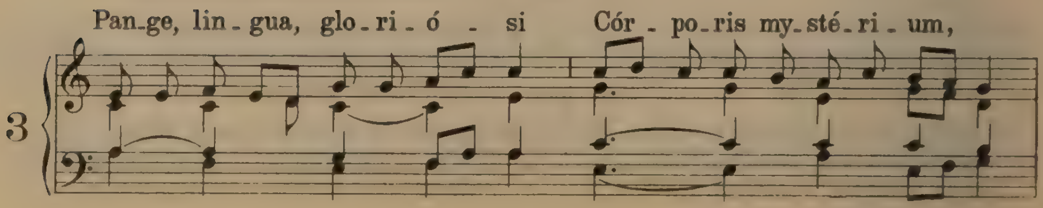
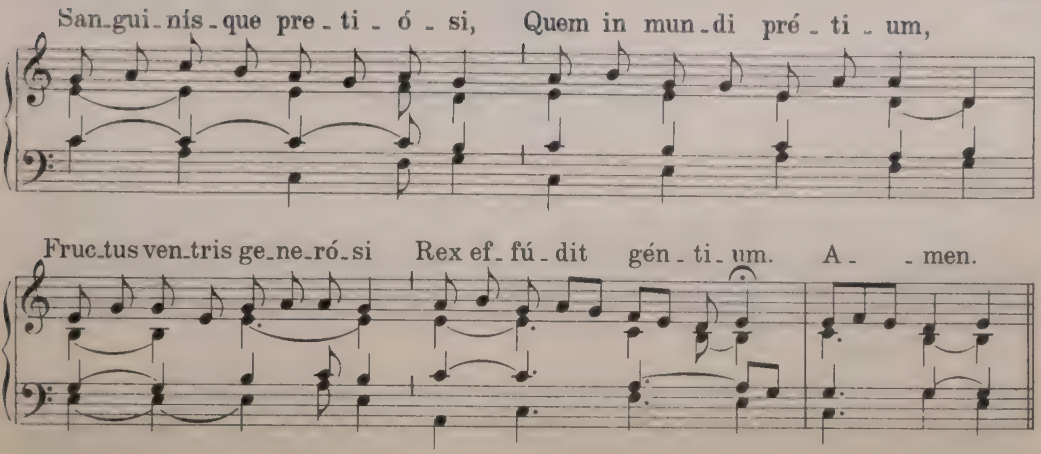
St. Laurent-sur-Sèvre France.)

114

Corpus Christi

Pange, lingua




San_gui_nís_que pre_ti_ó_si, Quem in mun_di pré_ti_um,
Fruc_tus ven_tris ge_ne_ró_si Rex ef_fú_dit gén_ti_um. A_men.

1. Pange, lingua, gloriósi
Córporis mystérium,
Sanguinísque pretiósi,
Quem in múndi prétium,
Fructus ventris generósi
Rex effúdit géntium.

2. Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intácta Vírgine,
Et in mundo conversátus,
Sparso verbi sémine,
Sui moras incolátus
Miro clausit órdine.

3. In suprémæ nocte cœnæ
Recúmbens cum frátribus,
Observáta lege plene
Cibis in legálibus,
Cibum turbæ duodénæ
Se dat suis mánibus.

4. Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem éfficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
Et, si sensus déficit,
Ad firmándum cor sincérum
Sola fides súfficit.

5. Tantum ergo Sacraméntum
Venerémur cérnui:
Et antíquum documéntum
Novo cedat rítui:
Præstet fides suppleméntum
Sénsuum deféctui.

6. Genitóri, Genitóque
Laus et jubilátio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedíctio:
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudátio.
Amen.

1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of His Flesh the mystery sing;
Of the Blood, all price exceeding,
Shed by our immortal King,
Destined, for the world's redemption,
From a noble womb to spring.

2. Of a pure and spotless Virgin
Born for us on earth below,
He, as Man with man conversing,
Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously his life of woe.

3. On the night of that Last Supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He the Paschal victim eating,
First fulfils the law's command,
Then as food to His Apostles,
Gives Himself with His own Hand.

4. Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
By His word to Flesh he turns;
Wine into His Blood he changes:
What though sense no change discerns?
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

5. Down in adoration falling,
Lo, the sacred Host we hail;
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith, for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail.

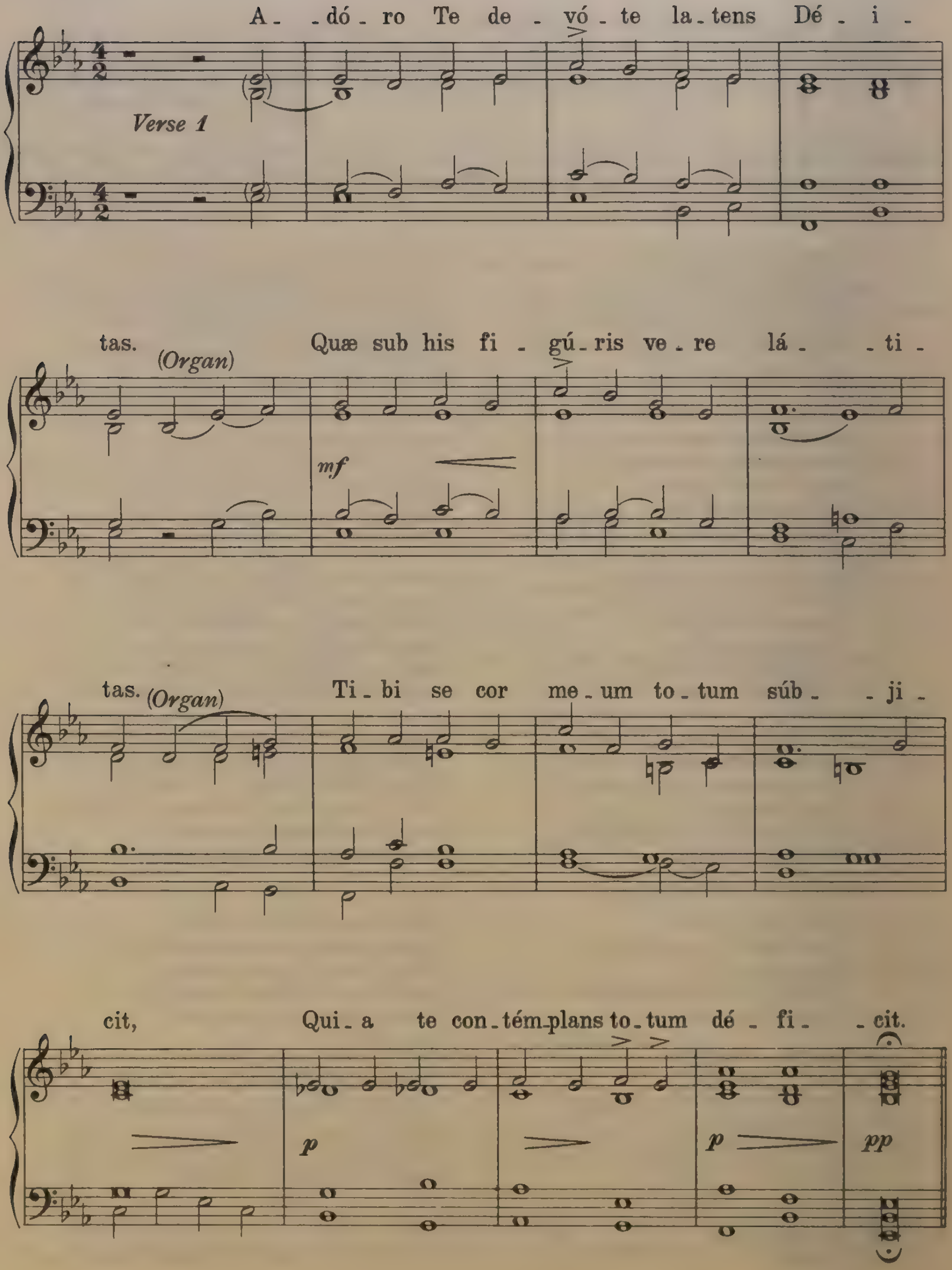
6. To the everlasting Father,
And the Son Who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
Might and endless majesty.
Amen.

(*S^t Thomas Aquinas* + 1274
Tr. F^r Caswall)

(*Accpt. F^r Lancelot Long. Mus. B.*)

115

Adoro Te devote


A - dó - ro Te de - vó - te la - tens Dé - i - tas.
Verse 1
(Organ)
Quæ sub his fi - gú - ris ve - re lá - ti - tas.
mf
(Organ)
Ti - bi se cor me - um to - tum súb - ji - cit,
Qui - a te con - tém - plans to - tum dé - fi - cit.
p
p
pp

1. Adóro te devóte, latens Déitas,
Quæ sub his figúris vere látitas;
Tibi se cor meum totum súbjicit,
Quia te contémplans totum déficit.

2. Visus, tactus, gustus, in te fállitur,
Sed audítu solo tuto créditur.
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Fílius:
Nil hoc verbo veritátis vérius.

3. In cruce latébat sola Déitas,
At hic latet simul et Humánitas:
Ambo tamen credens atque cónfitens,
Peto quod petívit latro pœnitens.

4. Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intúeor,
Deum tamen meum te confíteor,
Fac me tibi semper magis crédere,
In te spem habére, te dilígere.

5. O memoriále mortis Dómini.
Panis vivus, vitam præstans hómini.
Præsta meæ menti de te vívere,
Et te illi semper dulce sápere.

6. Pie Pelicáne, Jesu Dómine,
Me immúndum munda tuo sánguine,
Cujus una stilla salvum fácere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scélere.

7. Jesu, quem velátum nunc adspício,
Oro fiat illud, quod tam sítio,
Ut, te reveláta cernens fácie,
Visu sim beátus tuæ glóriæ.

1. Thee, hidden God! devoutly I revere,
Most truly hidden in the symbols here;
Profoundly I adore on low-bent knee,
My soul is faint while contemplating Thee.

2. The sight, the touch, the taste, these all deceive,
The hearing only I secure believe;
Firmly I hold the word of God my Lord,
No truer word can be than Truth's own word.

3. The Godhead on the Cross was hid that day,
But here the Manhood, too, is hid away;
Yet I in both believe, and both profess:
The Good Thief's prayer is mine; my faith not less.

4. The wounds which Thomas saw, I do not see,
Yet I confess Thee very God to be:
Teach me by Faith Thee evermore to know,
And ever in Thy Hope and Love to grow.

5. O sweet Memorial of my Saviour dead.
O ever-living, and Life-giving Bread.
Grant that my soul on Thee may always live,
And taste the sweetness it is Thine to give.

6. O loving Pelican, Jesus, my God,
Cleanse me, unclean, with Thy all-saving Blood,
One only drop of which the world can lave,
And every soul from every sin can save.

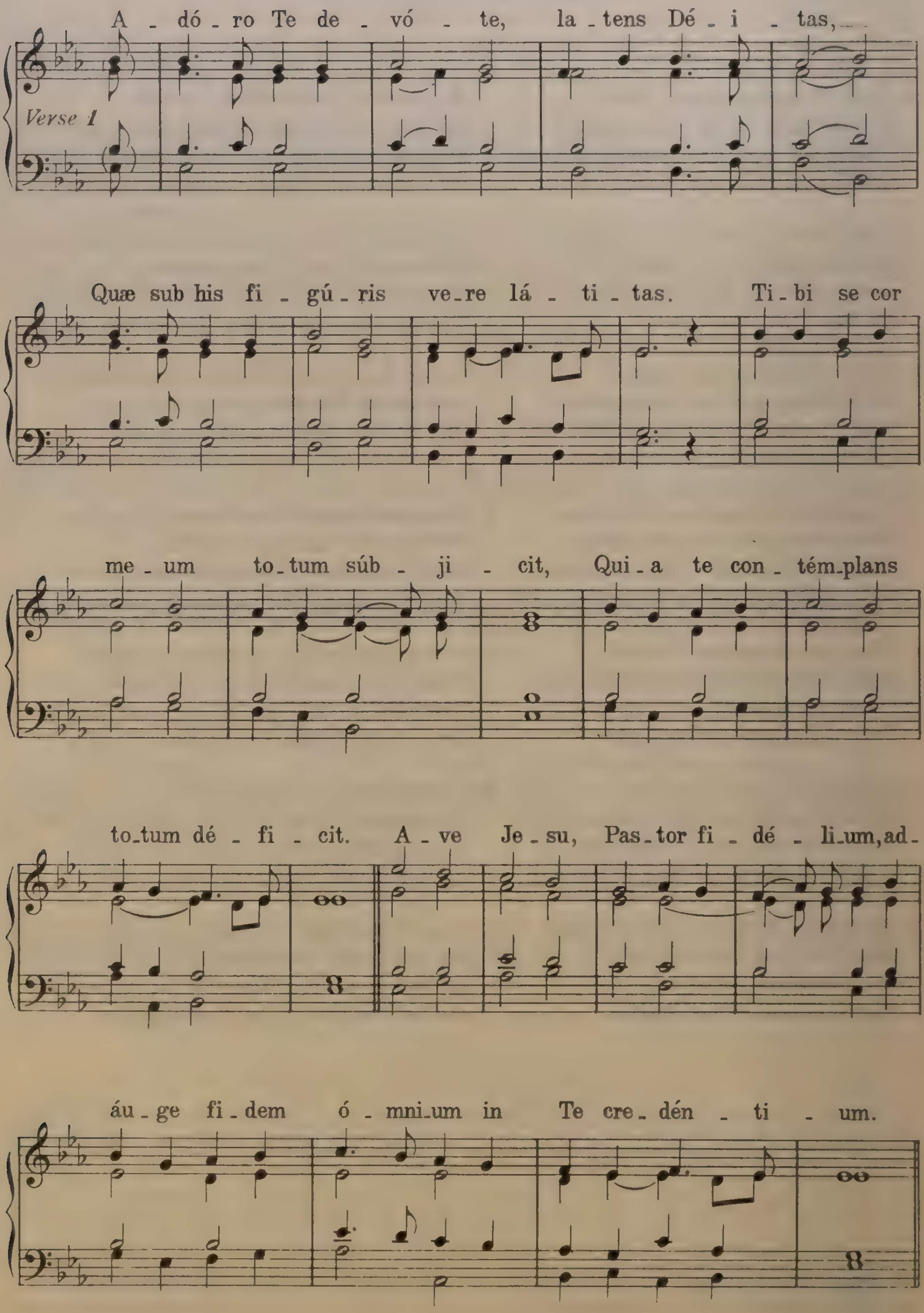
7. Jesus, Whom, veiled, I now so dimly see,
Quench, quick, the thirst with which I thirst for Thee;
Lift up the veil that hides Thy face from sight,
And let Thy glory be my soul's delight.

(St Thomas Aquinas † 1274
Tr. W. H. E. "Devotions for Holy Communion")

(Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S. J.)

116

Adoro Te Devote


Verse 1
A - dó - ro Te de - vó - te, la - tens Dé - i - tas,
Quæ sub his fi - gú - ris ve - re lá - ti - tas.
Ti - bi se cor me - um to - tum súb - ji - cit,
Qui - a te con - tém - plans to - tum dé - fi - cit.
A - ve Je - su, Pas - tor fi - dé - li - um, ad - áu - ge fi - dem ó - mni - um in Te cre - dén - ti - um.

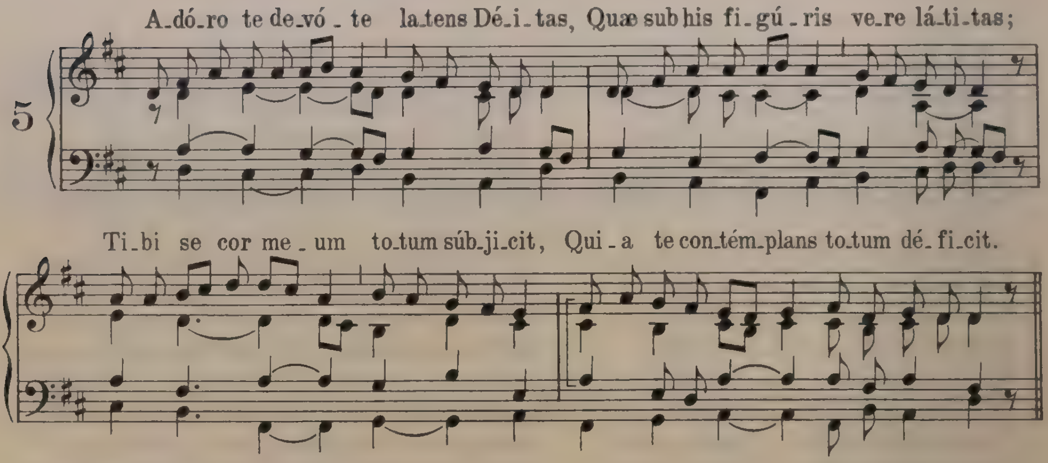
1. Adóro te devóte, latens Déitas, Quæ sub his figúris vere látitas, Tibi se cor meum totum súbjicit, Quia te contémplans totum déficit.	*1. Thee, hidden God! devoutly I revere,* *Most truly hidden in the symbols here;* *Profoundly I adore on low-bent knee,* *My soul is faint while contemplating Thee.*
2. Visus, tactus, gustus, in te fállitur, Sed audítu solo tuto créditur. Credo quidquid dixit Dei Fílius: Nil hoc verbo veritátis vérius.	*2. The sight, the touch, the taste, these all deceive,* *The hearing only I secure believe;* *Firmly I hold the word of God my Lord,* *No truer word can be than Truth's own word.*
3. In cruce latébat sola Déitas, At hic latet simul et Humánitas: Ambo tamen credens atque cónfitens, Peto quod petívit latro pœnitens.	*3. The Godhead on the Cross was hid that day,* *But here the Manhood, too, is hid away;* *Yet I in both believe, and both profess:* *The Good Thief's prayer is mine; my faith not less.*
4. Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intúeor, Deum tamen meum te confíteor, Fac me tibi semper magis crédere, In te spem habére, te dilígere.	*4. The wounds which Thomas saw, I do not see,* *Yet I confess Thee very God to be:* *Teach me by Faith Thee evermore to know,* *And ever in Thy Hope and Love to grow.*
5. O memoriále mortis Dómini. Panis vivus, vitam præstans hómini. Præsta meæ menti de te vívere, Et te illi semper dulce sápere.	*5. O sweet Memorial of my Saviour dead.* *O ever-living, and Life-giving Bread.* *Grant that my soul on Thee may always live,* *And taste the sweetness it is Thine to give.*
6. Pie Pelicáne, Jesu Dómine, Me immúndum munda tuo sánguine, Cujus una stilla salvum fácere Totum mundum quit ab omni scélere.	*6. O loving Pelican, Jesus, my God.* *Cleanse me, unclean, with Thy all-saving Blood.* *One only drop of which the world can lave,* *And every soul from every sin can save.*
7. Jesu, quem velátum nunc adspício, Oro, fiat illud, quod tam sítio, Ut, te reveláta cernens fácie, Visu sim beátus tuæ glóriæ.	*7. Jesus, Whom, veiled, I now so dimly see,* *Quench, quick, the thirst with which I thirst for Thee:* *Lift up the veil that hides Thy face from sight* *And let Thy glory be my soul's delight.*
Ave Jesu Pastor fidélium, Adáuge fidem ómnium in Te credéntium.	

(**S^t^ Thomas Aquinas** † 1274
Tr. W. H. E. "Devotions for Holy Communion")

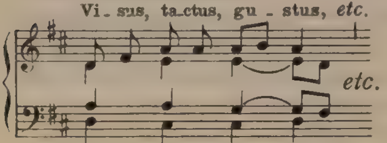
(*Editor*)

117

Adoro Te Devote


A-dó-ro te de-vó-te la-tens Dé-i-tas, Quæ sub his fi-gú-ris ve-re lá-ti-tas;
5
Ti-bi se cor me-um to-tum súb-ji-cit, Qui-a te con-tém-plans to-tum dé-fi-cit.

Verse 2 and the others



1. Adóro te devóte, latens Déitas,
Quæ sub his figúris vere látitas;
Tibi se cor meum totm súbjicit,
Quia te contémplans totum déficit.

2. Visus, tactus, gustus, in te fállitur,
Sed audítu solo tuto créditur.
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Fílius:
Nil hoc verbo veritátis vérius.

3. In cruce latébat sola Déitas,
At hic latet simul et Humánitas:
Ambo tamen credens atque cónfitens,
Peto quod petívit latro pœnitens.

4. Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intúeor,
Deum tamen meum te confíteor,
Fac me tibi semper magis crédere,
In te spem habére, te dilígere.

5. O memoriále mortis Dómini.
Panis vivus, vitam præstans hómini.
Præsta meæ menti de te vívere,
Et te illi semper dulce sápere.

6. Pie Pelicáne, Jesu Dómine,
Me immúndum munda tuo sánguine,
Cujus una stilla salvum fácere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scélere.

7. Jesu, quem velátum nunc adspício,
Oro fiat illud, quod tam sítio,
Ut, te reveláta cernens fácie,
Visu sim beátus tuæ glóriæ

1. Thee, hidden God! devoutly I revere,
Most truly hidden in the symbols here;
Profoundly I adore on low-bent knee,
My soul is faint while contemplating Thee.

2. The sight, the touch, the taste, these all deceive,
The hearing only I secure believe;
Firmly I hold the word of God my Lord,
No truer word can be than Truth's own word.

3. The Godhead on the Cross was hid that day,
But here the Manhood, too, is hid away;
Yet I in both believe, and both profess:
The Good Thief's prayer is mine; my faith not less.

4. The wounds which Thomas saw, I do not see,
Yet I confess Thee very God to be:
Teach me by Faith Thee evermore to know,
And ever in Thy Hope and Love to grow.

5. O sweet Memorial of my Saviour dead.
O ever-living, and Life-giving Bread.
Grant that my soul on Thee may always live,
And taste the sweetness it is Thine to give.

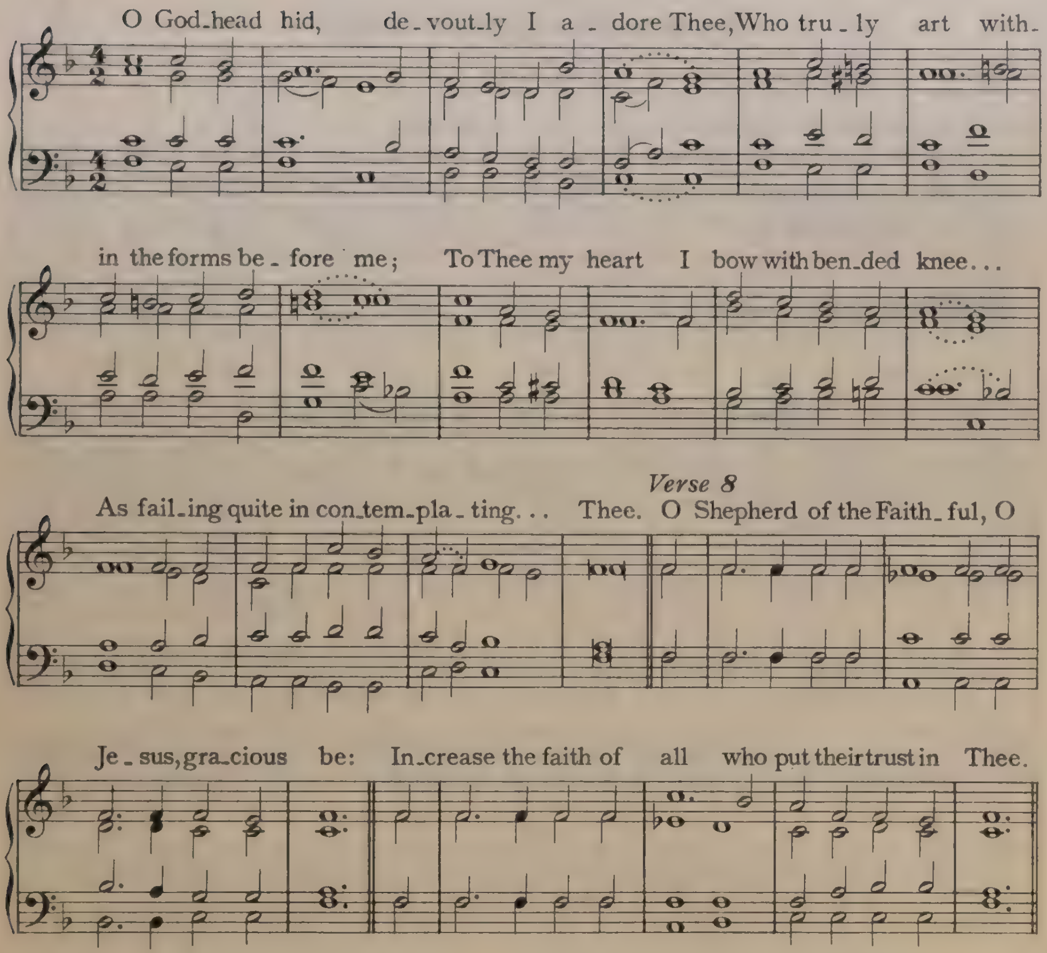
6. O loving Pelican, Jesus, my God.
Cleanse me, unclean, with Thy all-saving Blood,
One only drop of which the world can lave,
And every soul from every sin can save.

7. Jesus, Whom, veiled, I now so dimly see,
Quench, quick, the thirst with which I thirst for Thee;
Lift up the veil that hides Thy face from sight,
And let Thy glory be my soul's delight.

(*St Thomas Aquinas* † 1274
Tr. W. H. E. "Devotions for Holy Communion")

118

O Godhead hid


O God-head hid, de-vout-ly I a-dore Thee, Who tru-ly art with-in the forms be-fore me; To Thee my heart I bow with ben-ded knee... As fail-ing quite in con-tem-pla-ting... Thee.
Verse 8
O Shepherd of the Faith-ful, O Je-sus, gra-cious be: In-crease the faith of all who put their trust in Thee.

1. O Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee,
Who truly art within the forms before me;
To Thee my heart I bow with bended knee,
As failing quite in contemplating Thee.

2. Sight, touch and taste in Thee are each deceived:
The ear alone most safely is believed:
I trust in all the Son of God has spoken,
Than Truth's own word there is no truer token.

3. God only on the Cross lay hid from view;
But here lies hid at once the Manhood too:
And I, in both professing my belief,
Make the same prayer as the repentant thief.

4. Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see:
Yet Thee confess my Lord and God to be:
Make me believe Thee ever more and more;
In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.

5. O Thou Memorial of our Lord's own dying,
O Bread that living art and vivifying,
Make ever Thou my soul on Thee to live;
Ever a taste of heavenly sweetness give.

6. O loving Pelican, O Jesu Lord,
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy Blood,
Of which a single drop for sinners spilt,
Is ransom for a world's entire guilt.

7. Jesus, Whom for the present veiled I see,
What I so thirst for, O vouchsafe to me:
That I may see Thy countenance unfolding
And may be blest Thy glory in beholding.

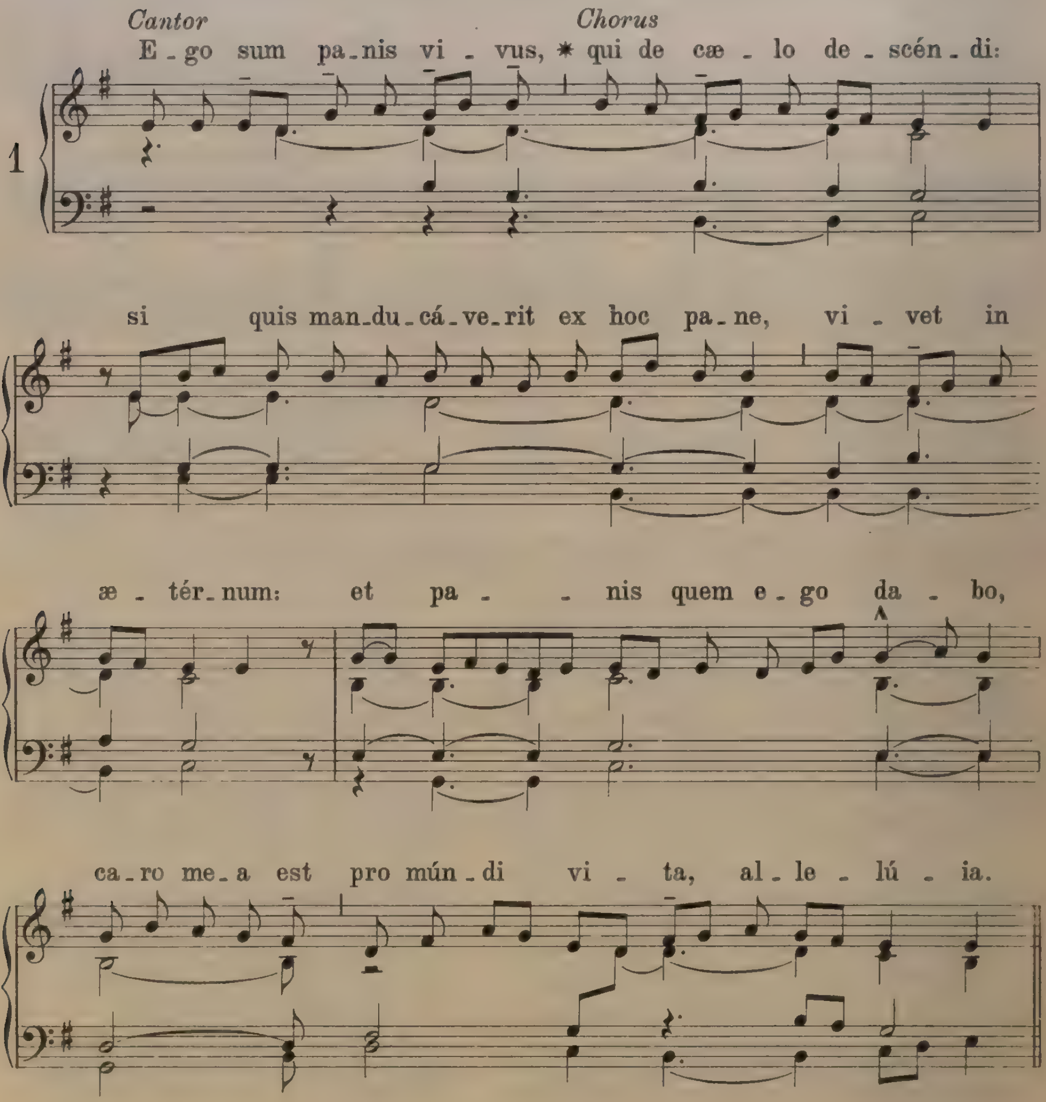
8. O Shepherd of the Faithful,
O Jesus, gracious be:
Increase the faith of all
Who put their trust in Thee.

(*St Thomas Aquinas* + 1274
Tr. Fr Caswall)

(*Sir Richard Terry*)

119

Ego sum panis vivus


Cantor
Chorus
1
E - go sum pa - nis vi - vus, * qui de cæ - lo de - scén - di:
si quis man - du - cá - ve - rit ex hoc pa - ne, vi - vet in
æ - tér - num: et pa - - nis quem e - go da - bo,
ca - ro me - a est pro mún - di vi - ta, al - le - lú - ia.

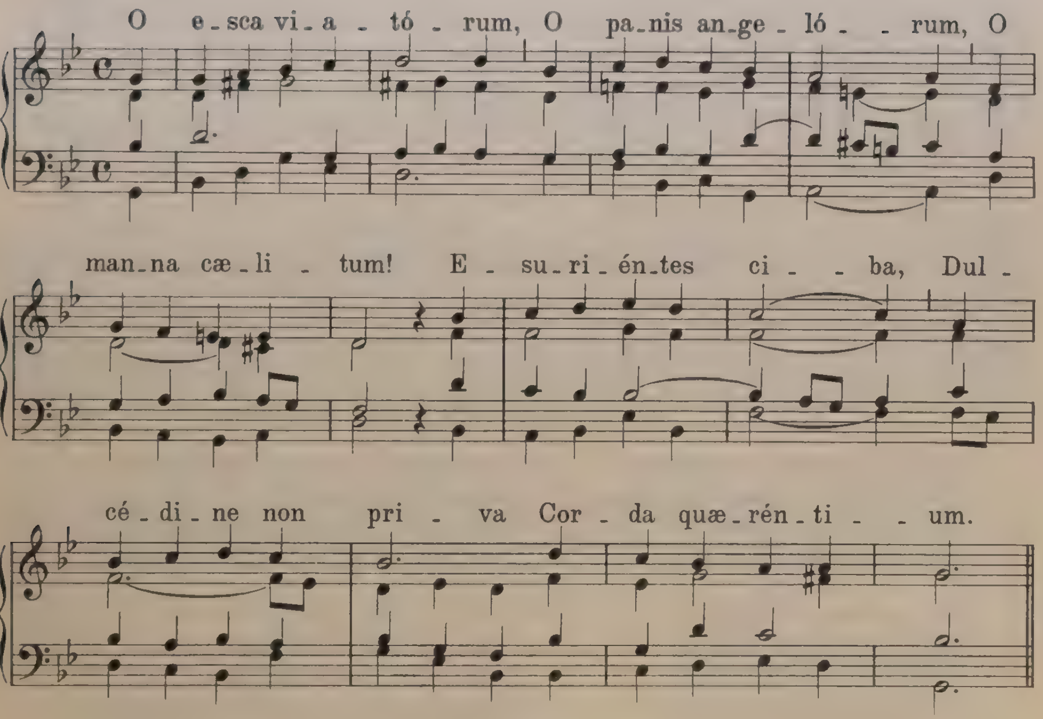
Ego sum panis vivus, qui
de cælo descéndi: si
quis manducáverit ex hoc
pane, vivet in ætérnum:
et panis quem ego dabo, caro
mea est pro mundi vita, allelúia.

I am the Living Bread which
came down from Heaven: if any
man eat of this Bread, he shall
live for ever: and the Bread that
I shall give is My Flesh for the
life of the world, alleluia.

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

120

O Esca Viatorum


O e-sca vi-a-tó-rum, O pa-nis an-ge-ló-rum, O
man-na cæ-li-tum! E-su-ri-én-tes ci-ba, Dul-
cé-di-ne non pri-va Cor-da quæ-rén-ti-um.

1. O esca viatórum,
O panis angelórum,
O manna cælitum.
Esuriéntes ciba,
Dulcédine non priva
Corda quæréntium.

2. O lympha, fons amóris,
Qui puro Salvatóris
E corde prófluis.
Te sitiéntes pota,
Hæc sola nostra vota,
His una súfficis.

3. O Jesu, Tuum vultum,
Quem cólimus occúltum
Sub panis spécie:
Fac, ut remóto velo,
Post líbera in cœlo
Cernámus ácie.

1. O Food of way-worn exiles,
O Bread of all the Angels,
O Manna of the Blest.
Come down to us that hunger,
And do not hide Thy sweetness
From hearts that truly seek.

2. O Love's unfailing well-spring,
That from the Heart of Jesus
Dost pour Thy shining flood.
Refresh our thirsty spirit
And drown all baser longing,
Thyself be all in all.

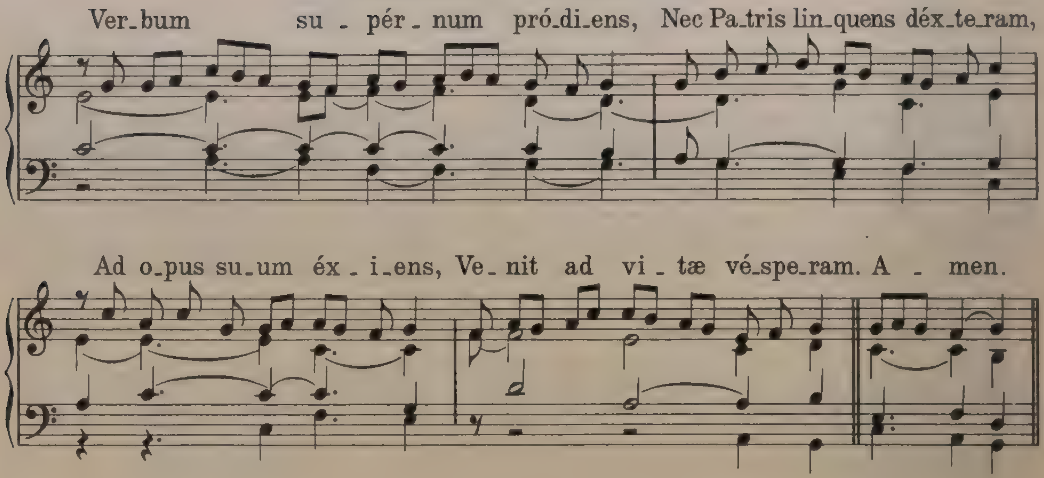
3. Thy blessed Face, O Jesu,
That even now we worship
Beneath the Bread's disguise;
May we at last in Heaven
Behold unveiled for ever
With free, enraptured eyes.

(Tr. Fr. O'Connor)

(Ancient Melody)

121

Verbum supernum

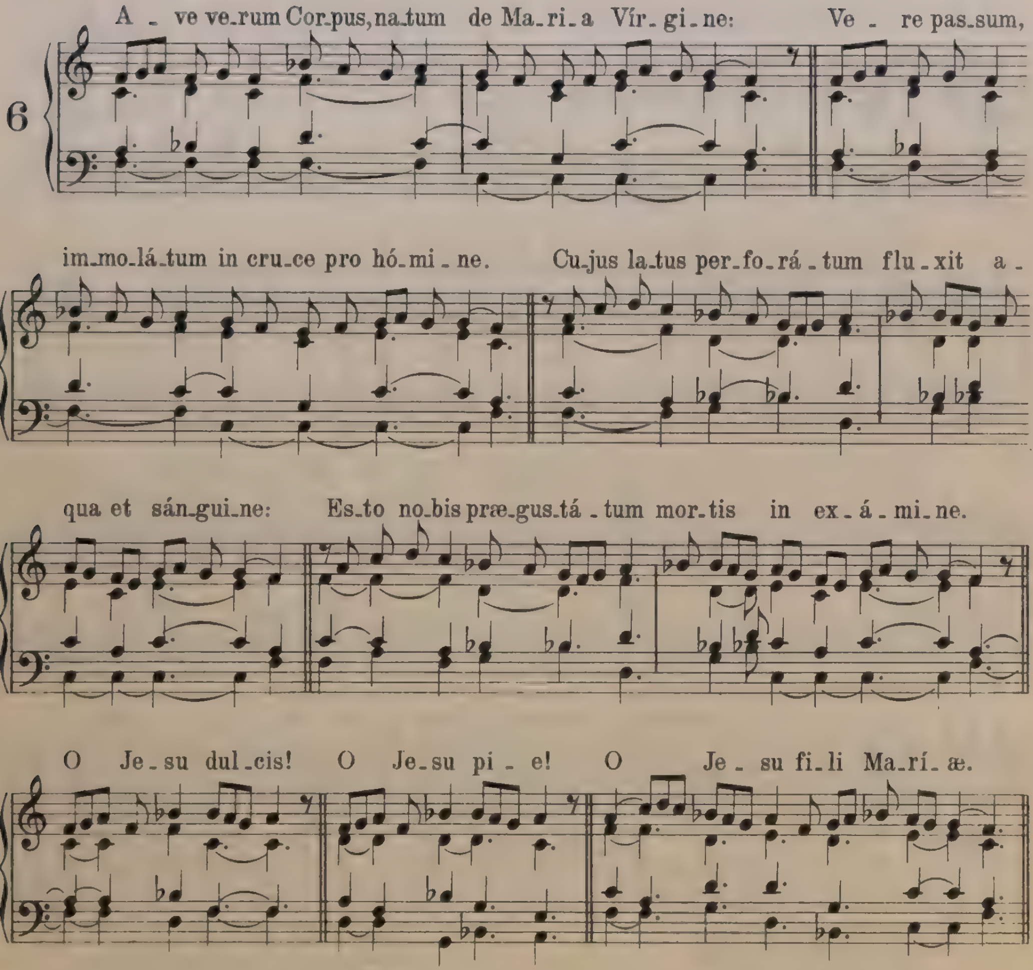

Ver_bum su _ pér _ num pró_di_ens, Nec Pa_tris lin_quens déx_te_ram,
Ad o_pus su_um éx _ i_ens, Ve_ nit ad vi _ tæ vé_spe_ram. A _ men.

1. Verbum supérnum prodiens, Nec Patris linquens déxteram, Ad opus suum éxiens, Venit ad vitæ vésperam.	*1. The Word descending from above, Though with the Father still on high, Went forth upon His work of love, And soon to life's last eve drew nigh.*
2. In mortem a discípulo Suis tradéndus æmulis, Prius in vitæ férculo Se trádidit discípulis.	*2. He shortly to a death accursed By a disciple shall be given; But, to His twelve disciples, first He gives Himself, the Bread from Heaven.*
3. Quibus sub bina spécie Carnem dedit et sánguinem, Ut dúplicis substántiæ Totum cibáret hóminem.	*3. Himself in either kind He gave; He gave His Flesh, He gave His Blood; Of flesh and blood all men are made; And He of man would be the food.*
4. Se nascens dedit sócium, Convéscens in edúlium, Se móriens in prétium, Se regnans dat in præmium.	*4. At birth our Brother He became; At meat Himself as food He gives; To ransom us He died in shame; As our reward in bliss He lives.*
5. O salutáris hóstia, Quæ cæli pandis óstium: Bella premunt hostília, Da robur, fer auxílium.	*5. O saving Victim open wide The gate of heaven to man below: Sore press our foes from every side, Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.*
6. Uni trinóque Dómino Sit sempitérna glória: Qui vitam sine término Nobis donet in pátria. Amen.	*6. To Thy great Name be endless praise, Immortal Godhead, One in Three, O grant us endless length of days In our true native land, with Thee. Amen.*

(St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

122

Ave Verum

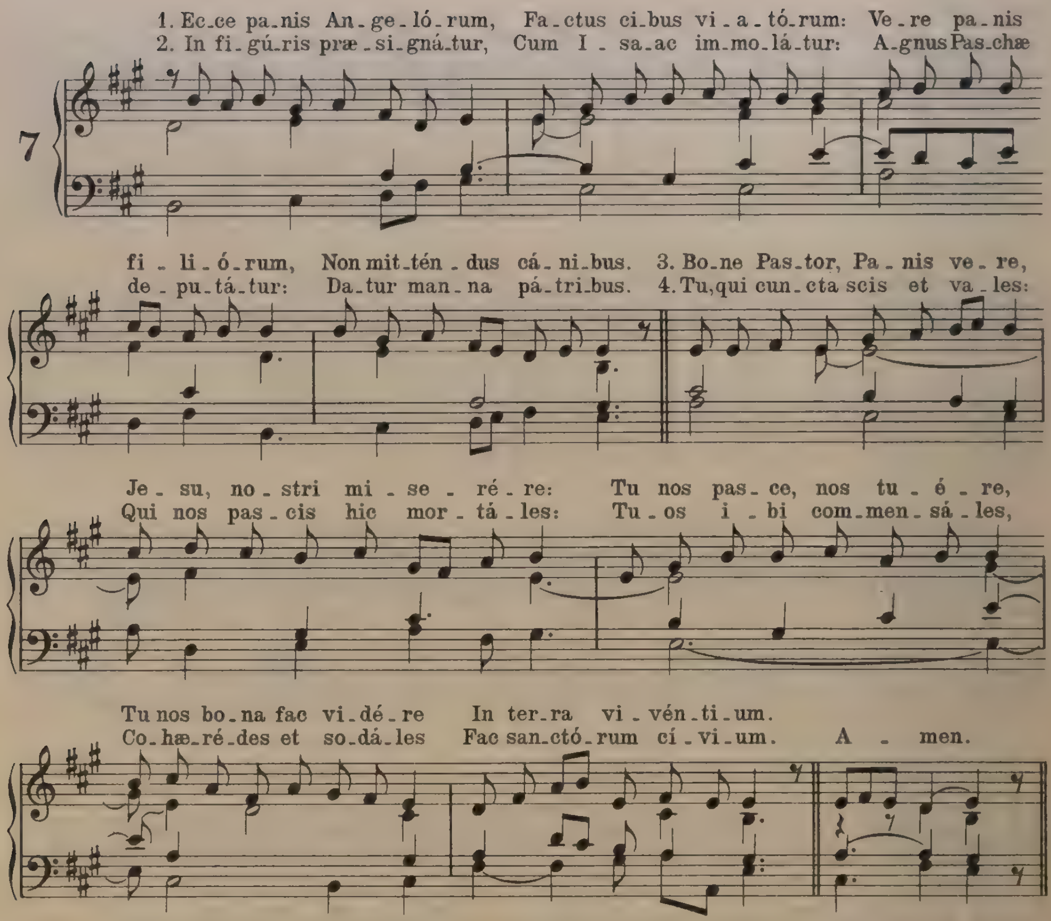

A - ve ve-rum Cor-pus, na-tum de Ma-ri-a Vír-gi-ne: Ve - re pas-sum,
6
im-mo-lá-tum in cru-ce pro hó-mi-ne. Cu-jus la-tus per-fo-rá-tum flu-xit a -
qua et sán-gui-ne: Es-to no-bis præ-gus-tá-tum mor-tis in ex-á-mi-ne.
O Je-su dul-cis! O Je-su pi-e! O Je-su fi-li Ma-rí-æ.

1. Ave verum Corpus, natum De Maria vírgine, Vere passum, immolátum In cruce pro hómine.	*1. Hail to Thee, true Body, sprung* *From the Virgin Mary's womb,* *The same that on the Cross was hung* *And bore for man the bitter doom.*
2. Cujus latus perforátum Vero fluxit sánguine, Esto nobis prægustátum Mortis in exámine.	*2. Thou Whose Side was pierced, and flowed* *Both with water and with blood;* *Suffer us to taste of Thee* *In our life's last agony.*
O clemens, O pie, O dulcis Jesu, Fili Mariæ.	*O kind, O loving One,* *O sweet Jesu, Mary's Son!*

(Ascribed to Pope Innocent III †1216
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

123

Ecce Panis


7
1. Ec-ce pa-nis An-ge-ló-rum, Fa-ctus ci-bus vi-a-tó-rum: Ve-re pa-nis
2. In fi-gú-ris præ-si-gná-tur, Cum I-sa-ac im-mo-lá-tur: A-gnus Pas-chæ
fi-li-ó-rum, Non mit-tén-dus cá-ni-bus. 3. Bo-ne Pas-tor, Pa-nis ve-re,
de-pu-tá-tur: Da-tur man-na pá-tri-bus. 4. Tu, qui cun-cta scis et va-les:
Je-su, no-stri mi-se-ré-re: Tu nos pas-ce, nos tu-é-re,
Qui nos pas-cis hic mor-tá-les: Tu-os i-bi com-men-sá-les,
Tu nos bo-na fac vi-dé-re In ter-ra vi-vén-ti-um.
Co-hæ-ré-des et so-dá-les Fac san-ctó-rum cí-vi-um. A-men.

1. Ecce Panis Angelórum,
Factus cibus viatórum:
Vere Panis filiórum,
Non mitténdus cánibus.

2. In figúris præsignátur,
Cum Isaac immolátur:
Agnus Paschæ deputátur:
Datur manna pátribus.

3. Bone Pastor, panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserére:
Tu nos pasce, nos tuére,
Tu nos bona fac vidére
In terra vivéntium.

4. Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales:
Qui nos pascis hic mortáles:
Tuos ibi commensáles,
Cohærédes et sodáles
Fac sanctórum cívium.
Amen. Allelúia.

1. Lo! upon the Altar lies,
Hidden deep from human eyes,
Bread of Angels from the skies,
Made the Food of mortal man.

2. Children's meat, to dogs denied;
In old types foresignified:
In the manna heaven-supplied,
Isaac, and the Paschal Lamb.

3. Jesu, Shepherd, Bread indeed,
Thou, take pity on our need:
Thou Thy flock in safety feed,
Thou protect us, Thou us lead
To the land of heavenly grace.

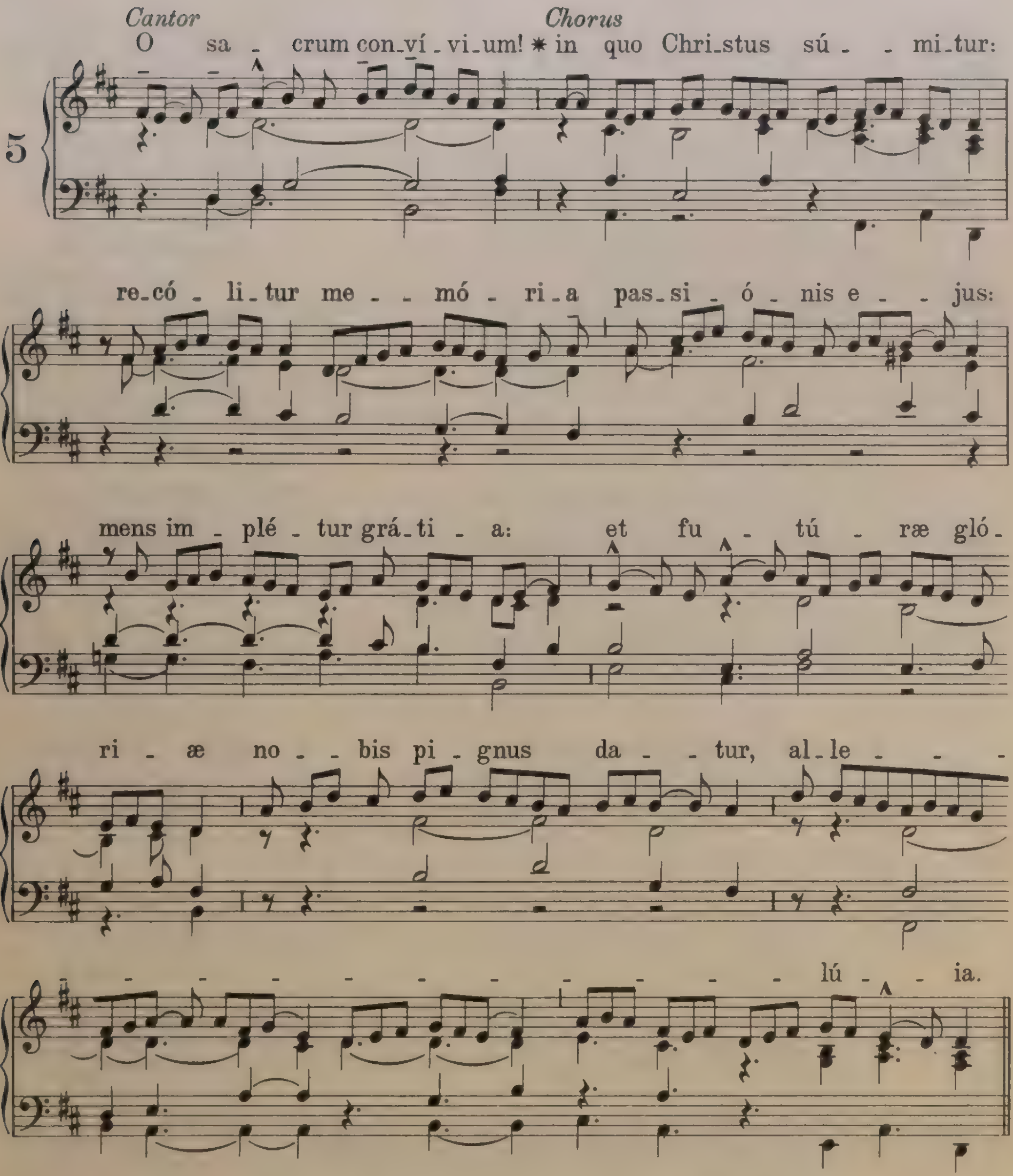
4. Thou, Who feedest us below,
Source of all we have or know,
Grant that, at Thy feast of Love,
Sitting with the Saints above,
We may see Thee face to face.
Amen. Alleluia.

(St. *Thomas Aquinas* †1264
Fr. Caswall)

(A. le Guennant from "Lauda Sion")

124

O Sacrum Convivium


Cantor
Chorus
5
O sa - crum con-ví - vi-um! * in quo Chri-stus sú - - mi-tur:
re-có - li-tur me - - mó - ri-a pas-si - ó - nis e - - jus:
mens im - plé - tur grá-ti - a: et fu - tú - ræ gló -
ri - æ no - - bis pi - gnus da - - tur, al-le - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - lú - - ia.

O sacrum convívium, in quo
Christus súmitur, recólitur
memória passiónis ejus,
mens implétur grátia, et
futúræ glóriæ nobis
pignus datur.
Allelúia.

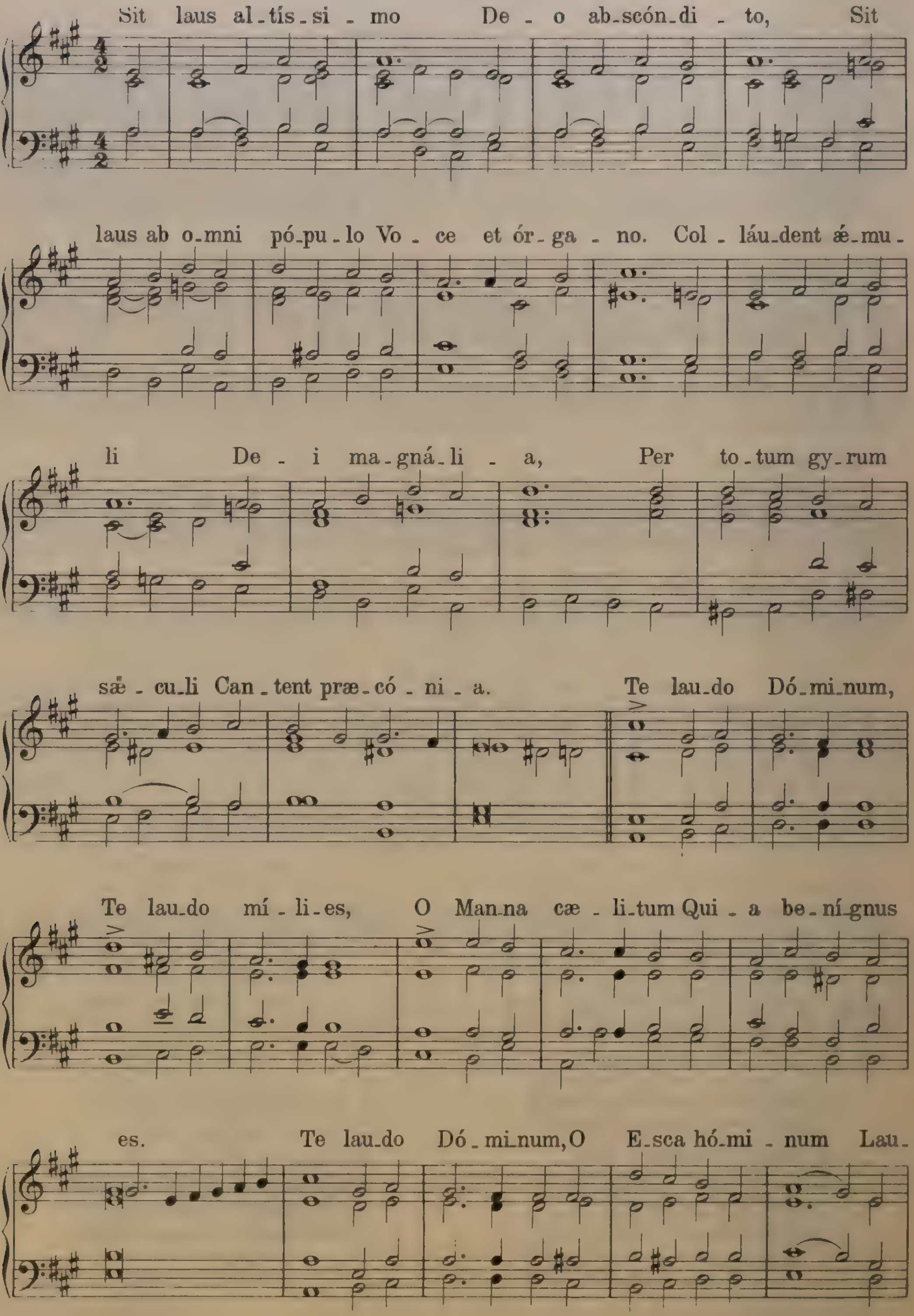
O Sacred Banquet, wherein
Christ is received; the
memorial of His Passion is
celebrated; the mind is filled
with grace; and a pledge of
future glory is given unto us.
Alleluia.

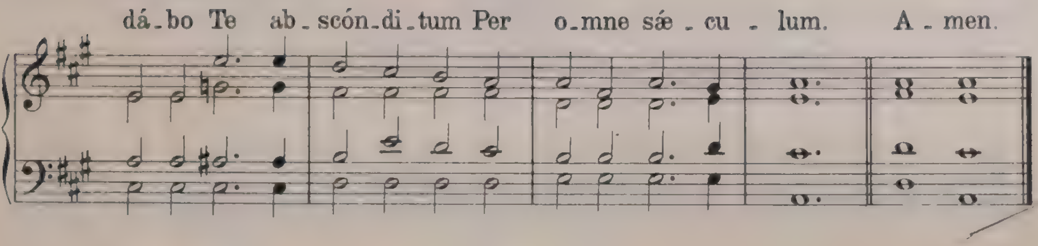
(*St. Thomas Aquinas* † 1274)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

125

Sit Laus Altissimo


Sit laus al_tís_si - mo De - o ab_scón_di - to, Sit
laus ab o_mni pó_pu - lo Vo - ce et ór - ga - no. Col - láu_dent ǽ_mu -
li De - i ma_gná_li - a, Per to - tum gy_rum
sǽ - cu_li Can - tent præ_có - ni - a. Te lau_do Dó_mi_num,
Te lau_do mí - li_es, O Man_na cæ - li_tum Qui - a be_ní_gnus
es. Te lau_do Dó - mi_num, O E_sca hó_mi - num Lau -



1. Sit laus altíssimo
Deo abscóndito,
Sit laus ab ómni pópulo
Voce et organo.
Colláudent æmuli
Dei magnália,
Per totum gyrum sæculi
Cantent præcónia.
Te laudo Dóminum,
Te laudo mílies
O Manna cælitum,
Quia benígnus es.
Te laudo Dóminum,
O Esca hóminum
Laudábo Te abscónditum
Per omne sæculum.

2. Fratres atténdite,
Et obstupéscite,
Modum quo nobis Dóminus
Se dat abscónditus.
O res mirábilis,
Se dat salvíficum.
Manducat pauper, húmilis,
Panem Angélicum.
Te laudo etc.

3. Hic Christus córpore
Et suo sánguine,
Devótos firmat róbore
Sacro libámine.
Fratres, accédite
Ad datum Férculum.
O tristes omnes, bíbite
Oblátum póculum.
Te laudo etc.

4. Jesu reféctio
In hoc exílio,
Esuriéntes sátia
Nunc et in pátria.
Patri et Fílio,
Deo abscóndito,
Spirítui Paráclito
Compar laudátio.
Te laudo etc.

1. Praise to the God of Majesty
Now hidden in obscurity;
Praise from His creatures weak and strong,
With harp and pipe and song.
With zeal and fervour let them praise
The wondrous works of God, and raise
A glad, resounding, joyous lay
Unto eternal day.
Praise be to Thee, O Lord;
For ever be adored
O Bread from Heaven above,
Great proof of God's dear love.
Praise be to Thee, O Lord,
Who bid'st me to Thy Board,
Thee, hidden God, I will adore
Both now and evermore.

2. My brethren, gather round and see,
And filled with awe and wonder be
That God in wondrous, hidden way
Amongst men loves to stay.
O Miracle of Love Divine,
Was ever power to heal like Thine?
The poor partake, and e'en are fed,
With this Angelic Bread.
Praise be to Thee, etc.

3. Here Christ's own Body, real and true,
And Precious Blood, once shed for you,
To worthy hearts gives plenteous grace
And strength in sweet embrace.
Attend, my brethren, and receive
This Banquet Christ for you did leave;
O all ye sad, come, drink anew
The chalice filled for you.
Praise be to Thee, etc.

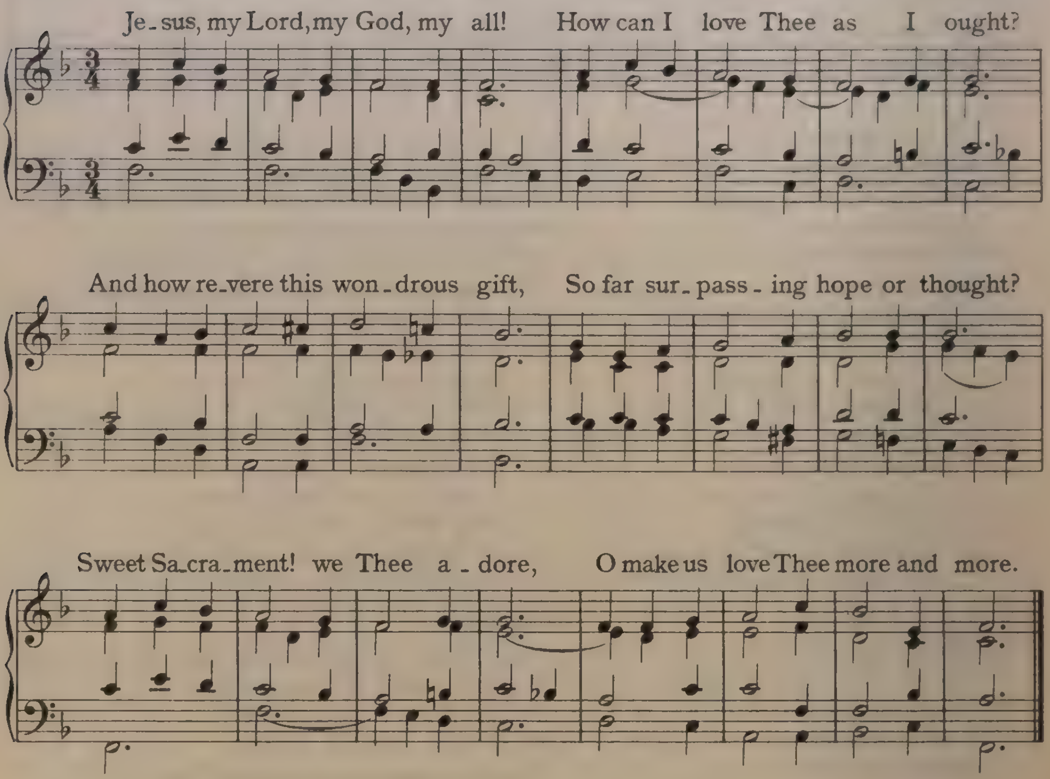
4. O Jesus, our Refreshment dear
In this our weary exile here,
O satisfy our thirst for Thee
Now and eternally.
To God the Father and the Son,
Who is our worshipped Hidden One,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Be given praises meet.
Praise be to Thee, etc.

(*Anon.*)
Tr. S. N. D.

(*Anon. 1860*)

126

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All


Je-sus, my Lord, my God, my all! How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how re-vere this won-drous gift, So far sur-pass-ing hope or thought?
Sweet Sa-cra-ment! we Thee a-dore, O make us love Thee more and more.

1. Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?
Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more.

2. Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King,
O with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing.
Sweet Sacrament, etc.

3. Ah see, within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing, infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.
Sweet Sacrament, etc.

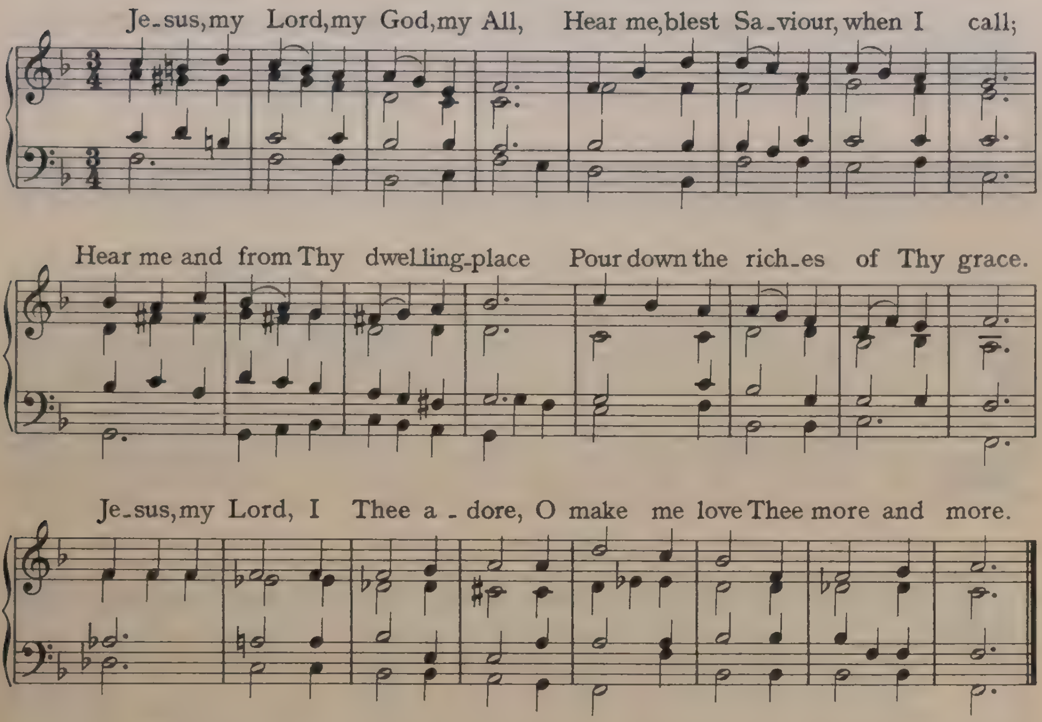
4. Thy Body, Soul and Godhead, all,
O mystery of Love Divine,
I cannot compass all I have,
For all Thou hast and art are mine.
Sweet Sacrament, etc.

5. Sound, sound His praises higher still,
And come, ye Angels, to our aid,
'Tis God, 'tis God, the very God,
Whose power both man and Angels made.
Sweet Sacrament, etc.

(*Fr. Faber* † 1863) (*Editor*)

127

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me


Je-sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sa-viour, when I call;
Hear me and from Thy dwell-ing-place Pour down the rich-es of Thy grace.
Je-sus, my Lord, I Thee a-dore, O make me love Thee more and more.

1. Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

2. Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, etc.

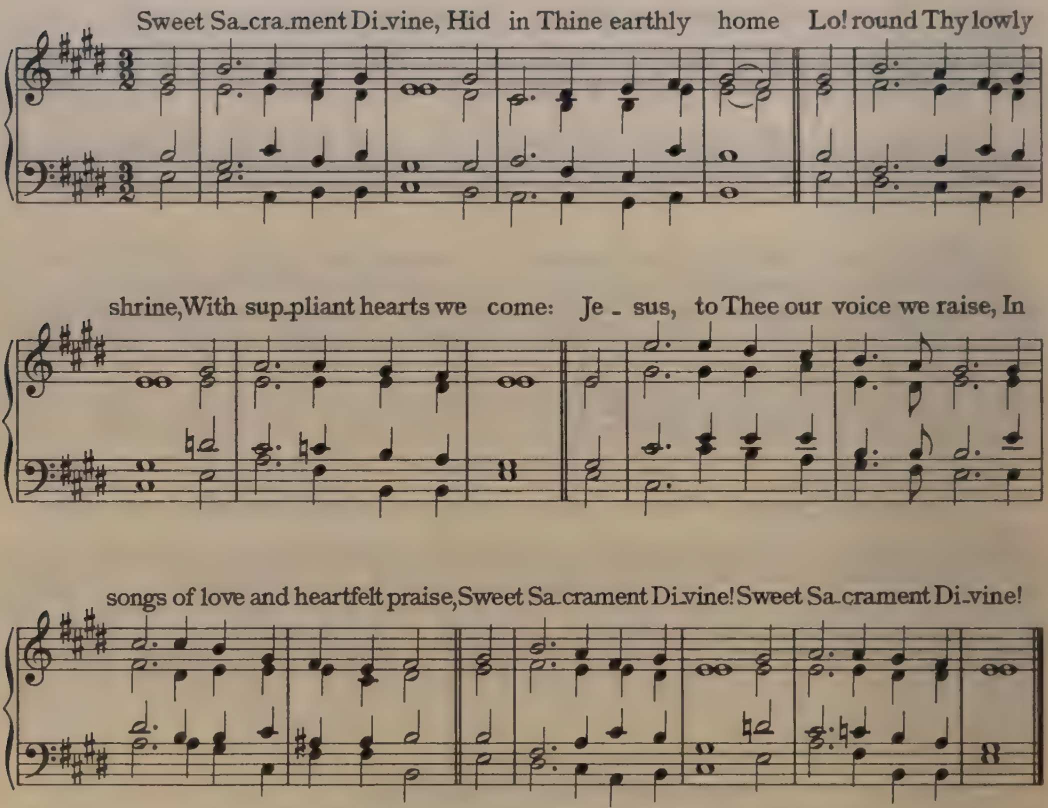
3. Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, etc.

4. Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, etc.

(*H. Collins "Annus Sanctus"*) (*Editor*)

128

Sweet Sacrament Divine


Sweet Sa-cra-ment Di-vine, Hid in Thine earthly home Lo! round Thy lowly shrine, With sup-pliant hearts we come: Je - sus, to Thee our voice we raise, In songs of love and heartfelt praise, Sweet Sa-crament Di-vine! Sweet Sa-crament Di-vine!

1. Sweet Sacrament Divine,
Hid in Thine earthly home,
Lo, round Thy lowly shrine,
With suppliant hearts we come;
Jesus, to Thee our voice we raise,
In songs of love and heartfelt praise,
Sweet Sacrament Divine.

2. Sweet Sacrament of Peace,
Dear Home of every heart,
Where restless yearnings cease,
And sorrows all depart;
There in Thine ear, all trustfully,
We tell our tale of mistery,
Sweet Sacrament of Peace.

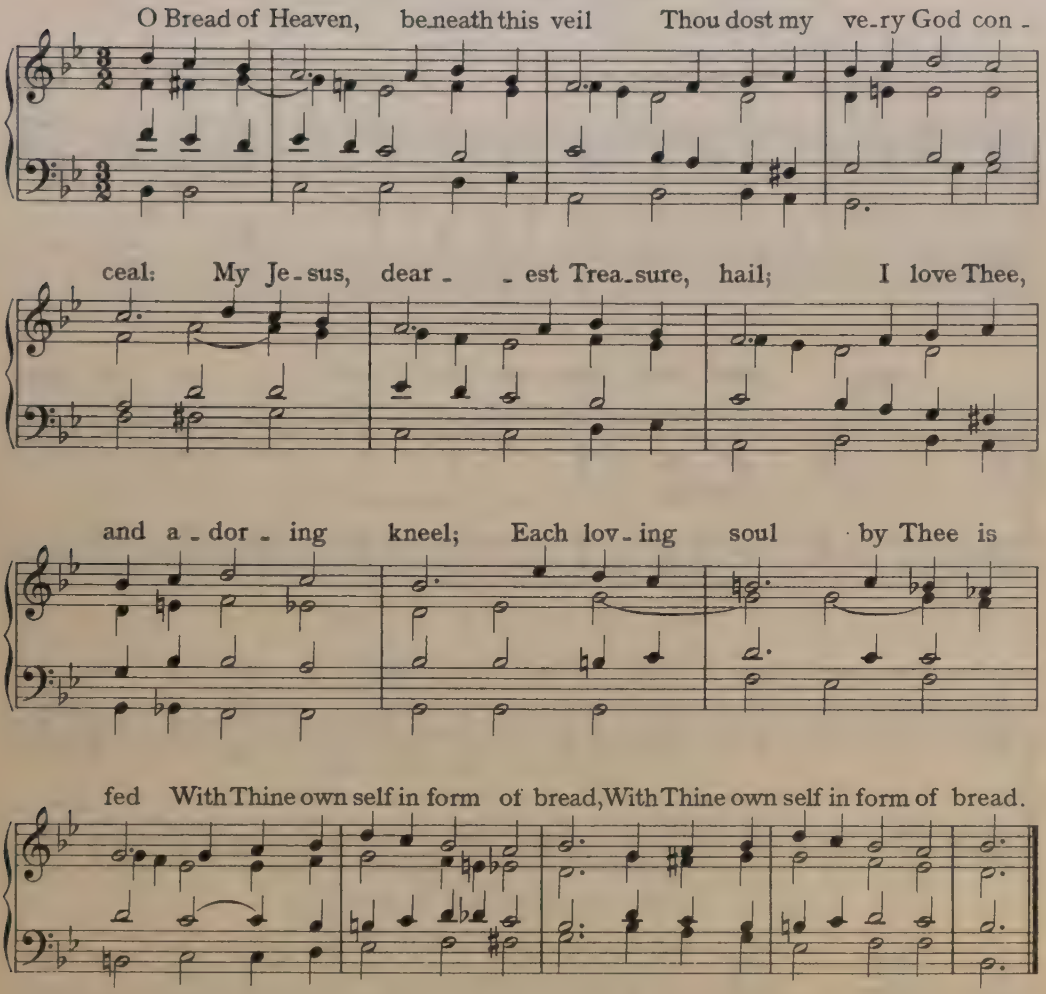
3. Sweet Sacrament of Rest,
Ark from the ocean's roar,
Within Thy shelter blest,
Soon may we reach the shore.
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save lest we sink beneath the waves,
Sweet Sacrament of Rest.

4. Sweet Sacrament Divine,
Earth's Light and Jubilee,
In Thy far depths doth shine
Thy Godhead's Majesty:
Sweet Light, so shine on us, we pray
That earthly joys may fade away,
Sweet Sacrament Divine.

(Fr. Stanfield) *(Fr. Stanfield)*

129

O Bread of Heaven


O Bread of Heaven, be-neath this veil Thou dost my ve-ry God con-ceal: My Je-sus, dear-est Trea-sure, hail; I love Thee, and a-dor-ing kneel; Each lov-ing soul by Thee is fed With Thine own self in form of bread, With Thine own self in form of bread.

1. O Bread of Heaven, beneath this veil
Thou dost my very God conceal:
My Jesus, dearest Treasure, hail;
I love Thee, and adoring kneel;
Each loving soul by Thee is fed
‖:With Thine own self in form of bread.:‖

2. O Food of Life, Thou Who dost give
The pledge of immortality;
I live; no, 't is not I that live;
God gives me life, God lives in me:
He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,
‖:And every grief with joy repays.:‖

3. O Bond of love, that dost unite
The servant to his loving Lord;
Could I dare live, and not requite
Such love,– then death were meet reward:
I cannot live unless to prove
‖:Some love for such unmeasured love.:‖

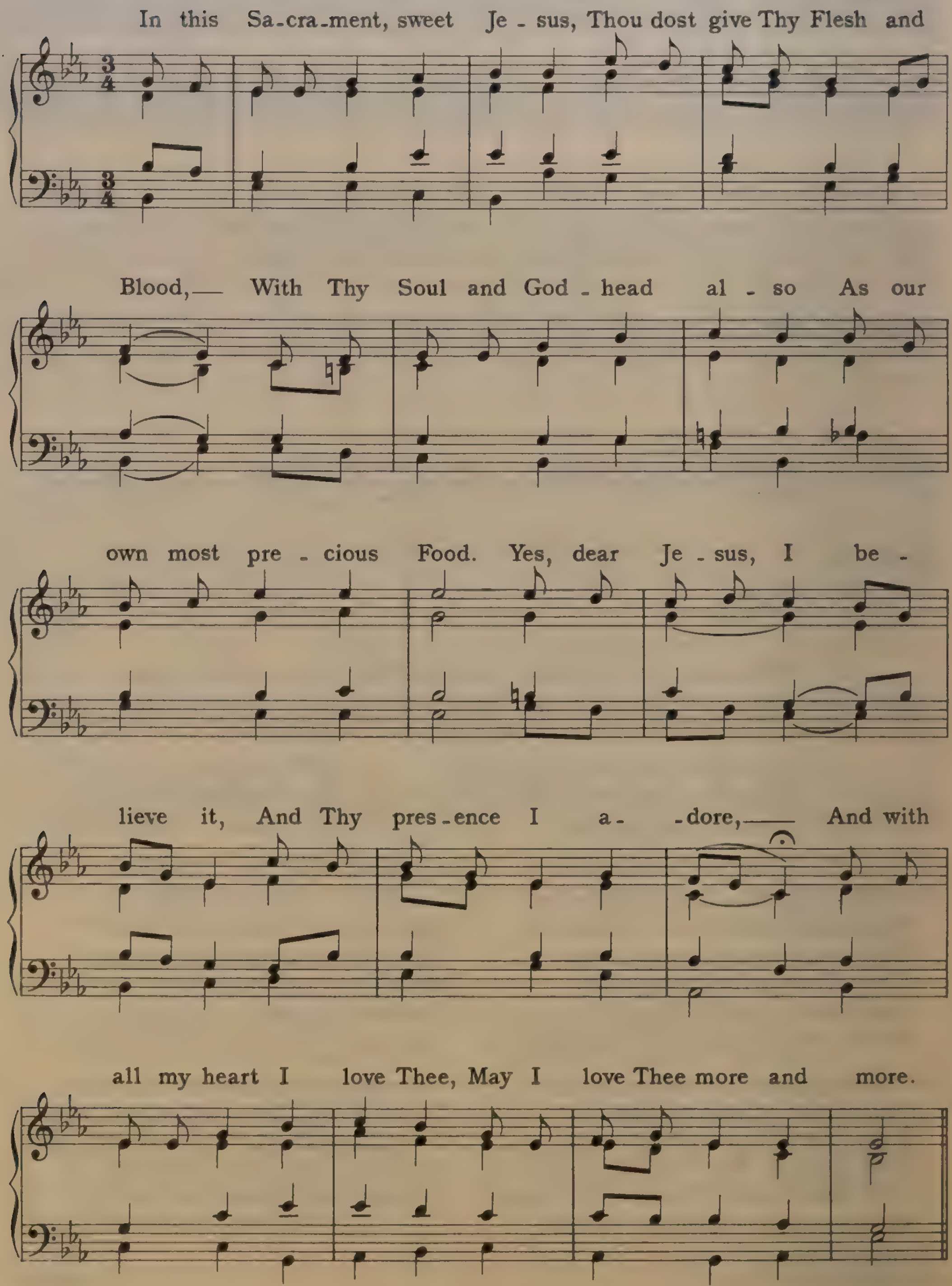
4. Belovèd Lord, in Heaven above,
There, Jesus, Thou awaitest me;
To gaze on Thee with changeless love;
Yes, thus I hope, thus shall it be:
For how can He deny me Heaven
‖:Who here on earth Himself hath given?:‖

(*St. Alphonsus Liguori* † 1787)
(*Tr. Fr. Vaughan C. SS. R.*)

(*Editor*)

130

In this Sacrament, sweet Jesus


In this Sa-cra-ment, sweet Je - sus, Thou dost give Thy Flesh and
Blood,— With Thy Soul and God - head al - so As our
own most pre - cious Food. Yes, dear Je - sus, I be -
lieve it, And Thy pres-ence I a- -dore,— And with
all my heart I love Thee, May I love Thee more and more.

1. In this Sacrament, sweet Jesus,
Thou dost give thy Flesh and Blood,
With Thy Soul and Godhead also
As our own most precious Food.
Yes, dear Jesus, I believe it,
And Thy presence I adore,
And with all my heart I love Thee,
May I love Thee more and more.

2. Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy
Give Thy Flesh and Blood to me;
Come to me, O dearest Jesus,
Come, my soul's true life to be.
Come, that I may live for ever,
Thou in me, and I in Thee;
Living thus, I shall not perish,
But shall live eternally.

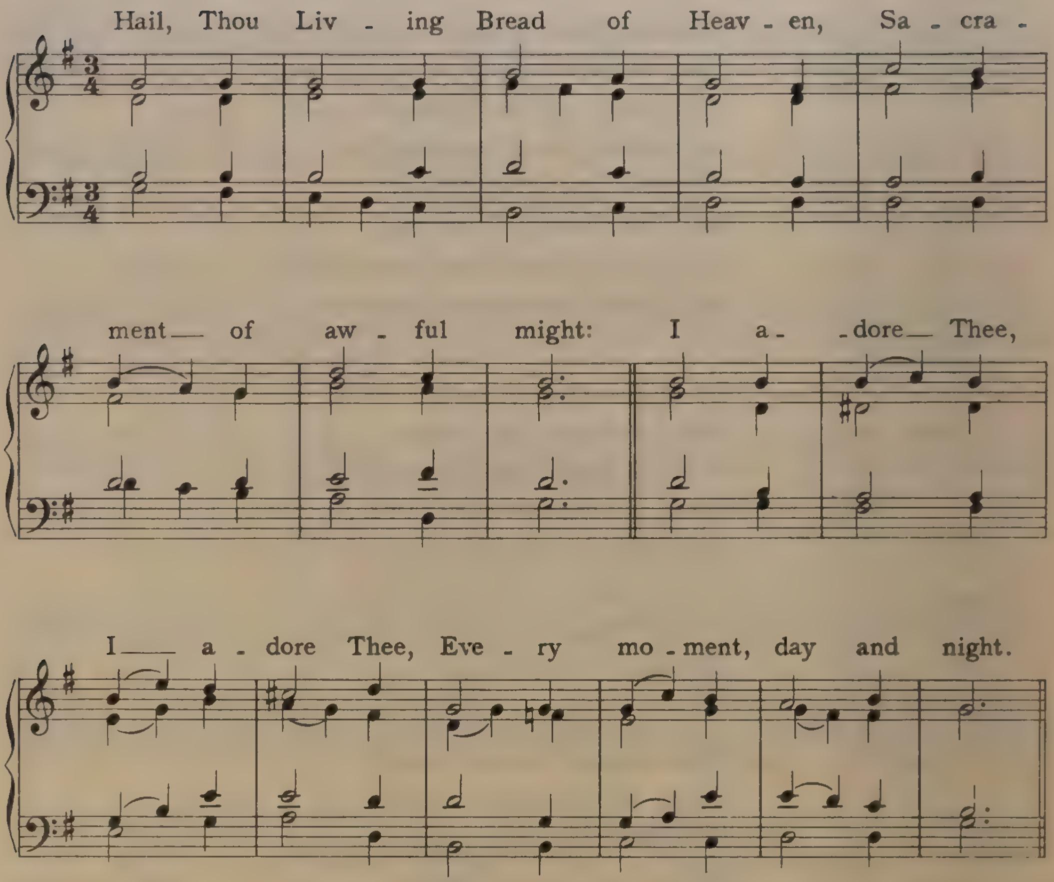
3. Blessed be the love of Jesus,
Giving us His Flesh and Blood;
Blessed be His Mother Mary,
Mother ever kind and good,
Blessed be the great Saint Joseph.
Sing then with devotion true;
Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
Heart and life I give to you.

(J. J. Furniss)

*(Irish Melody harmonized
by Editor)*

131

Hail, Thou Living Bread


Hail, Thou Liv - ing Bread of Heav - en, Sa - cra -
ment of aw - ful might: I a - dore Thee,
I a - dore Thee, Eve - ry mo - ment, day and night.

1. Hail, Thou Living Bread of Heaven,
Sacrament of awful might:
I adore Thee, I adore Thee,
Every moment, day and night.

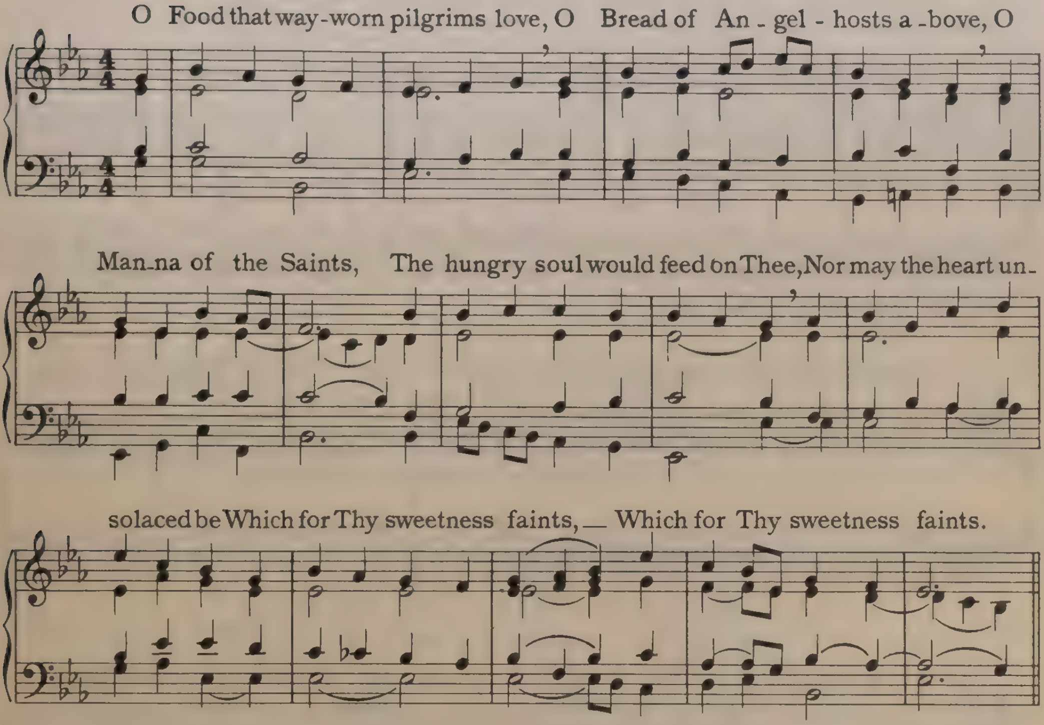
2. Heart, from Mary's heart created;
Heart of Jesus, all Divine,
Here before Thee I adore Thee,
All my heart and soul are Thine.

(Italian "Vi adoro ogni momento"
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(W. Sewell)

132

O Food that way-worn pilgrims love


O Food that way-worn pilgrims love, O Bread of An - gel - hosts a - bove, O
Man-na of the Saints, The hungry soul would feed on Thee, Nor may the heart un-
solaced be Which for Thy sweetness faints, — Which for Thy sweetness faints.

1. O Food that way-worn pilgrims love,
O Bread of Angel-hosts above,
O Manna of the Saints,
The hungry soul would feed on Thee,
Nor may the heart unsolaced be
Which for Thy sweetness faints,
Which for Thy sweetness faints.

2. O Fount of Love, O cleansing Tide,
Which from the Saviour's piercèd Side
And Sacred Heart dost flow.
Be ours to drink from Thy pure rill,
Which can alone our spirits fill
And all we need bestow,
And all we need bestow.

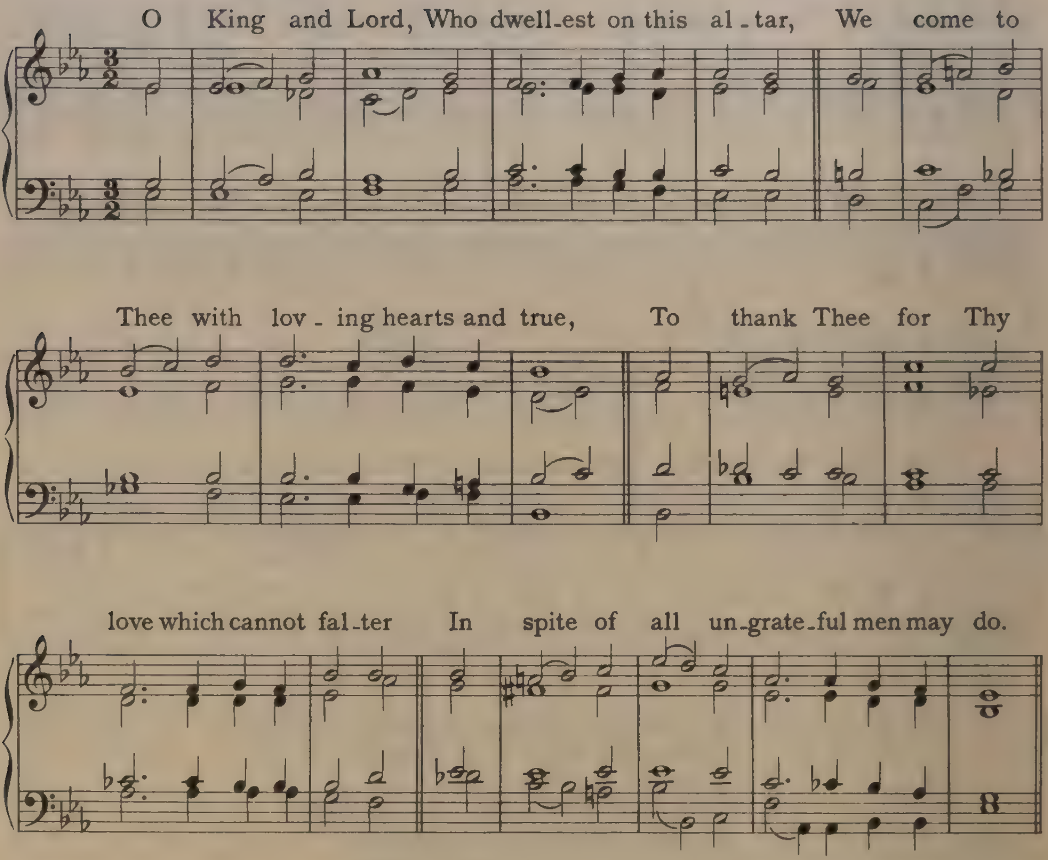
3. Lord Jesus, Whom by power Divine
Now hidden 'neath the outward sign,
We worship and adore:
Grant, when the veil away is rolled,
With open face we may behold
Thyself for evermore,
Thyself for evermore.

(Tr. Fr O'Connor).

(Dutch Melody)

133

O King and Lord


O King and Lord, Who dwell-est on this al-tar, We come to
Thee with lov-ing hearts and true, To thank Thee for Thy
love which cannot fal-ter In spite of all un-grate-ful men may do.

1. O King and Lord, Who dwellest on this altar,
We come to Thee with loving hearts and true,
To thank Thee for Thy love which cannot falter
In spite of all ungrateful men may do.

2. We come to tell Thy Heart despised and lonely
That we will try Thy loyal friends to be,
That we will try thro' life to love Thee only,
That in Thy sorrows we will comfort Thee.

3. We thank Thee that from sunrise to its setting
Thou standest on our altar, Lord, as slain,
We sorrow that, despising or forgetting,
Men leave Thee in Thy death alone again.

4. We come to tell Thy Heart thus scorned and slighted
That in the daily Mass our strength shall be,
That in the Mass our lives shall be delighted,
That for that sorrow we will comfort Thee.

5. We thank Thee,- O how can we thank Thee, Jesus?-
That in this Sacrament Thou art our Food,
That we can find all sweetness that may please us
In this dear Banquet of Thy Flesh and Blood.

6. We weep for all those souls who dare to take Thee
To hearts made over to Thine enemy;
O let our love some reparation make Thee,
In that great sorrow let us comfort Thee.

7. We thank Thee, Lord, that all Thy pain expecting,
Thou dwellest with us yet both day and night;
We grieve that men, forsaking and neglecting,
In Thy sweet company find no delight.

8. We grieve that men for all things else have leisure,
That other friends they joy to hear and see;
O let us make Thy presence here our pleasure
That in Thy sorrow we may comfort Thee.

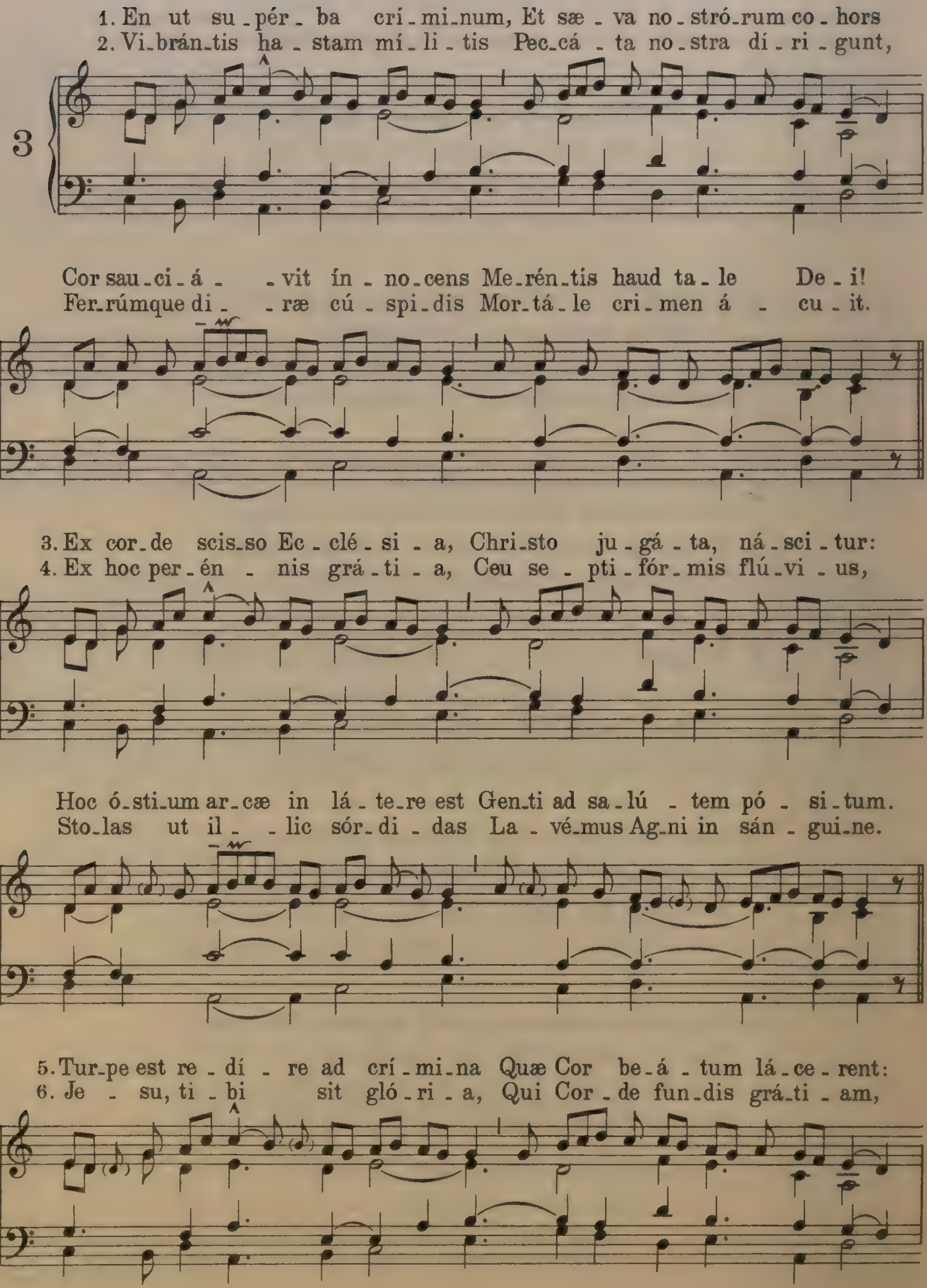
9. And for ourselves who, knowing and believing,
Have treated Thee so coldly and so ill,
Behold us now before Thee deeply grieving,
And strengthen, Lord, our weak and changing will.

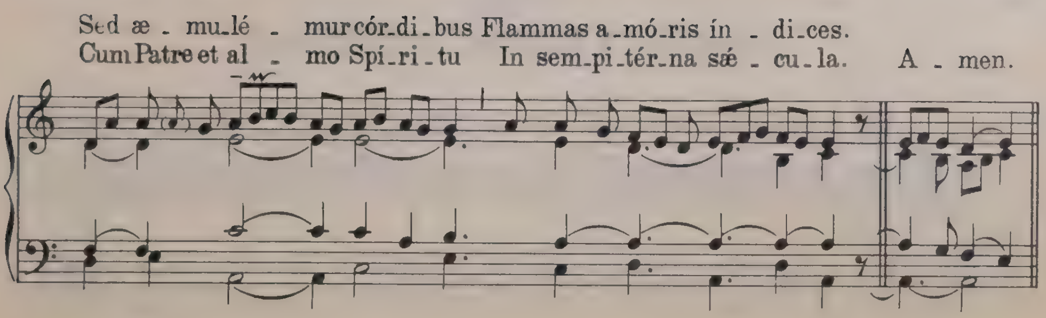
10. We promise now Thy Heart despised and lonely
That we will try Thy truer friends to be,
That we will try through life to love Thee only,
That in Thy sorrows we will comfort Thee.

(S. N. D.) *(F. W. Helmsley)*

134

En ut superba criminum


1. En ut su-pér-ba cri-mi-num, Et sæ-va no-stró-rum co-hors
2. Vi-brán-tis ha-stam mí-li-tis Pec-cá-ta no-stra dí-ri-gunt,
3
Cor sau-ci-á-vit ín-no-cens Me-rén-tis haud ta-le De-i!
Fer-rúmque di-ræ cú-spi-dis Mor-tá-le cri-men á-cu-it.
3. Ex cor-de scis-so Ec-clé-si-a, Chri-sto ju-gá-ta, ná-sci-tur:
4. Ex hoc per-én-nis grá-ti-a, Ceu se-pti-fór-mis flú-vi-us,
Hoc ó-sti-um ar-cæ in lá-te-re est Gen-ti ad sa-lú-tem pó-si-tum.
Sto-las ut il-lic sór-di-das La-vé-mus Ag-ni in sán-gui-ne.
5. Tur-pe est re-dí-re ad crí-mi-na Quæ Cor be-á-tum lá-ce-rent:
6. Je-su, ti-bi sit gló-ri-a, Qui Cor-de fun-dis grá-ti-am,


Sed æ - mu-lé - mur cór-di - bus Flammas a - mó-ris ín - di-ces.
Cum Patre et al - mo Spí-ri - tu In sem-pi-tér-na sǽ - cu-la. A - men.

1. En ut supérba críminum
Et sæva nostrórum cohors
Cor sauciávit ínnocens
Meréntis haud tale Dei!

2. Vibrántis hastam mílitis
Peccáta nostra dírigunt,
Ferrúmque diræ cúspidis
Mortále crimen ácuit.

3. Ex Corde scisso Ecclésia,
Christo jugáta, náscitur:
Hoc óstium arcæ in látere est
Genti ad salútem pósitum.

4. Ex hoc perénnis grátia,
Ceu septifórmis flúvius,
Stolas ut illic sórdidas
Lavémus Agni in sánguine.

5. Turpe est redíre ad crímina
Quæ Cor beátum lácerent:
Sed æmulémur córdibus
Flammas amóris índices.

6. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui Corde fundis grátiam,
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. See how the army of our sins,
A cruel army, proud and fierce,
The heart of God most innocent
Ungratefully and basely pierce.

2. Our sins direct the cruel stroke
Made by the thrusting soldier's lance,
And the dread sharpness of its point
Our crimes with mortal guilt enhance.

3. From out that opened heart is born
The Holy Church, of Christ the Bride;
Behold the door, which for our race,
In that new Ark stands open wide.

4. Hence issues a perennial stream
Of grace in wondrous sevenfold flood,
That we may cleanse our robes defiled
In the sweet Lamb's most Precious Blood.

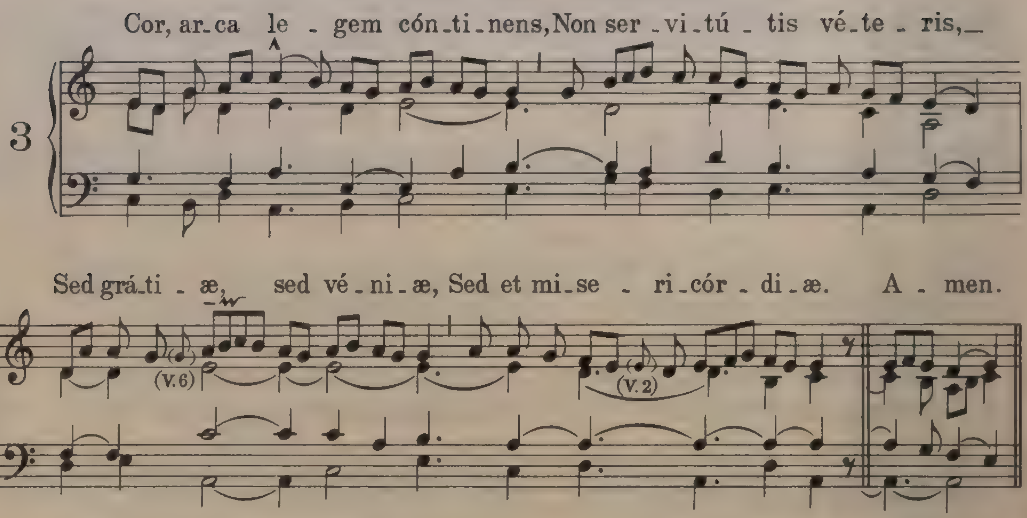
5. Shame were it to return to sins,
That Blessed Heart to lacerate,
Rather the flames, which tell His love
Let us in spirit emulate.

6. Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
Who from Thy Heart dost grace outpour,
With Father and with Holy Ghost
Through endless ages evermore.
Amen.

(*Divine Office*
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

135

Cor arca legem continens


Cor, ar-ca le - gem cón-ti-nens, Non ser-vi-tú-tis vé-te-ris,
3
Sed grá-ti-æ, sed vé-ni-æ, Sed et mi-se-ri-cór-di-æ. A-men.
(V.6)
(V.2)

1. Cor, arca legem cóntinens,
Non servitútis véteris,
Sed grátiæ, sed véniæ,
Sed et misericórdiæ.

2. Cor, sanctuárium novi
Intemerátum fœderis,
Templum vetústo sánctius,
Velúmque scisso utílius.

3. Te vulnerátum cáritas
Ictu paténti vóluit,
Amóris invisíbilis
Ut venerémur vúlnera.

4. Hoc sub amóris sýmbolo
Passus cruénta et mýstica,
Utrúmque sacrifícium
Christus Sacérdos óbtulit.

5. Quis non amántem rédamet?
Qui non redémptus díligat,
Et corde in isto séligat
Ætérna tabernácula?

6. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui Corde fundis grátiam,
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu
In sempitérna sæcula.
Amen.

1. Ark of the Covenant! Not that
Whence bondage came of old,
But that of pardon and of grace,
And mercies manifold.

2. Thou veil of awful mystery,
Thou sanctuary sublime,
Thou sacred Temple, holier far
Than that of olden time.

3. Blest Heart of Christ! In Thy dear Wound
The hidden depth we see
Of what were else unguessed by us,–
Thy boundless charity.

4. Beneath this emblem of pure love
'Twas Love Himself that died
And offered up for us to God
A Victim crucified.

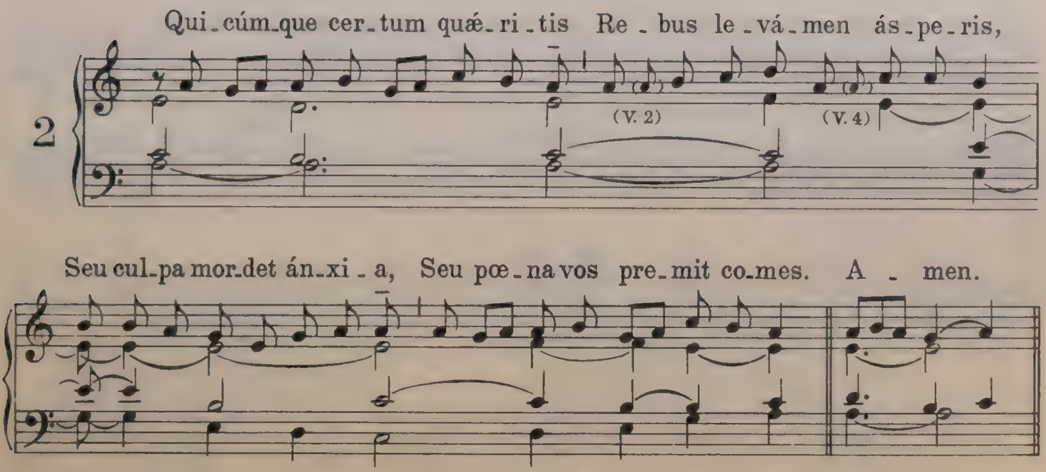
5. O who of His redeemed will Him
Their mutual love refuse?
Who would not rather in that Heart
Their home eternal choose?

6. Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
Who from Thy Heart dost grace outpour,
With Father and with Holy Ghost
Through endless ages evermore.
Amen.

(Divine Office
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

136

Quicumque certum quæritis


Qui_cúm_que cer_tum quǽ_ri_tis Re _ bus le _ vá _ men ás_pe_ris,
2
(V. 2)
(V. 4)
Seu cul_pa mor_det án_xi _ a, Seu pœ_na vos pre_mit co_mes. A _ men.

1. Quicúmque certum quǽritis
Rebus levámen ásperis,
Seu culpa mordet ánxia,
Seu pœna vos premit comes.

2. Jesu, qui ut agnus ínnocens
Sese immolándum trádidit,
Ad Cor reclúsum vúlnere,
Ad mite Cor accédite.

3. Audítis, ut suavíssimis
Invítet omnes vócibus:
Veníte, quos gravat labor,
Premítque pondus críminum.

4. Quid Corde Jesu mítius?
Jesum cruci qui affíxerant
Excúsat, et Patrem rogat,
Ne perdat ultor ímpios.

5. O Cor volúptas cǽlitum,
Cor fida spes mortálium,
En hisce tracti vócibus,
Ad te vénimus súpplices.

6. Tu nostra terge vúlnera
Ex te fluénte sánguine:
Tu da novum cor ómnibus
Qui te geméntes ínvocant.
Amen.

1. Haste, all who 'mid life's thorny ways,
Sure comfort seek and peace and rest;
Haste, all by burning care weighed down,
By sharp and bitter pain opprest.

2. To Jesu haste, the spotless Lamb,
The Lamb by love for sinners slain,
Haste to His meek and wounded Heart,
The solace sweet for every pain.

3. O list those sweet and loving words,
His mercy list, His ardent call:
"To Me, poor weary wanderers, haste;
Haste all opprest by sin's dark thrall."

4. O, say what heart more sweet, more meek,
Than His, Who nailed unto the Cross,
Doth for His murderers mercy beg,
To ward away their souls' sad loss?

5. O Heart, the joy of heavenly hosts,
Of man the hope, the only stay,
Drawn by Thy sweet and loving voice,
To Thee we haste and humbly pray.

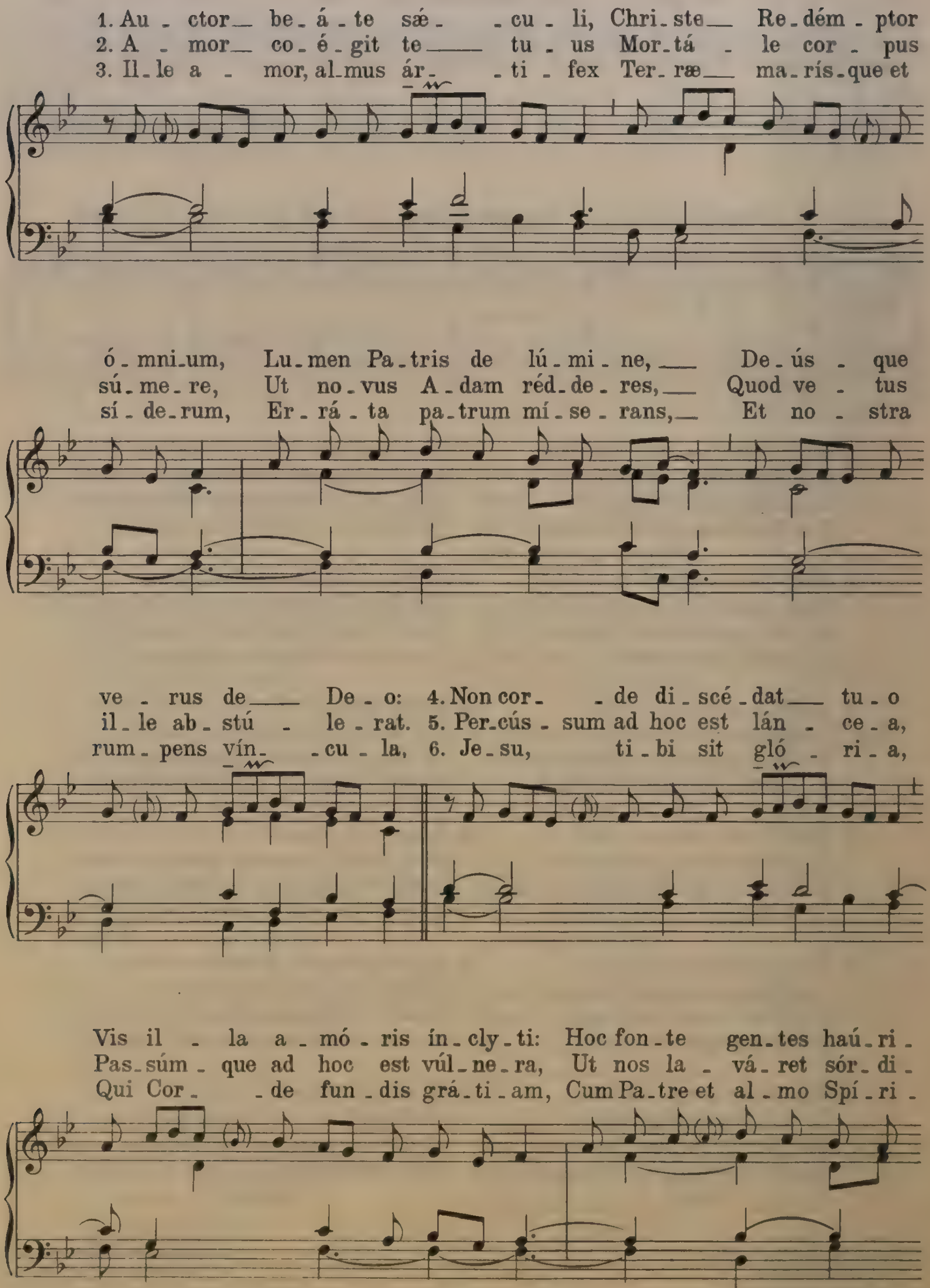
6. O, free us from our sinful stains,
And wash us in Thy saving gore,
A new heart give to all who now
With weeping hearts Thy love implore.
Amen.

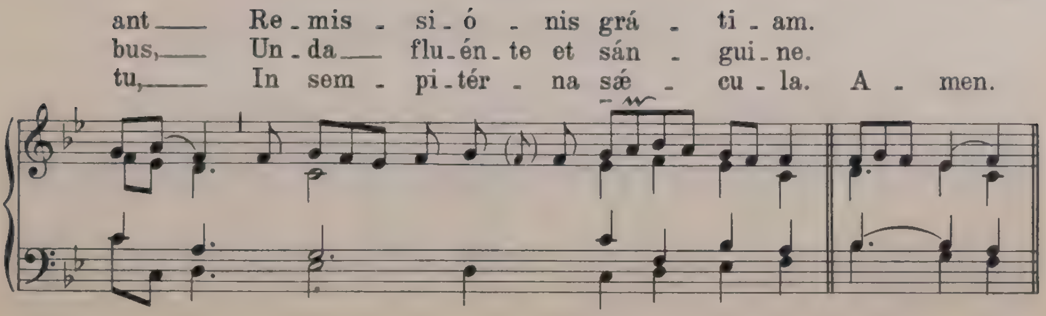
(From an Ancient Office
Tr. J. G. Potter
Annus Sanctus)

(From the Reverend
Benedictine Fathers
of Solesmes
Accpt: Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes)

137

Auctor beate sæculi


1. Au - ctor be - á - te sǽ - cu - li, Chri - ste Re - dém - ptor
2. A - mor co - é - git te tu - us Mor - tá - le cor - pus
3. Il - le a - mor, al - mus ár - ti - fex Ter - ræ ma - rís - que et
ó - mni - um, Lu - men Pa - tris de lú - mi - ne, De - ús - que
sú - me - re, Ut no - vus A - dam réd - de - res, Quod ve - tus
sí - de - rum, Er - rá - ta pa - trum mí - se - rans, Et no - stra
ve - rus de De - o: 4. Non cor - de di - scé - dat tu - o
il - le ab - stú - le - rat. 5. Per - cús - sum ad hoc est lán - ce - a,
rum - pens vín - cu - la, 6. Je - su, ti - bi sit gló - ri - a,
Vis il - la a - mó - ris ín - cly - ti: Hoc fon - te gen - tes haú - ri -
Pas - súm - que ad hoc est vúl - ne - ra, Ut nos la - vá - ret sór - di -
Qui Cor - de fun - dis grá - ti - am, Cum Pa - tre et al - mo Spí - ri -


ant___ Re-mis-si-ó-nis grá-ti-am.
bus,___ Un-da___ flu-én-te et sán-gui-ne.
tu,___ In sem-pi-tér-na sǽ-cu-la. A-men.

1. Auctor beáte sǽculi,
Christe Redémptor ómnium,
Lumen Patris de lúmine,
Deúsque verus de Deo.

2. Amor coégit te tuus
Mortále corpus súmere,
Ut novus Adam rédderes
Quod vetus ille abstúlerat.

3. Ille amor almus ártifex
Terræ marísque et síderum,
Erráta patrum míserans,
Et nostra rumpens víncula.

4. Non Corde discédat tuo
Vis illa amóris ínclyti:
Hoc fonte gentes haúriant
Remissiónis grátiam.

5. Percússum ad hoc est láncea,
Passúmque ad hoc est vúlnera,
Ut nos laváret sórdibus
Unda fluénte, et sánguine.

6. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui Corde fundis grátiam,
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu
In sempitérna sǽcula
Amen.

1. Jesu, Creator of the world,
Of all mankind Redeemer blest;
True God of God! In Whom we see
The Father's Image clear express'd.

2. Thee, Saviour, love alone constrained
To make our mortal flesh Thine own,
And as a second Adam come
For the first Adam to atone.

3. That self-same love which made the sky,
Which made the sea and stars and earth,
Took pity on our misery
And broke the bondage of our birth.

4. O Jesu! In Thy Heart Divine
May that same love for ever glow,
For ever mercy to mankind
From that exhaustless fountain flow.

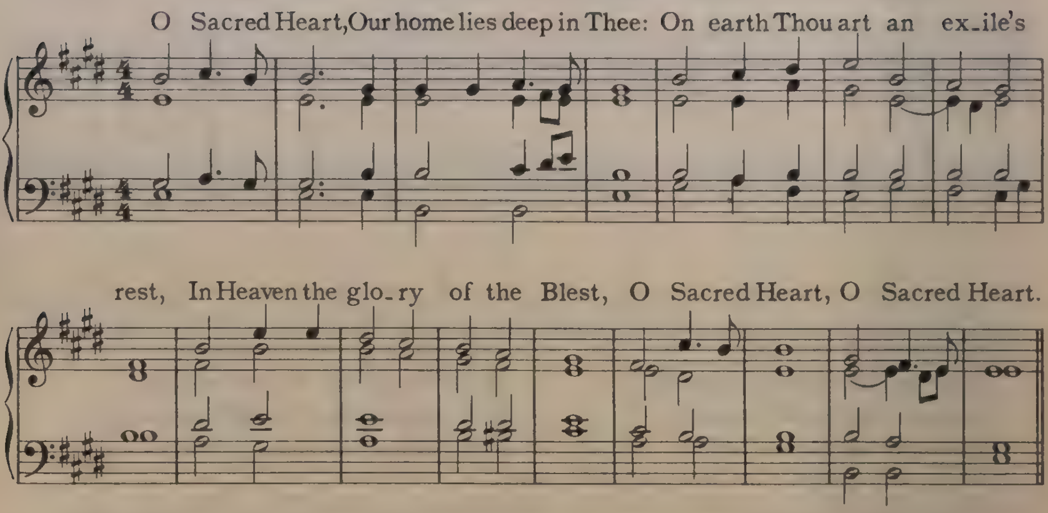
5. For this Thy Sacred Heart was pierc'd,
And both with blood and water ran
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
And be the hope and strength of man.

6. Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
Who from Thy Heart dost grace outpour,
With Father and with Holy Ghost
Through endless ages evermore.
Amen.

(Divine Office
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

138

O Sacred Heart


O Sacred Heart, Our home lies deep in Thee: On earth Thou art an ex-ile's
rest, In Heaven the glo-ry of the Blest, O Sacred Heart, O Sacred Heart.

1. O Sacred Heart,
   Our home lies deep in Thee;
   On earth Thou art an exile's rest,
   In Heaven the glory of the Blest,
   O Sacred Heart.

2. O Sacred Heart,
   Thou fount of contrite tears;
   Where'er those living waters flow,
   New life to sinners they bestow,
   O Sacred Heart.

3. O Sacred Heart,
   Our trust is all in Thee;
   For, though earth's night be dark and drear,
   Thou breathest rest when Thou art near,
   O Sacred Heart.

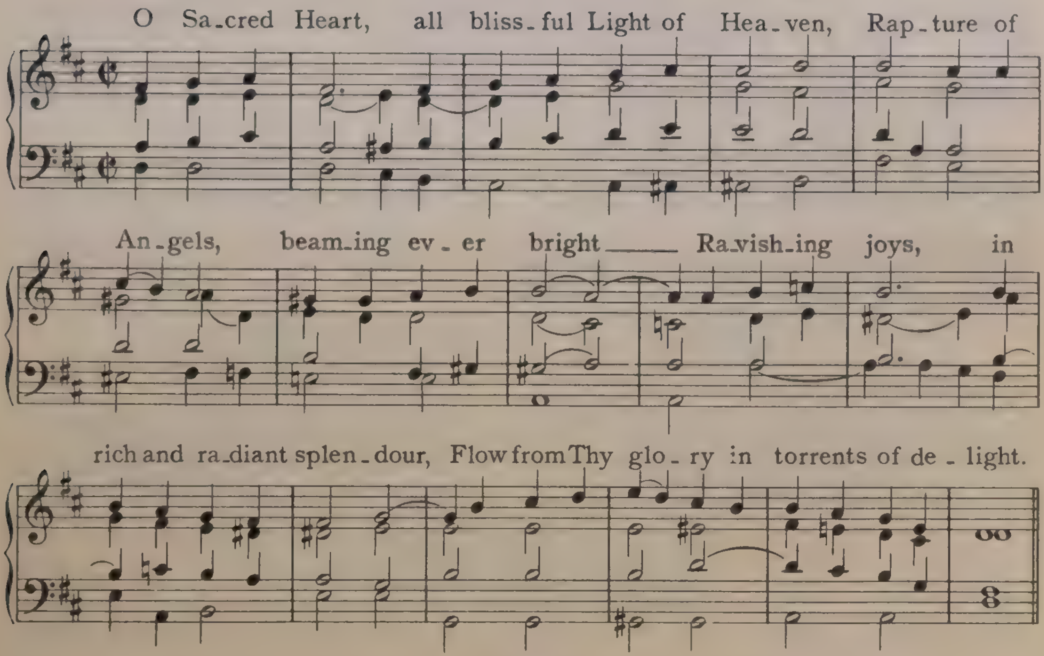
4. O Sacred Heart,
   When shades of death shall fall,
   Receive us 'neath Thy gentle care,
   And save us from the tempter's snare,
   O Sacred Heart.

5. O Sacred Heart,
   Lead exiled children home,
   Where we may ever rest near Thee,
   In peace and joy eternally.
   O Sacred Heart.

(Fr Stanfield) *(Sir J. Stevenson)*

139

O Sacred Heart, all blissful Light


O Sa-cred Heart, all bliss-ful Light of Hea-ven, Rap-ture of
An-gels, beam-ing ev-er bright Ra-vish-ing joys, in
rich and ra-diant splen-dour, Flow from Thy glo-ry in torrents of de-light.

1. O Sacred Heart, all blissful Light of Heaven,
Rapture of Angels, beaming ever bright,
Ravishing joys, in rich and radiant splendour,
Flow from Thy glory in torrents of delight.

2. O Sacred Heart, O Hope of sinners' sorrow,
Rest of the weary, careworn and depressed;
Sweetly lead home earth's lone estrangèd exiles,
Where 'neath Thy love we may lie down and rest.

3. O Sacred Heart, Thy light is softly rising
O'er the dark night of England's cheerless gloom;
Bright dawns the day of Faith's undying glory,
Sweetly Thou seekest a loved but long-lost home.

4. O Sacred Heart, as strains of softest rapture,
Sweet falls the music of that voice so blest;
"Come unto Me, all ye who mourn and labour,
Come heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

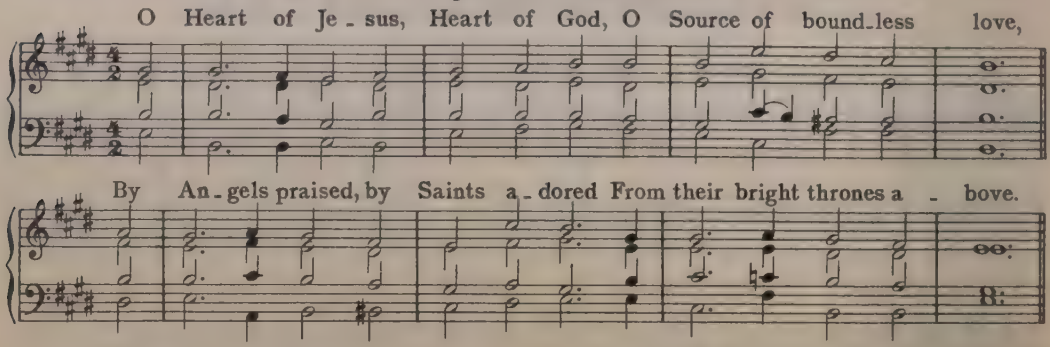
5. O Sacred Heart, when shades of death are falling,
Gather Thy children 'neath the wings of love;
Hush us to rest in Thine own gentle mercy,
Bear troubled spirits to brighter realms above.

6. O Sacred Heart, what bliss, what thrilling rapture,
E'er to rest near Thee on Thine own bright shore;
Ever to gaze upon Thy beaming splendour,
Never to part — to weep, to mourn no more.

(*Fr. Stanfield*) (*Editor*)

140

O Heart of Jesus, Heart of God


O Heart of Je - sus, Heart of God, O Source of bound-less love,
By An - gels praised, by Saints a - dored From their bright thrones a - bove.

1. O Heart of Jesus, Heart of God,
O Source of boundless love,
By Angels praised, by Saints adored
From their bright thrones above.

2. The poorest, saddest heart on earth
May claim Thee for its own;
O burning, throbbing Heart of Christ,
Too late, too little known.

3. The world is cold, and life is sad,
I crave the blessed rest
Of those who lay their weary heads
Upon Thy Sacred Breast.

4. For love is stronger far than death,
And who can love like Thee,
My Saviour, Whose appealing Heart
Broke on the Cross for me?

5. The purest, deepest earthly love,
What is it, Lord, to Thine?
A single drop from that great Fount,
Eternal and Divine.

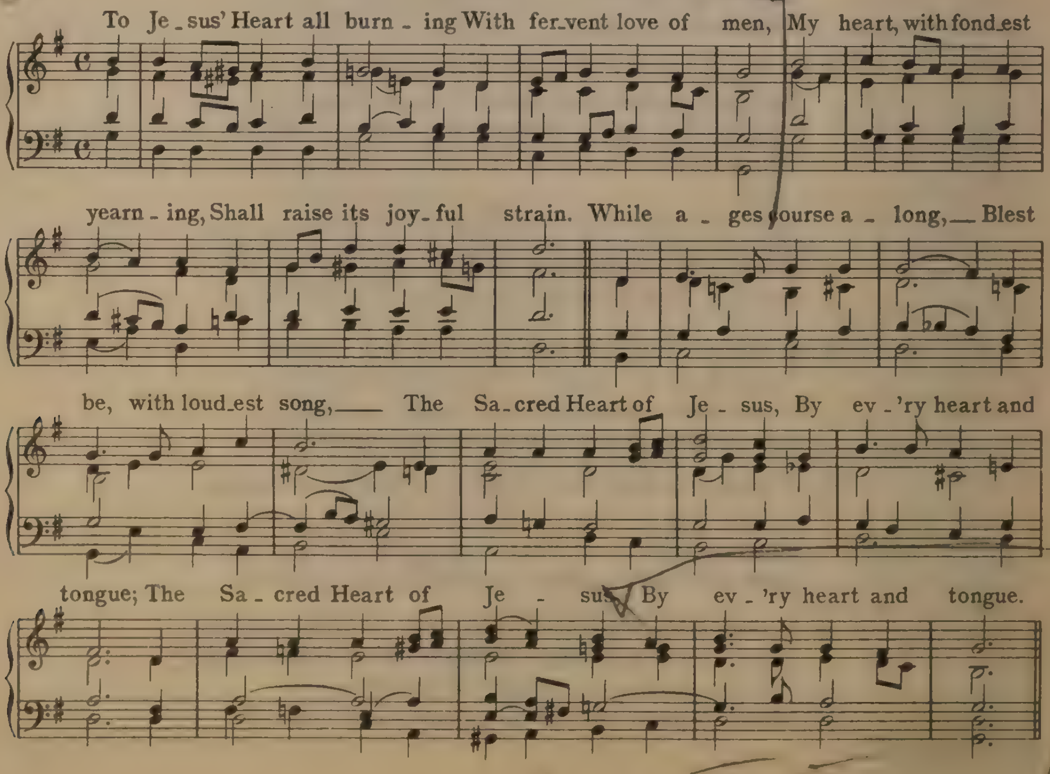
(Lady Georgiana Fullerton) *(Right Rev. Bp. Weathers)*

Interlude

141

The Sacred Heart

To Jesus' Heart, all burning


To Je - sus' Heart all burn - ing With fer-vent love of men, My heart, with fond-est
yearn - ing, Shall raise its joy - ful strain. While a - ges course a - long, Blest
be, with loud-est song, The Sa-cred Heart of Je - sus, By ev - 'ry heart and
tongue; The Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus, By ev - 'ry heart and tongue.

Interlude

1. To Jesus' Heart, all burning
With fervent love of men,
My heart, with fondest yearning,
Shall raise its joyful strain.
While ages course along
Blest be, with loudest song,
|: The Sacred Heart of Jesus,
By ev'ry heart and tongue. :|

2. O Heart for sinners riven,
By sheer excess of love
The spear thro' Thee was driven —
'Twas sin of mine that drove.
While ages course, *etc.*

3. O Heart for me on fire
With love no tongue can speak,
My yet untold desire
God gives me for Thy sake.
While ages course, *etc.*

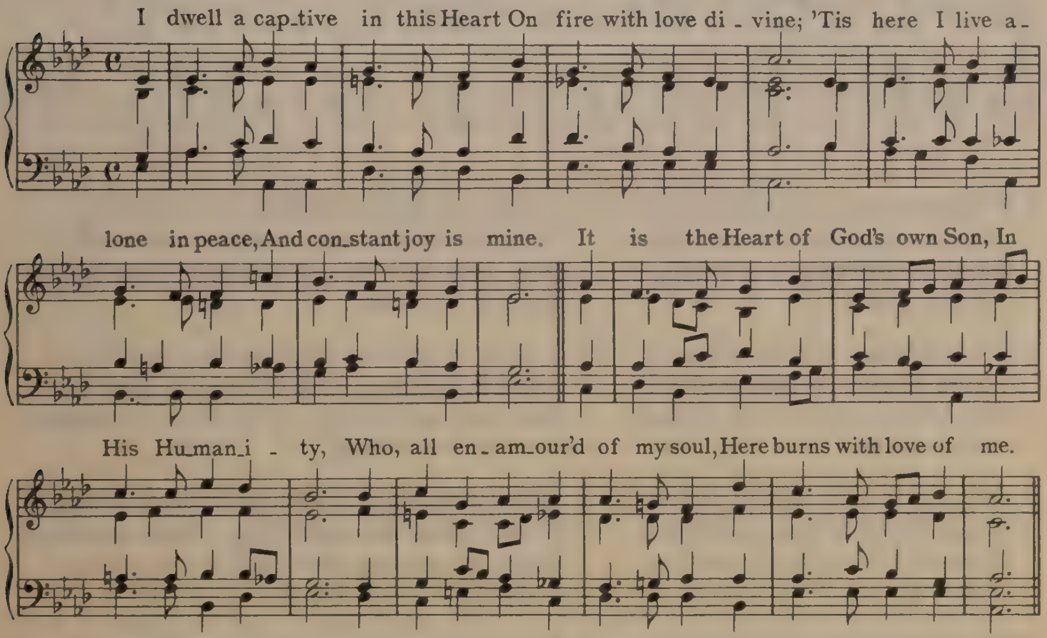
(Fr. Christie S.J.)

(Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S.J.)

142

The Sacred Heart

I dwell a captive in this Heart


I dwell a cap_tive in this Heart On fire with love di _ vine; 'Tis here I live a _
lone in peace, And con_stant joy is mine. It is the Heart of God's own Son, In
His Hu_man_i _ ty, Who, all en _ am_our'd of my soul, Here burns with love of me.

1. I dwell a captive in this Heart,
On fire with love divine;
'Tis here I live alone in peace,
And constant joy is mine.
It is the Heart of God's own Son
In His humanity,
Who, all enamoured of my soul,
Here burns with love of me.

2. Here like the dove within the ark
Securely I repose;
Since now the Lord is my defence,
I fear no earthly foes.
What though I suffer, still in love
I ever true will be;
My love of God shall deeper grow
When crosses fall on me.

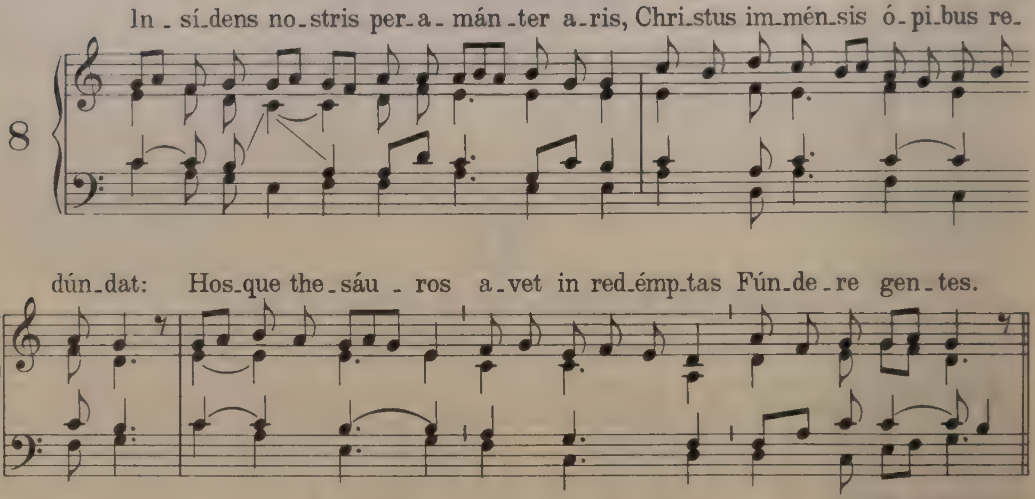
3. From every bond of earth, O Lord,
Thy grace hath set me free;
My soul, delivered from the snare,
Enjoys true liberty.
Nought more can I desire than this,
To see Thy Face in Heaven;
And this I hope, since He on earth
His Heart in pledge hath given.

(St. Alphonsus Liguori †1787
Tr. Fr. Vaughan C. SS. R.)

(Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S.J.)

143

Insidens nostris peramanter


8
In - sí-dens no-stris per-a- mán-ter a-ris, Chri-stus im-mén-sis ó-pi-bus re-
dún-dat: Hos-que the-sáu - ros a-vet in red-émp-tas Fún-de-re gen-tes.

1. Insídens nostris peramánter aris,
Christus imménsis ópibus redúndat:
Hosque thesáuros avet in redémptas
Fúndere gentes.

2. O inexháustum pélagus bonórum,
Némini cláusum, refluúmque late!
Hinc tibi veras, homo, nec cadúcas
Cóllige gazas.

3. Huc veni, quisquis pietáte ferves
Quique fervórem cupis auctiórem;
Flámmeum, Jesu, tibi cor novéllos
Ingeret ignes.

4. Huc veni, frigens et iners amátor;
Ara te, Christi latitántis aula,
Coget impénsis stúdiis Amántem
Rursus amáre.

5. Huc veni tandem veniámque supplex
Posce, peccátor: lácrimas ciébit
Uberes Jesus, quibus atra tergas
Crímina vitæ.

6. Sint tibi juges, Trias alma, grates,
Exsules quæ nos réficis supérno
Férculo, donec sátiet perénnis
Cœna beátos. Amen.

1. Dwelling in tenderest love upon our altars,
Christ with high riches manifold aboundeth;
And on the race He hath redeemed, His treasure
Yearneth to scatter.

2. O Thou of goodness fountain unexhausted,
No man rejecting, far and wide outflowing,
Here may mankind lay up a precious treasure
True and unfading.

3. Hither draw nigh, all ye whose love is fervent,
Ye who would love with deeper, purer service;
Jesus' all-burning Heart will in you kindle
Flame more resplendent.

4. Hither draw nigh, O lover cold and feeble;
Christ, hidden, keeps His court upon this altar;
Calls ic not thee with purer zeal to render
Love to thy Lover?

5. Hither draw nigh thou also, low beseeching
Pardon, O sinner; Jesus will obtain thee
Tears overflowing, wherewithal to purge thee
Life's blackest sin-stain.

6. Thine be thanks ever, Trinity all-holy,
Thanks from us exiles, whom Thy most high banquet
Feedeth, till Thy great Supper everlasting
Fill them with blessing. Amen.

(Divine Office
Tr. "The Inner Court")

(Accpt. Fr. Lancelot Long Mus. B.)

II

PROPER OF SAINTS

144

Nov. 29
Bl. Cuthbert Mayne

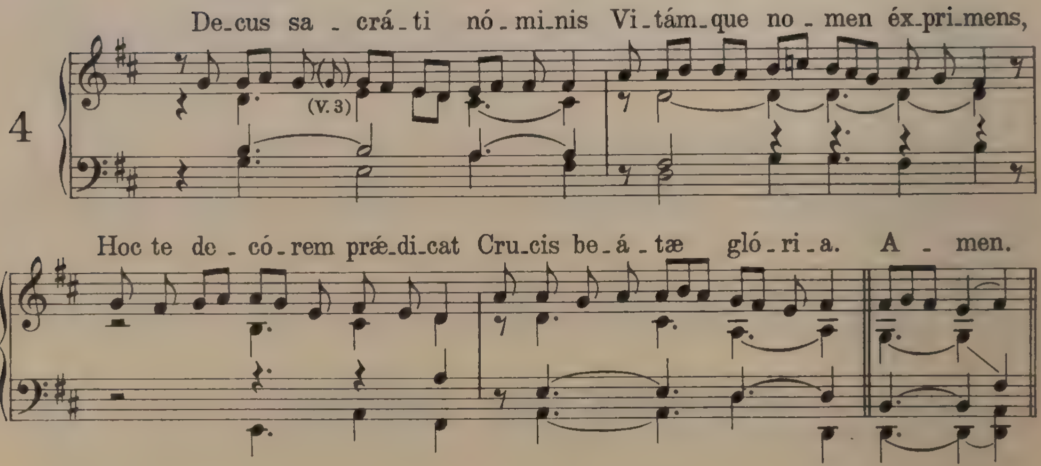
Deus tuorum militum

(See No. 300)

145

Nov. 30
St. Andrew

Decus sacrati nominis


De_cus sa - crá_ti nó - mi_nis Vi_tám_que no - men éx_pri_mens,
4
(V. 3)
Hoc te de - có_rem prǽ_di_cat Cru_cis be_á - tæ gló - ri - a. A - men.

1. Decus sacráti nóminis,
Vitámque nomen éxprimens,
Hoc te decórem prædicat
Crucis beátæ glória.

2. Andréa, Christi Apóstole,
Hoc ipso jam vocábulo
Signáris: isto nómine
Decórus item mýstice.

3. Quem cruce ad alta próvehit,
Crux quem beáta díligit,
Cui crux amára præparat
Lucis futúræ gáudia.

4. In te crucis mystérium
Cluit geméllo stígmate,
Dum probre vincis per crucem,
Crucísque pandis sánguinem.

5. Jam nos fovéto lánguidos
Curámque nostri súscipe,
Quo per crucis victóriam
Cæli petámus pátriam.

6. Deo Patri sit glória,
Ejúsque soli Fílio,
Cum Spíritu Paráclito
Nunc et per omne sǽculum.
Amen.

(St. Damasus
Tr. Alan G. Mc. Dougall)

1. High glory of thy holy name,
Whose life on earth declared the same,
This name of thine declares thy worth,
The glory of the Cross on earth.

2. Christ's blest Apostle, Andrew, thou
By this meet name wert called, and now
This name of thine to loving eyes
Is no less meet in mystic wise.

3. Thou whom the Cross bore up on high,
Whom the blest Cross did glorify,
To whom the bitter Cross gave sight
Of joy and everlasting light.

4. The Cross's solemn mystery
With twofold lustre shone in thee;
By thee its news o'er earth was borne,
By thee on Cross was earth foregone.

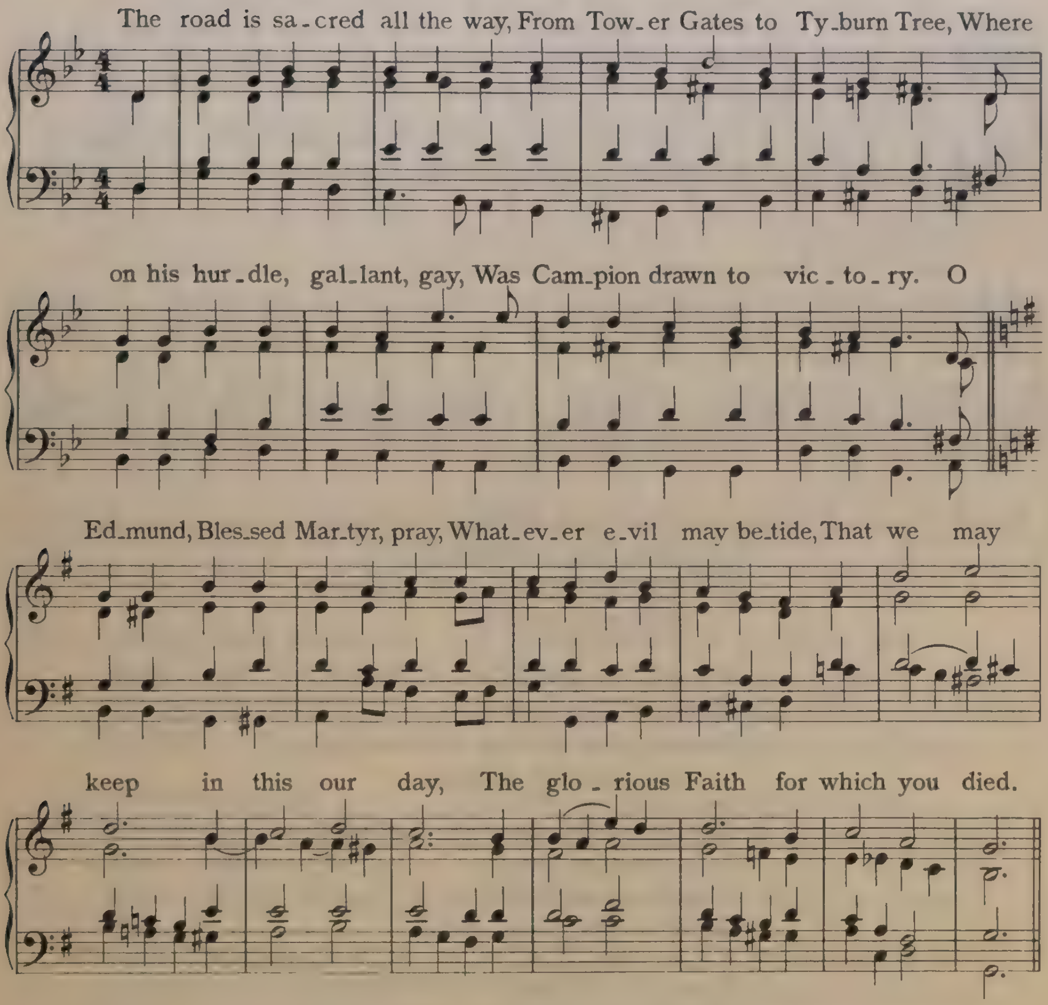
5. Now aid our weakness, hear our prayer,
Take thou our wayward souls in care,
Through the victorious Cross to rise
And gain our home beyond the skies.

6. To God the Father glory be,
Like glory, only Son, to Thee,
With Holy Ghost the Three in One,
While ages everlasting run.
Amen.

146

Dec. 1
B. Edmund Campion

The road is sacred all the way


The road is sa-cred all the way, From Tow-er Gates to Ty-burn Tree, Where
on his hur-dle, gal-lant, gay, Was Cam-pion drawn to vic-to-ry. O
Ed-mund, Bles-sed Mar-tyr, pray, What-ev-er e-vil may be-tide, That we may
keep in this our day, The glo-rious Faith for which you died.

1. The road is sacred all the way
From Tower Gates to Tyburn Tree,
Where on his hurdle, gallant, gay,
Was Campion drawn to victory.
O Edmund, Blessed Martyr, pray,
Whatever evil may betide,
That we may keep in this our day
The glorious Faith for which you died.

2. "Come rack, come rope", his splendid boast
By grace of God he did maintain,
Betraying not one single host
To free himself from awful pain.
O Edmund, *etc.*

3. By earthly pomp beguiled in youth,
With what magnificence he turned
From falsehood to eternal truth,
And all deceitful honour spurned.
O Edmund, Blessed Martyr, pray,
Whatever evil may betide,
That we may keep in this our day,
The glorious Faith for which you died.

4. With wondrous eloquence he made
Poor timid souls new courage take,
And, when at last he was betrayed,
Forgave the spy for Jesus' sake.
O Edmund, *etc.*

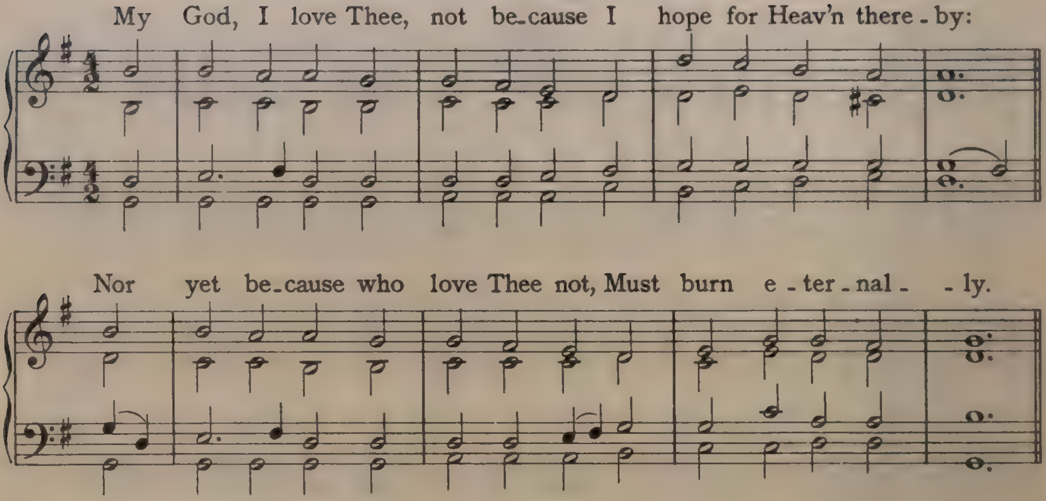
(S. J.)

(Editor)

147

Dec. 3
St. Francis Xavier

My God, I love Thee


My God, I love Thee, not be-cause I hope for Heav'n there-by:
Nor yet be-cause who love Thee not, Must burn e-ter-nal-ly.

1. My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heav'n thereby:
Nor yet because who love Thee not,
Must burn eternally.

2. Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nail and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

3. And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself - and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

4. Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping Hell;

5. Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Nor seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord.

6. E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

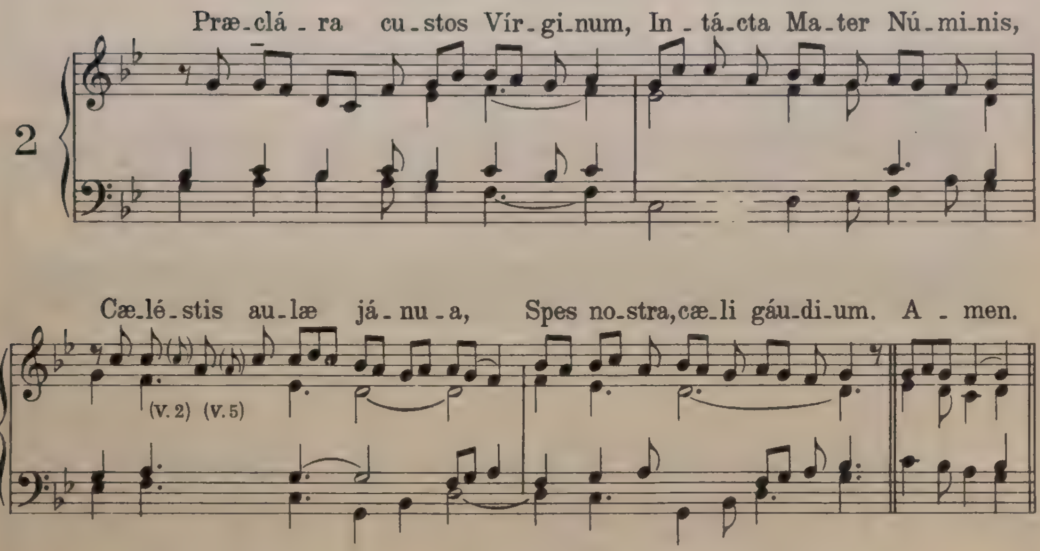
(*St. Francis Xavier S. J.* † 1552
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*Laurence Ampleforth*)

Dec. 8
The Immaculate Conception

148

Præclara custos Virginum


2
Præ-clá-ra cu-stos Vír-gi-num, In-tá-cta Ma-ter Nú-mi-nis,
Cæ-lé-stis au-læ já-nu-a, Spes no-stra, cæ-li gáu-di-um. A-men.
(V. 2) (V. 5)

1. Præclára custos Vírginum,
Intácta Mater Núminis,
Cæléstis aulæ jánua,
Spes nostra, cæli gáudium.

2. Inter rubéta lílium,
Colúmba formosíssima,
Virga e radíce gérminans
Nostro medélam vúlneri.

3. Turris dracóni impérvia,
Amíca stella náufragis,
Tuére nos a fráudibus,
Tuáque luce dírige.

4. Erróris umbras díscute,
Syrtes dolósas ámove,
Fluctus tot inter déviis
Tutam reclúde sémitam.

5. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui natus es de Vírgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu,
In sempitérna sæcula.
Amen.

1. Blest Guardian of all Virgin souls,
Portal of bliss to man forgiven,
Pure Mother of Almighty God,
Thou hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2. Fair lily found amidst the thorns,
Most beauteous dove with wings of gold,
Rod from whose tender root up-sprang
That healing flower long since foretold.

3. Thou tower against the dragon proof,
Thou star to storm-tossed voyagers dear,
Our course lies o'er a treacherous deep,
Thine be the light by which we steer.

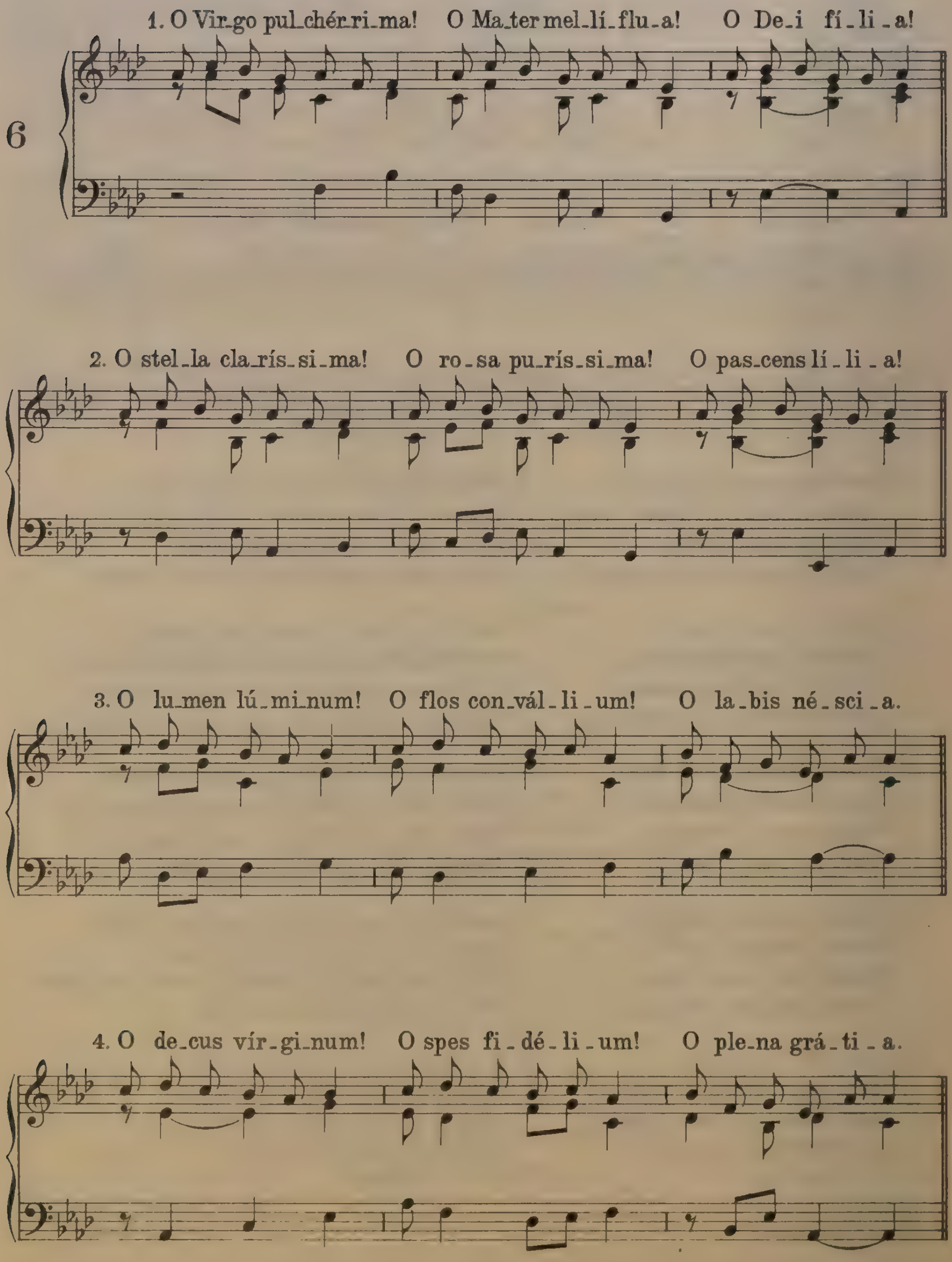
4. Scatter the mists that round us hang,
Keep far the fatal shoals away,
And while through darkling waves we sweep,
Open a path to life and day.

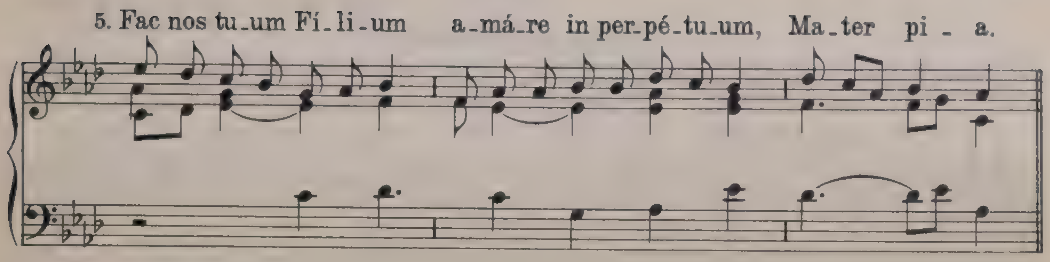
5. O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee,
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.
Amen.

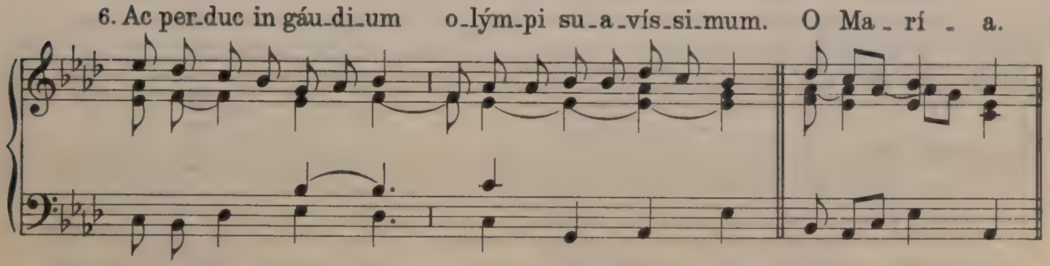
(*Divine Office*
Tr. "The Inner Court")

149

O Virgo pulcherrima


6
1. O Vir_go pul_chér_ri_ma! O Ma_ter mel_lí_flu_a! O De_i fí_li_a!
2. O stel_la cla_rís_si_ma! O ro_sa pu_rís_si_ma! O pas_cens lí_li_a!
3. O lu_men lú_mi_num! O flos con_vál_li_um! O la_bis né_sci_a.
4. O de_cus vír_gi_num! O spes fi_dé_li_um! O ple_na grá_ti_a.


5. Fac nos tu-um Fí-li-um a-má-re in per-pé-tu-um, Ma-ter pi-a.


6. Ac per-duc in gáu-di-um o-lým-pi su-a-vís-si-mum. O Ma-rí-a.

1. O Virgo pulchérrima,
O Mater mellíflua,
O Dei fília.

1. O Virgin in beauty excelling,
O Mother by sweetness compelling,
O Daughter, God's glory e'er telling.

2. O stella claríssima,
O rosa puríssima,
O pascens lília.

2. O Star of the Heavens most brilliant,
O Rose in thy pureness transparent,
To virtue a constant incitement.

3. O lumen lúminum,
O flos convállium,
O labis néscia.

3. O shining example of holiness,
O wonderful flower of lowliness,
O handwork of God in thy sinlessness.

4. O decus vírginum,
O spes fidélium,
O plena grátia.

4. O glory of virgins for ever,
O hope of souls, failing us never,
O Mary, full of Grace.

5. Fac nos tuum Fílium
Amáre in perpétuum,
Mater pia.

5. Let us love thy dear Son never faltering,
With a love such as thine never altering,
O tender Mother of God.

6. Ac perduc in gáudium
Olýmpi suavíssimum,
O María.

6. And lead us when this life is o'er
To Heaven to reign evermore
In blissful joy, O Mary.

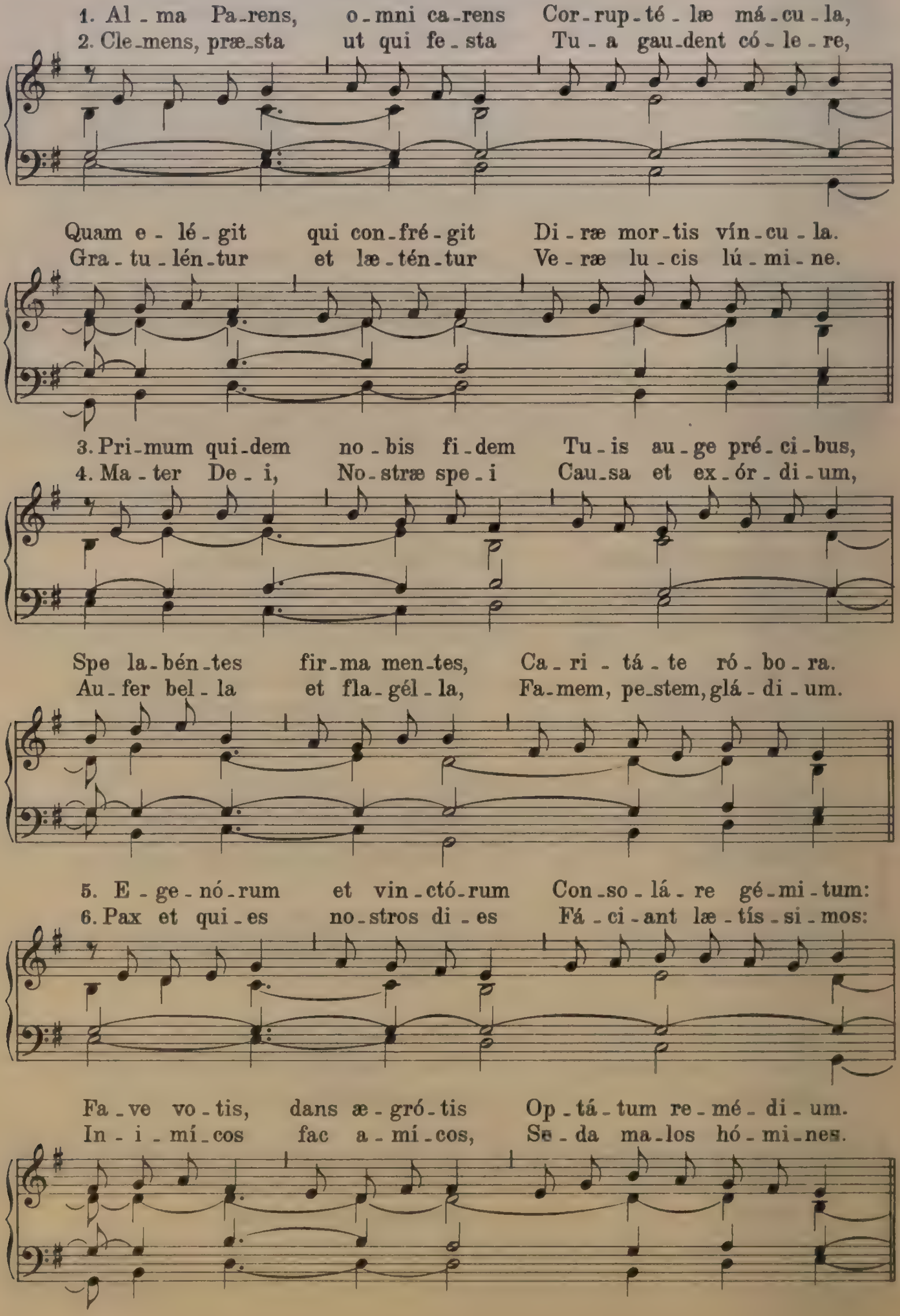
(Dom Pothier O. S. B.
From Cantus Mariales
J. de Gigord, Paris)

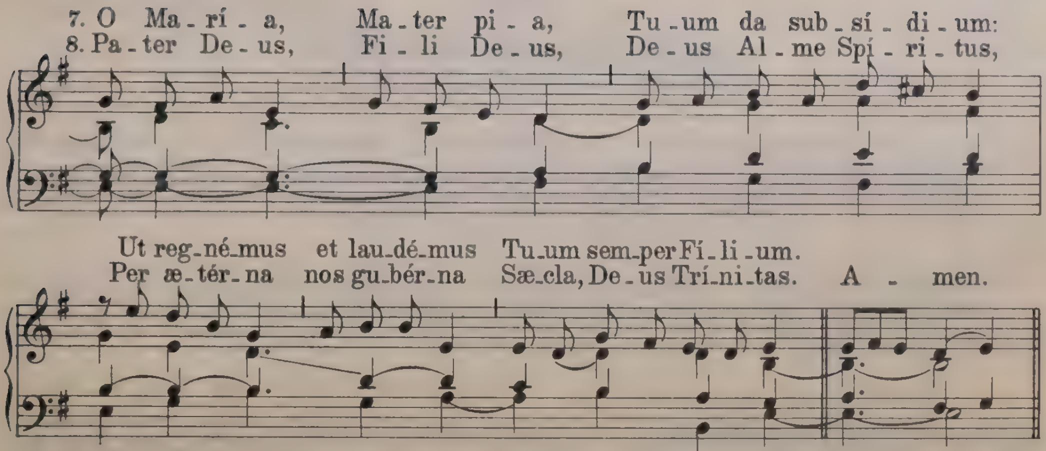
(Tr. S. N. D.)

150

Dec. 8
The Immaculate Conception

Alma Parens


1. Al - ma Pa - rens, o - mni ca - rens Cor - rup - té - læ má - cu - la,
2. Cle - mens, præ - sta ut qui fe - sta Tu - a gau - dent có - le - re,
Quam e - lé - git qui con - fré - git Di - ræ mor - tis vín - cu - la.
Gra - tu - lén - tur et læ - tén - tur Ve - ræ lu - cis lú - mi - ne.
3. Pri - mum qui - dem no - bis fi - dem Tu - is au - ge pré - ci - bus,
4. Ma - ter De - i, No - stræ spe - i Cau - sa et ex - ór - di - um,
Spe la - bén - tes fir - ma men - tes, Ca - ri - tá - te ró - bo - ra.
Au - fer bel - la et fla - gél - la, Fa - mem, pe - stem, glá - di - um.
5. E - ge - nó - rum et vin - ctó - rum Con - so - lá - re gé - mi - tum:
6. Pax et qui - es no - stros di - es Fá - ci - ant læ - tís - si - mos:
Fa - ve vo - tis, dans æ - gró - tis Op - tá - tum re - mé - di - um.
In - i - mí - cos fac a - mí - cos, Se - da ma - los hó - mi - nes.


7. O Ma - rí - a, Ma - ter pi - a, Tu - um da sub - sí - di - um:
8. Pa - ter De - us, Fi - li De - us, De - us Al - me Spí - ri - tus,
Ut reg - né - mus et lau - dé - mus Tu - um sem - per Fí - li - um.
Per æ - tér - na nos gu - bér - na Sæ - cla, De - us Trí - ni - tas. A - men.

1. Alma parens, omni carens
Corruptélæ mácula,
Quam elégit qui confrégit
Diræ mortis víncula.

2. Clemens, præsta ut qui festa
Tua gaudent cólere,
Gratuléntur et læténtur
Veræ lucis lúmine.

3. Primum quidem nobis fidem
Tuis auge précibus,
Spe labéntes firma mentes,
Caritáte róbora.

4. Mater Dei! Nostræ spei
Causa et exórdium,
Aufer bella et flagélla,
Famem, pestem, gládium.

5. Egenórum et vinctórum
Consoláre gémitum:
Fave votis, dans ægrótis
Optátum remédium.

6. Pax et quies nostros dies
Fáciant lætíssimos:
Inimícos fac amícos,
Seda malos hómines.

7. O María, mater pia,
Tuum da subsídium:
Ut regnémus et laudémus
Tuum semper Fílium.

8. Pater Deus, Fili Deus,
Deus Alme Spíritus,
Per ætérna nos gubérna
Sæcla, Deus Trínitas.
Amen.

(*St. Anselm* † 1109
Tr. "The Inner Court")

*1. Holy Mother, all unknowing
Lightest taint or stain of sin,
Whom He chose that brake death's fetters,
Showing forth His love therein.*

*2. Grant in mercy that thy people,
Gladsome in thy festal rite,
Find their joy and bliss for ever
In the very light of light.*

*3. First of faith, by thy beseeching
Gain us increase from above,
Stay with hope the hearts that falter,
Strengthen and confirm in love.*

*4. God's own Mother, cause and fountain
Of the hope our hearts enjoy,
Drive all wars and scourges from us,
Famine, plague and strife destroy.*

*5. Heed the cries and lamentations
Of the prisoner and the poor:
Grant their vows, and to the ailing
Wished-for health and strength restore.*

*6. Grant that quiet peace be with us,
Making all our life-days sweet,
Foes make friends, all hate dispelling,
Bring the wicked to thy feet.*

*7. Holy Mary, loving Mother,
Grant to all thy sons thine aid,
Till enthroned we praise for ever
Christ, thy Child, His fellows made.*

*8. God the Father, Son co-equal,
Holy Spirit, praise to Thee:
Rule us ever through the ages,
Co-Eternal Trinity.
Amen.*

(*Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.*)

151

Exsultet orbis gaudiis

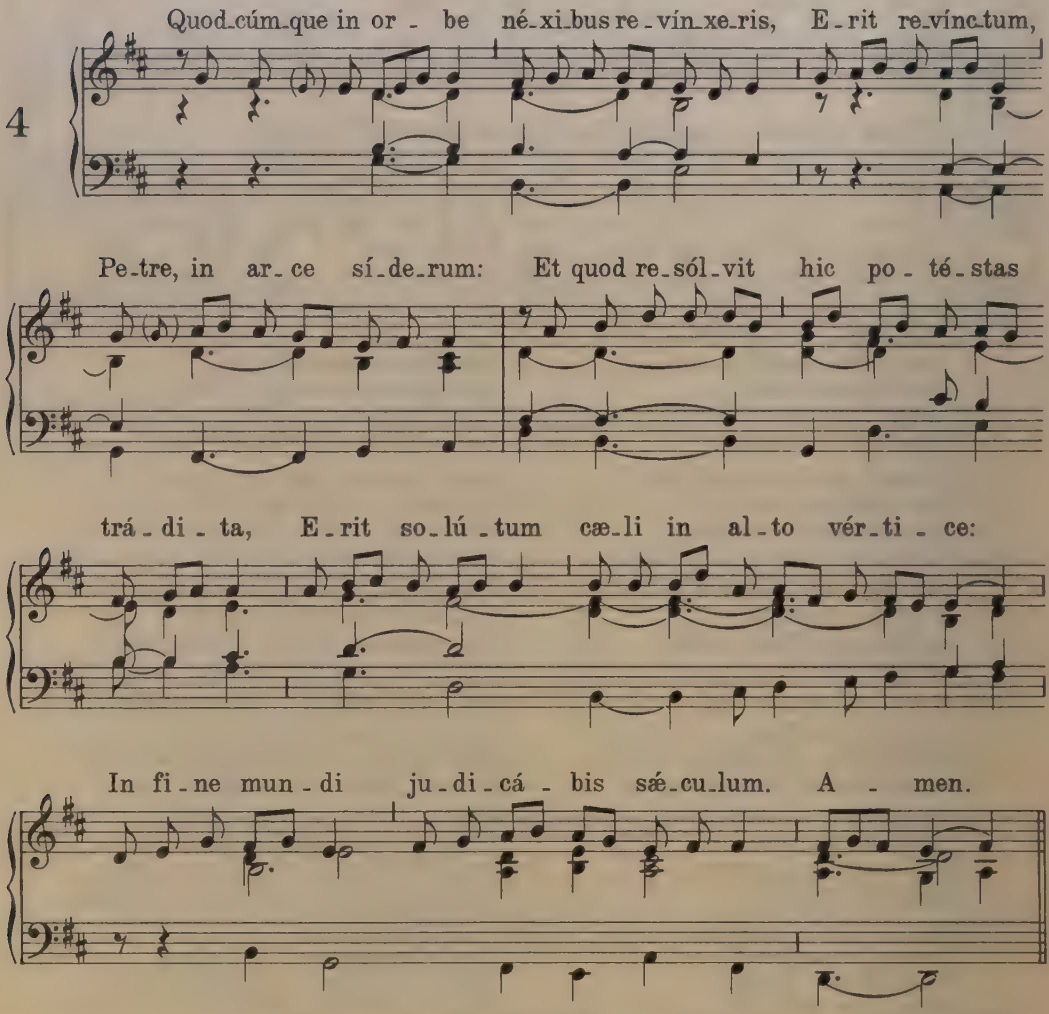
See "Common of Saints" No. 298

Dec. 21
St. Thomas
Apostle

152

Jan. 18
St. Peter's Chair at Rome

Quodcumque in orbe


4
Quod-cúm-que in or - be né-xi-bus re-vín-xe-ris, E-rit re-vínc-tum,
Pe-tre, in ar-ce sí-de-rum: Et quod re-sól-vit hic po-té-stas
trá-di-ta, E-rit so-lú-tum cæ-li in al-to vér-ti-ce:
In fi-ne mun-di ju-di-cá-bis sǽ-cu-lum. A-men.

1. Quodcúmque in orbe néxibus revínxeris, Erit revínctum, Petre, in arce síderum: Et quod resólvit hic potéstas trádita, Erit solútum cæli in alto vértice: In fine mundi judicábis sǽculum.	*1. Peter, whatever thou shalt bind on earth,* *The same is bound above the starry sky:* *What here thy delegated power doth loose,* *Is loosed in heaven's great citadel on high.* *To judgment shalt thou come when the world's end is nigh.*
2. Patri perénne sit per ævum glória, Tibíque laudes concinámus ínclytas, Ætérnæ Nate: sit, supérne Spíritus, Honor, tibi, decúsque, sancta júgiter Laudétur omne Trínitas per sǽculum. Amen.	*2. Praise to the Father through all ages be,* *The same to Thee, O Co-Eternal Son,* *And Holy Ghost, one glorious Trinity,* *To Whom all majesty and might belong;* *So sing we now, and such be our eternal song.* *Amen.*

(*St. Paulinus of Aquileia* † 802
Tr. Day Hours)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

153

Jan. 21
St. Agnes

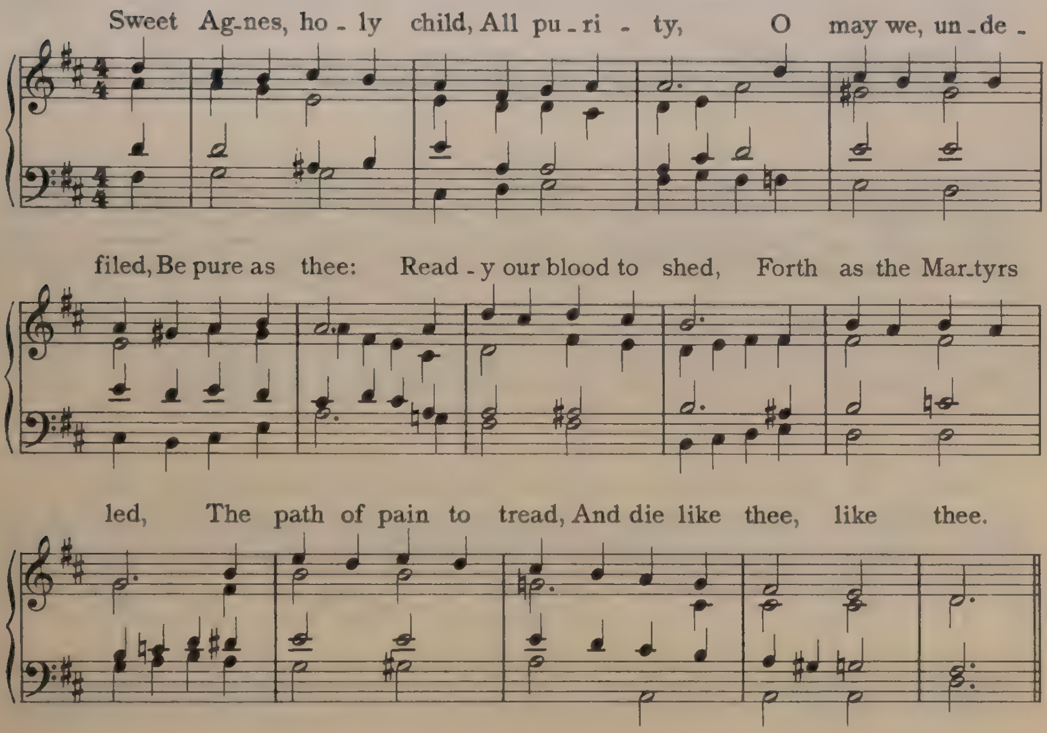
Jesu Corona Virginum

See "Common of Saints" No. 306

154

Jan. 21

Sweet Agnes, holy child


Sweet Ag-nes, ho - ly child, All pu - ri - ty, O may we, un - de -
filed, Be pure as thee: Read - y our blood to shed, Forth as the Mar-tyrs
led, The path of pain to tread, And die like thee, like thee.

1. Sweet Agnes, holy child,
All purity,
O may we, undefiled,
Be pure as thee:
Ready our blood to shed,
Forth as the Martyrs led
The path of pain to tread,
And die like thee, like thee.

2. O gentle patroness
Of holy youth,
Ask God all those to bless
Who love the truth:
O, guide us on our way
Unto the eternal day,
With hearts all pure and gay,
Dear Saint, like thine, like thine.

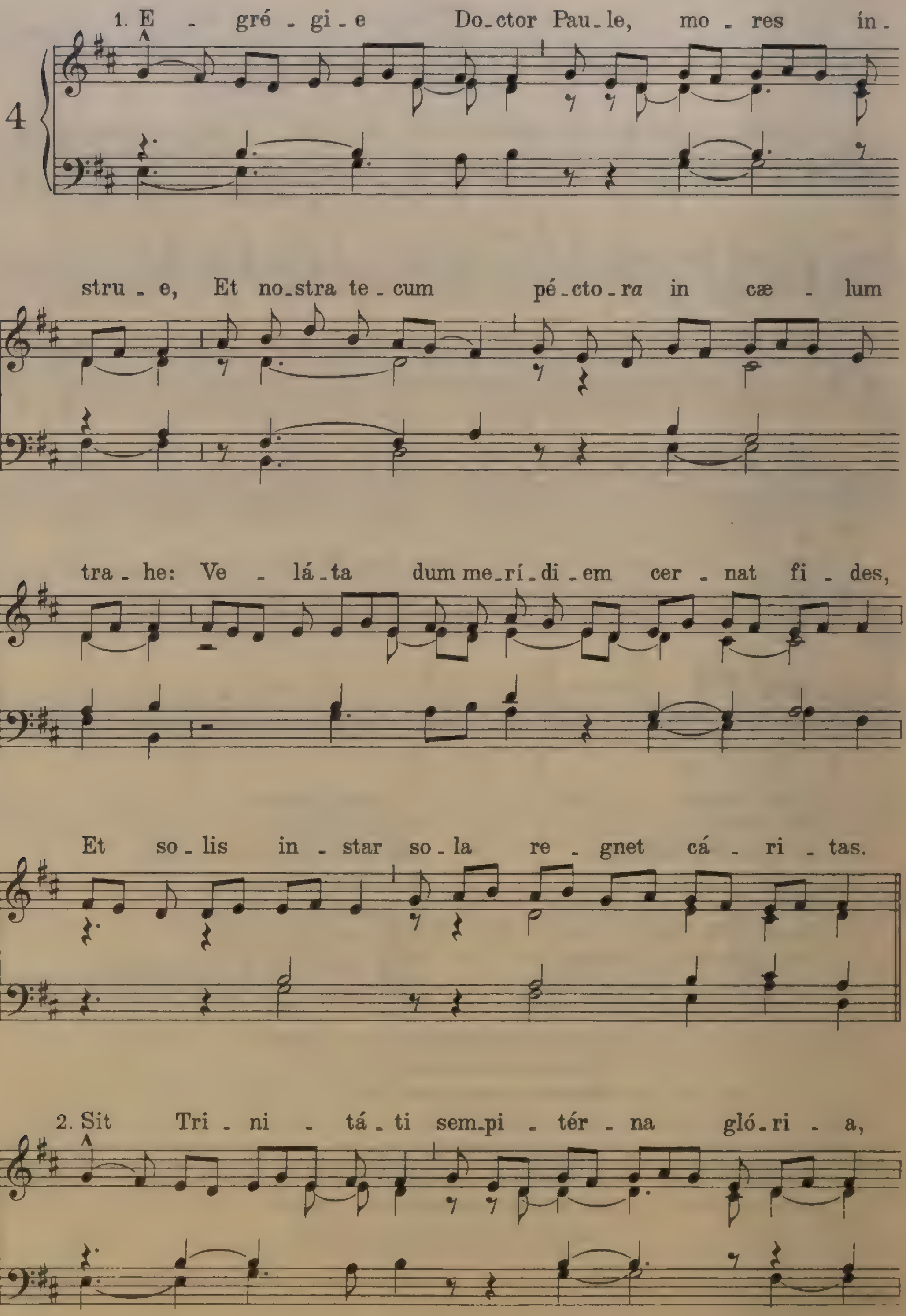
3. Look down and hear our prayer
From realms above,
Show us thy tender care
And guiding love:
O keep us in thy sight,
Till in the unclouded light
Of Heaven's pure vision bright
We dwell with thee, with thee.

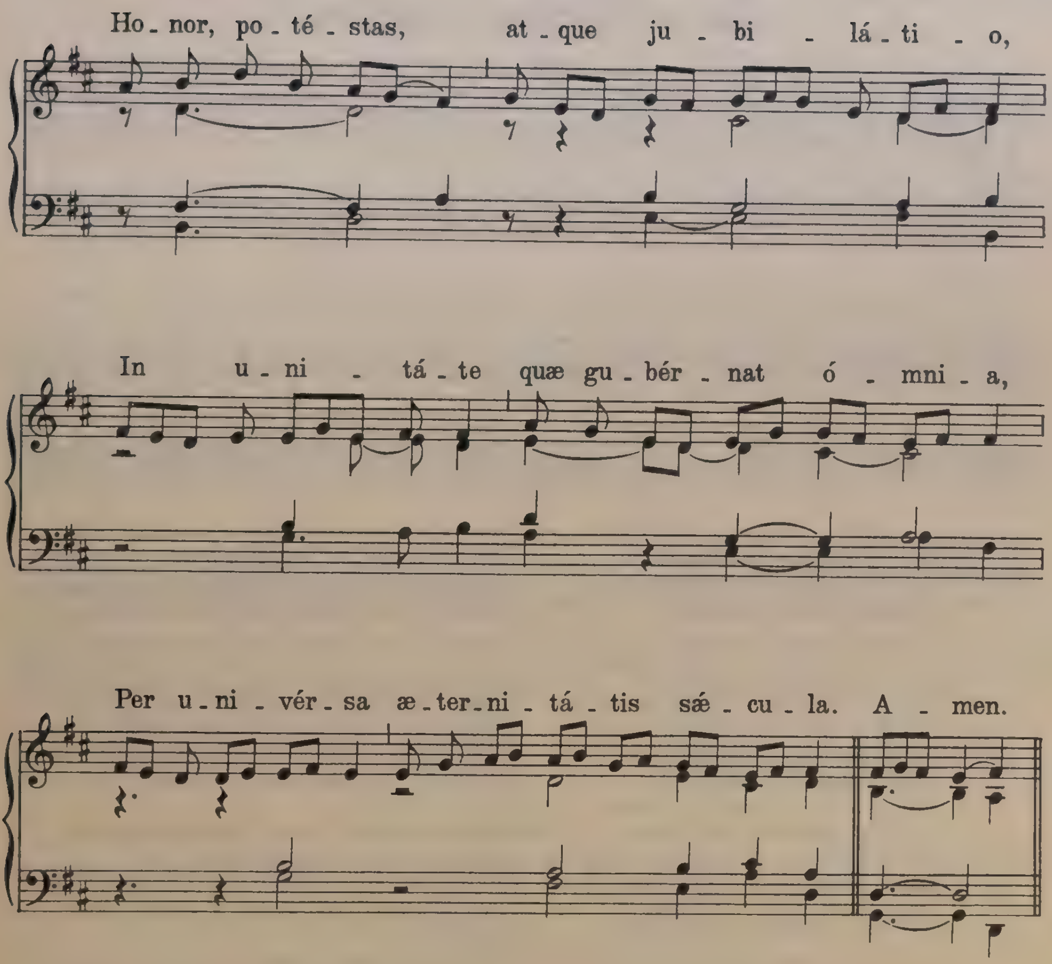
(Anon.) *(Editor)*

Jan. 25
Conversion of St. Paul

155

Egregie Doctor Paule


4
1. E - gré - gi - e Do-ctor Pau-le, mo - res in-
stru - e, Et no-stra te - cum pé-cto-ra in cæ - lum
tra - he: Ve - lá-ta dum me-rí-di-em cer - nat fi - des,
Et so - lis in - star so - la re - gnet cá - ri - tas.
2. Sit Tri - ni - tá - ti sem-pi - tér - na gló-ri - a,


Ho - nor, po - té - stas, at - que ju - bi - lá - ti - o,
In u - ni - tá - te quæ gu - bér - nat ó - mni - a,
Per u - ni - vér - sa æ - ter - ni - tá - tis sǽ - cu - la. A - men.

1.Egrégie Doctor Paule, mores ínstrue,
Et nostra tecum péctora in cælum trahe,
Veláta dum merídiem cernat fides,
Et solis instar sola regnet cáritas.

2.Sit Trinitáti sempitérna glória,
Honor, potéstas, atque jubilátio,
In unitáte, quæ gubérnat ómnia
Per univérsa æternitátis sǽcula.
Amen.

1. Lead us, great teacher Paul, in wisdom's ways,
And lift our hearts with thine to heaven's high throne,
Till faith beholds the clear meridian blaze,
And, sun-like, in the soul reigns charity alone.

2. Praise, blessing, majesty, through endless days,
Be to the Trinity immortal given;
Who in pure Unity profoundly sways
Eternally all things alike in earth and heaven.
Amen.

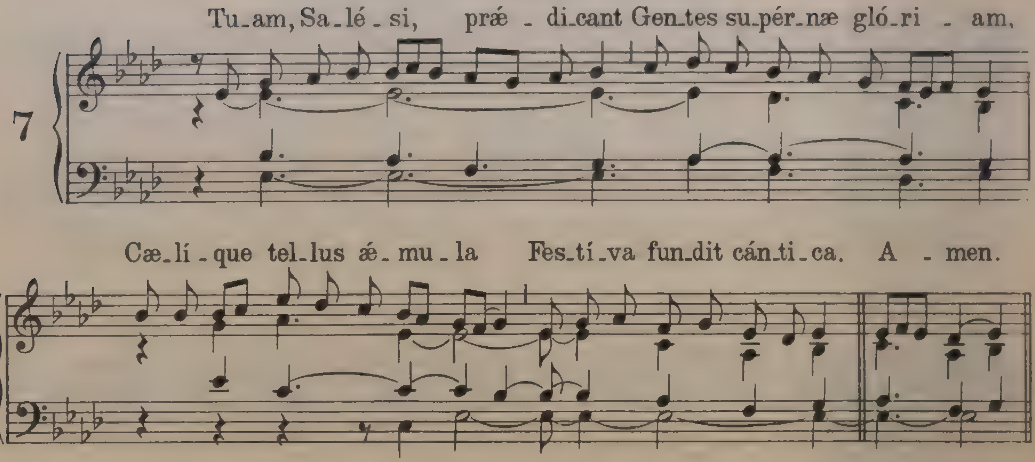
(*Elpis, wife of Boethius 5th Century*)
(*Tr. Fr. Caswall*)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

156ᵃ

Jan. 29
St. Francis of Sales

Tuam, Salesi, prædicant


7
Tu_am, Sa_lé_si, præ_di_cant Gen_tes su_pér_næ gló_ri_am,
Cæ_lí_que tel_lus æ_mu_la Fes_tí_va fun_dit cán_ti_ca. A_men.

1. Tuam, Salési, prædicant Gentes supérnæ glóriam; Cælíque tellus ǽmula Festíva fundit cántica.	*1. The citizens of Heaven tell,* *Francis of Sales, thy glorious praise,* *While we on earth take up the strain,* *And festive hymns to thee upraise.*
2. Ævo viréntе férvidus, Terréna spérnis gáudia: Christíque sanctus única, Sub signa miles ádvolas.	*2. God's lover thou, a fervent youth,* *Didst cast all earthly joys aside:* *Didst flee a soldier unto Christ,* *Beneath His standard to abide.*
3. Invícta gestans péctora, Bello lacéssis hǽreses; Tuósque dæmon ínfremens, Miros triúmphos éxpavet.	*3. With stalwart heart thou challengest* *The heretics in open fray:* *Thy signal victories put to flight* *The roaring fiend in search of prey.*
4. Pastóris auctus múnere, Oves fugáces rétrahis; Gregíque factus ómnia Perfécta forma rédderis.	*4. A Bishop, thou didst lead thy sheep* *Back to the fold whence gone astray:* *Thyself a model to the flock* *Thou guidest in the perfect way.*
5. Cæléste Doctor óptime, In corda lumen íngeris: Senémque cunctis éfficis Virtútis almæ sémitam.	*5. O best of Teachers, thou dost pour* *Into our hearts Heaven's glowing light:* *Old age in thee a very path* *Of love and virtue in our sight.*
6. Nunc qui beáta límina Tenes, decus Sabáudiæ, Ut te sequámur prǽvium, Voces precántum súscipe.	*6. O thou, the glory of Savoy,* *Who now dost hold the blessed land,* *Receive our prayers who follow thee* *Till on that threshold we too stand.*
7. Jesu, coróna Prǽsulum, Soli tibi sit glória, Cum Patre et almo Spíritu, In sempitérna sǽcula. Amen.	*7. To Thee, O Jesus, prelates' crown,* *For evermore be homage done,* *With Father and with Paraclete,* *While endless years their courses run.* *Amen.*

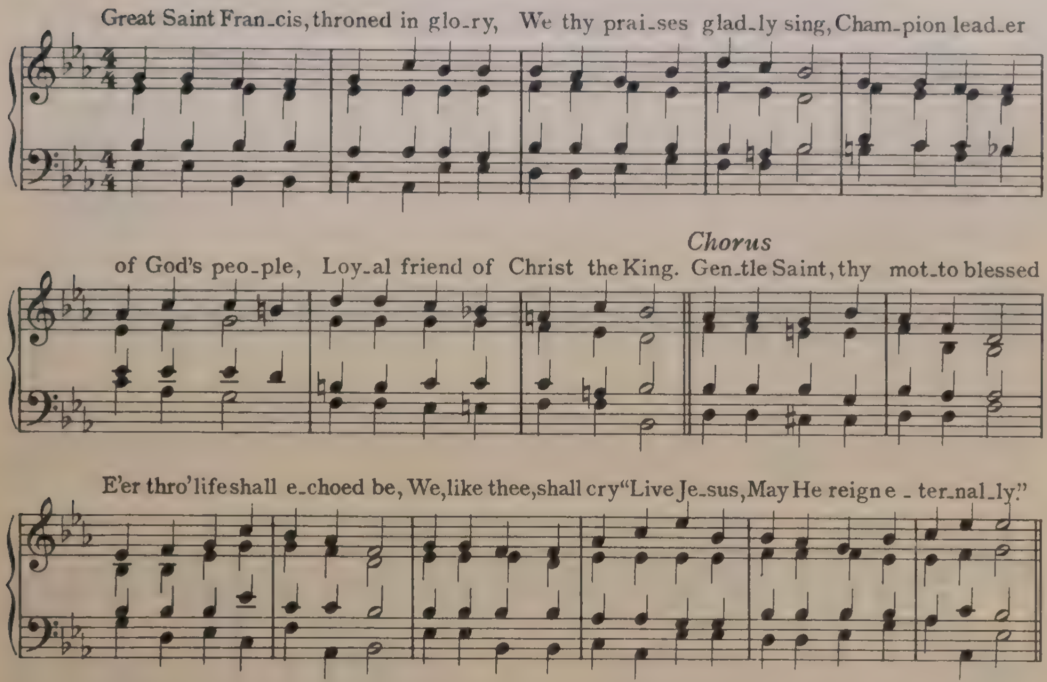
(*Visitation Office*
Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook)

(*Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O.S.B.*)

156b

Great Saint Francis

Jan. 29
St. Francis of Sales


Great Saint Fran-cis, throned in glo-ry, We thy prai-ses glad-ly sing, Cham-pion lead-er
of God's peo-ple, Loy-al friend of Christ the King.
Chorus
Gen-tle Saint, thy mot-to blessed
E'er thro' life shall e-choed be, We, like thee, shall cry "Live Je-sus, May He reign e-ter-nal-ly."

1. Great Saint Francis, throned in glory,
We thy praises gladly sing,
Champion leader of God's people,
Loyal friend of Christ the King.
Gentle Saint, thy motto blessed,
E'er through life shall echoed be,
We, like thee, shall cry "Live Jesus,
May He reign eternally".

2. In the hearts of unbelievers
Thou didst sow the seed divine,
Perils had no power to hinder,
Death to daunt a soul like thine.
Gentle Saint, *etc.*

3. Meek and gentle was thy bearing,
Sweetness from thy lips distilled,
And the peace of Heaven rested
Where thy hand a sorrow healed.
Gentle Saint, *etc.*

4. Love for God and love fraternal
Mingled in thy gentle breast,
From their sweetness sprang the Order
Which with Jesus' Heart is blessed.
Gentle Saint, *etc.*

5. Holy Doctor, teaching all men
How to grow in Love Divine,
Help thy clients e'er to follow
Every counsel wise of thine.
Gentle Saint, *etc.*

6. In the Saviour's Heart thou showest
To each soul a safe retreat;
O may all through life fast speeding
In that Heart for ever meet.
Gentle Saint, *etc.*

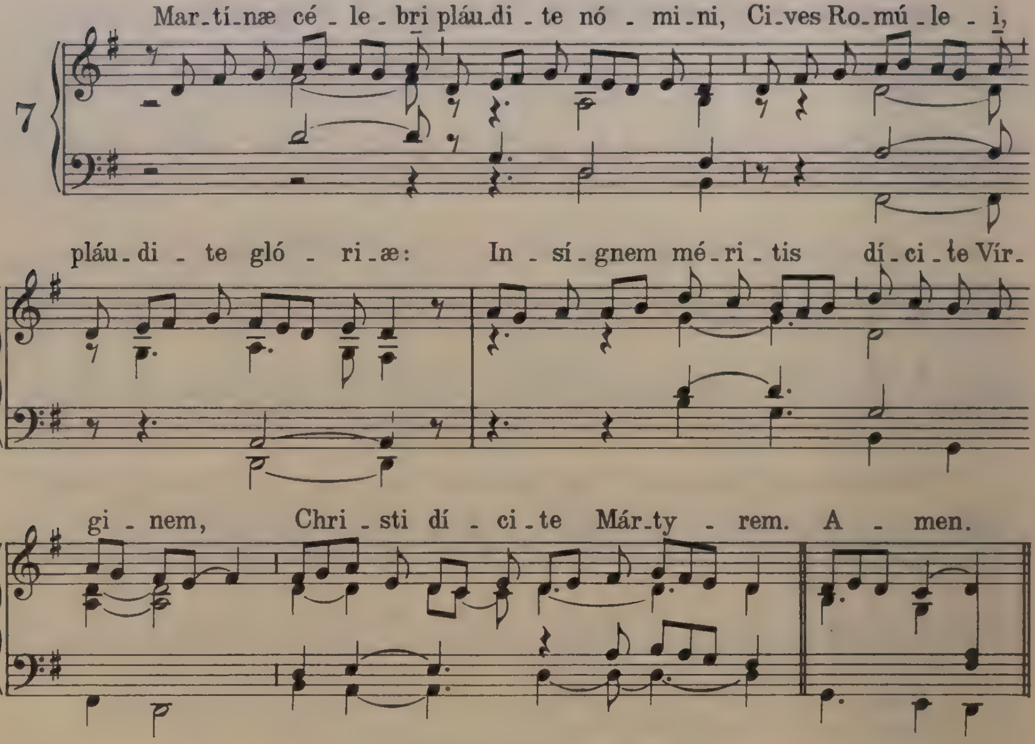
7. Bless us while we journey onward,
Guide our barque the billows o'er;
When at length we reach the harbour,
Meet us on the heavenly shore.
Gentle Saint, *etc.*

(*A Religious of the Visitation*) (*Editor*)

157

Jan. 30
St. Martina

Martinæ celebri plaudite nomini


7
Mar-tí-næ cé-le-bri pláu-di-te nó-mi-ni, Ci-ves Ro-mú-le-i,
pláu-di-te gló-ri-æ: In-sí-gnem mé-ri-tis dí-ci-te Vír-
gi-nem, Chri-sti dí-ci-te Már-ty-rem. A-men.

1. Martínæ célebri pláudite nómini,
Cives Romúlei, pláudite glóriæ,
Insígnem méritis dícite Vírginem,
Christi dícite Mártyrem.

2. Haec dum conspícuis orta paréntibus,
Inter delícias, inter amábiles
Luxus illécebras, dítibus áffluit,
Faustæ munéribus domus.

3. Vitæ despíciens cómmoda, dédicat
Se rerum Dómino, et munífica manu
Christi paupéribus distríbuens opes,
Quærit prǽmia cǽlitum.

4. A nobis ábigas lúbrica gaúdia,
Tu, qui Martýribus dexter ades, Deus,
Une et Trine: tuis da fámulis jubar,
Quo clemens ánimos beas.
Amen.

1. Hear thou with joy, O Rome, Martina's name,
Her praises celebrate with glad accord;
Martina, high in merit, Virgin blest,
And Martyr of the Lord.

2. Beauty and youth, the joys of happy home,
Ancestral palaces, and noble birth:
All these were hers, all these for Jesu's sake,
She counted nothing worth.

3. Her wealth she shared among the poor of Christ,
Content with seeking better wealth above;
Herself she gave to her immortal King,
Too happy in His love.

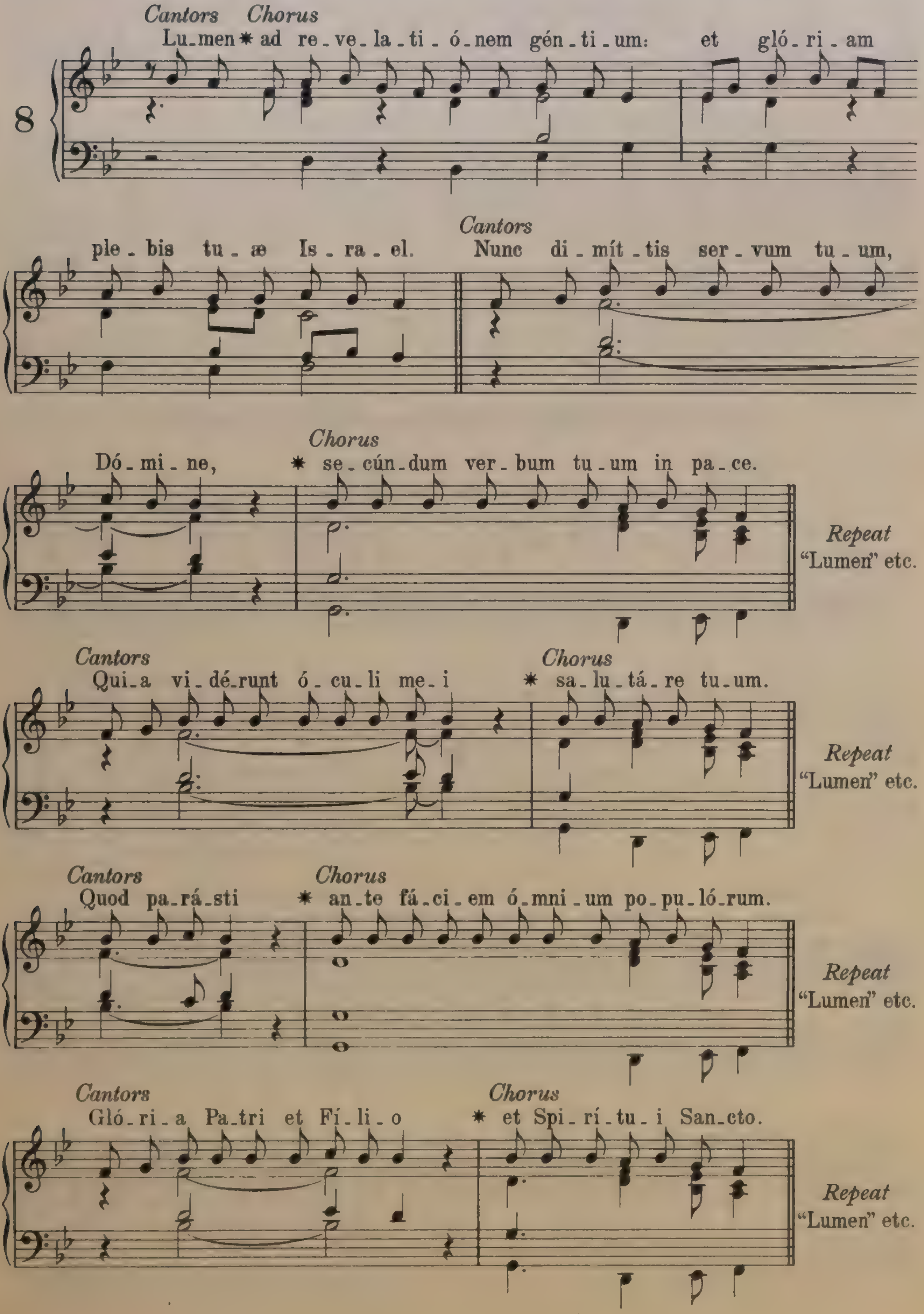
4. Expel false worldly joys, and fill us, Lord,
With Thy irradiating beam divine;
Who with Thy suffering Martyrs present art,
Great Godhead, One and Trine.
Amen.

(*Pope Urban VIII* † 1644
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

158

During the Distribution of the Candles

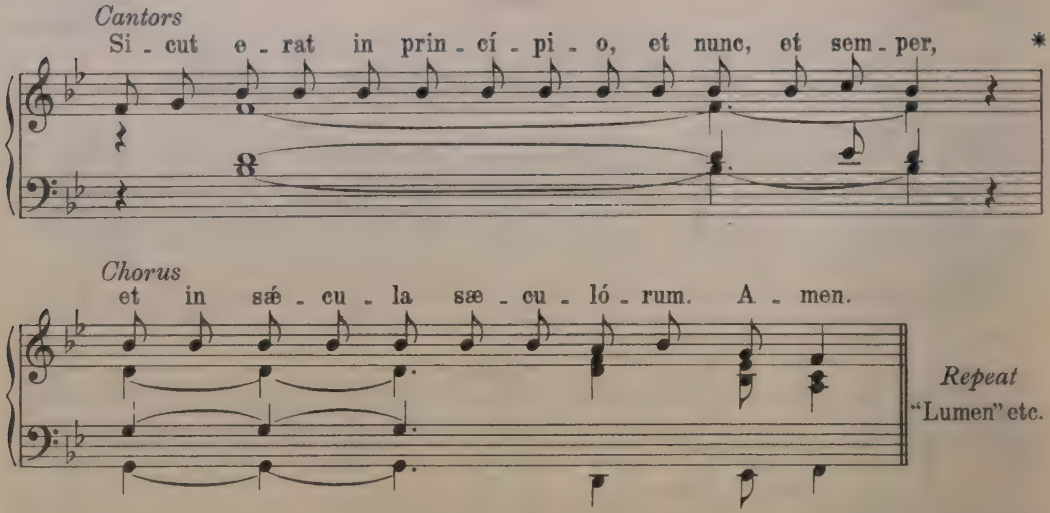

8
Cantors Chorus
Lu_men ✱ ad re_ve_la_ti_ó_nem gén_ti_um: et gló_ri_am
ple_bis tu_æ Is_ra_el.
Cantors
Nunc di_mít_tis ser_vum tu_um,
Dó_mi_ne,
Chorus
✱ se_cún_dum ver_bum tu_um in pa_ce.
Cantors
Qui_a vi_dé_runt ó_cu_li me_i
Chorus
✱ sa_lu_tá_re tu_um.
Cantors
Quod pa_rá_sti
Chorus
✱ an_te fá_ci_em ó_mni_um po_pu_ló_rum.
Cantors
Gló_ri_a Pa_tri et Fí_li_o
Chorus
✱ et Spi_rí_tu_i San_cto.

Repeat "Lumen" etc.

Repeat "Lumen" etc.

Repeat "Lumen" etc.

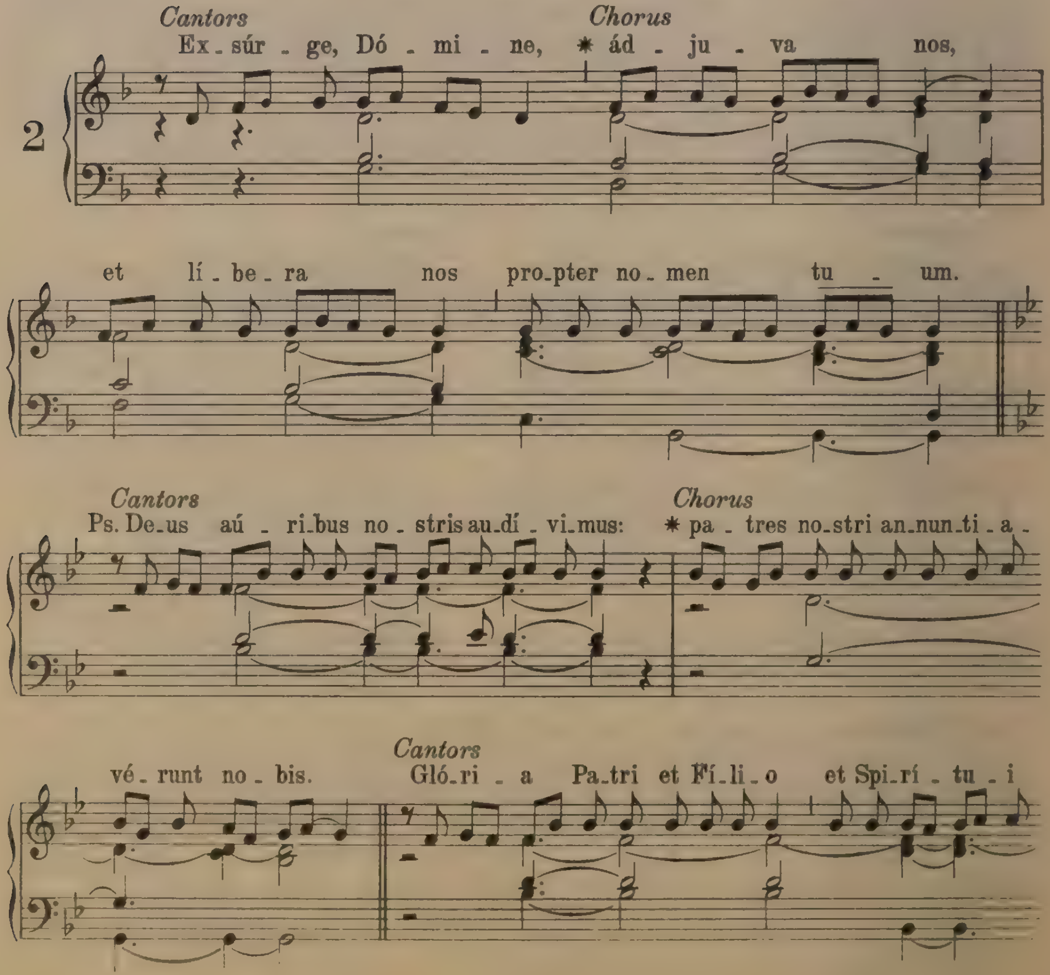
Repeat "Lumen" etc.

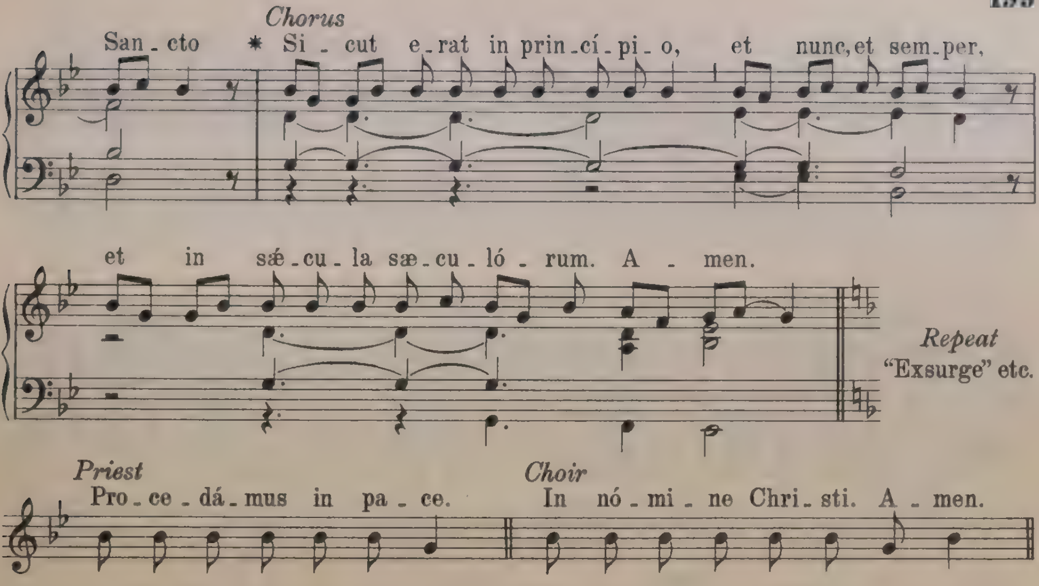

Cantors
Si - cut e - rat in prin - cí - pi - o, et nunc, et sem - per, *
Chorus
et in sǽ - cu - la sæ - cu - ló - rum. A - men.

Repeat "Lumen" etc.

After the Distribution of the Candles

2


Cantors
Ex - súr - ge, Dó - mi - ne,
Chorus
* ád - ju - va nos,
et lí - be - ra nos pro - pter no - men tu - um.
Cantors
Ps. De - us aú - ri - bus no - stris au - dí - vi - mus:
Chorus
* pa - tres no - stri an - nun - ti - a - vé - runt no - bis.
Cantors
Gló - ri - a Pa - tri et Fí - li - o et Spi - rí - tu - i

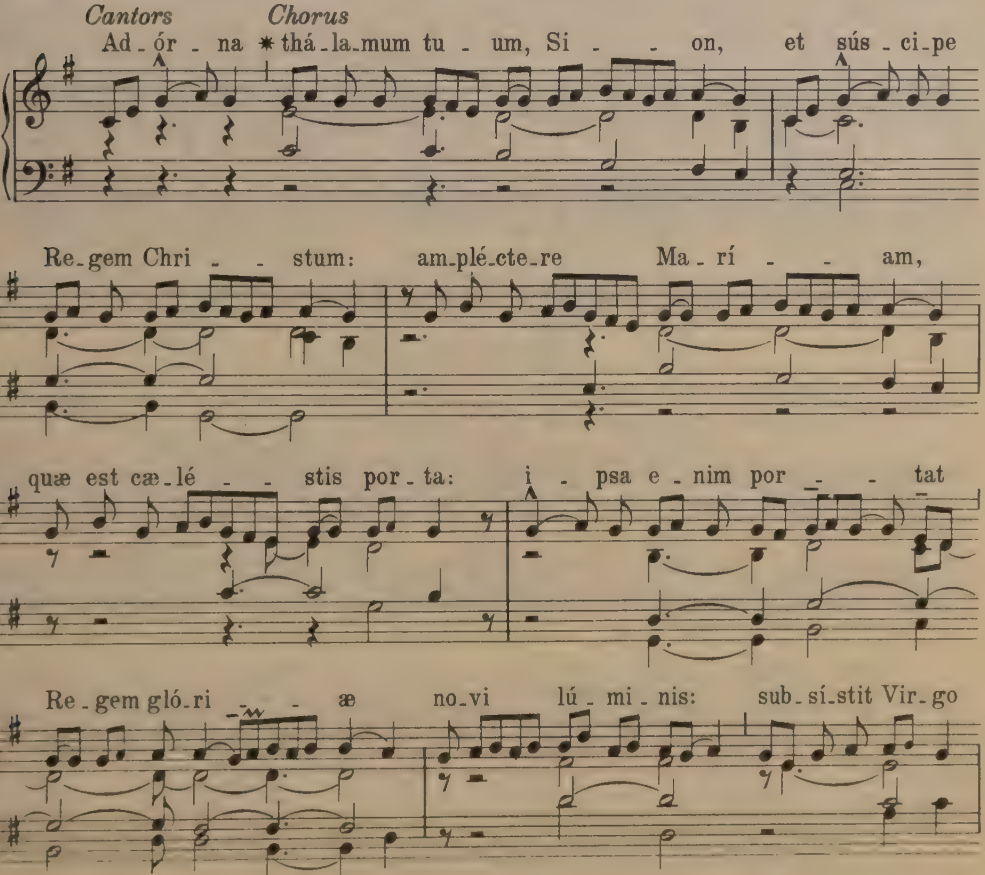

Chorus
San - cto * Si - cut e - rat in prin - cí - pi - o, et nunc, et sem - per,
et in sǽ - cu - la sæ - cu - ló - rum. A - men.
Priest
Pro - ce - dá - mus in pa - ce.
Choir
In nó - mi - ne Chri - sti. A - men.

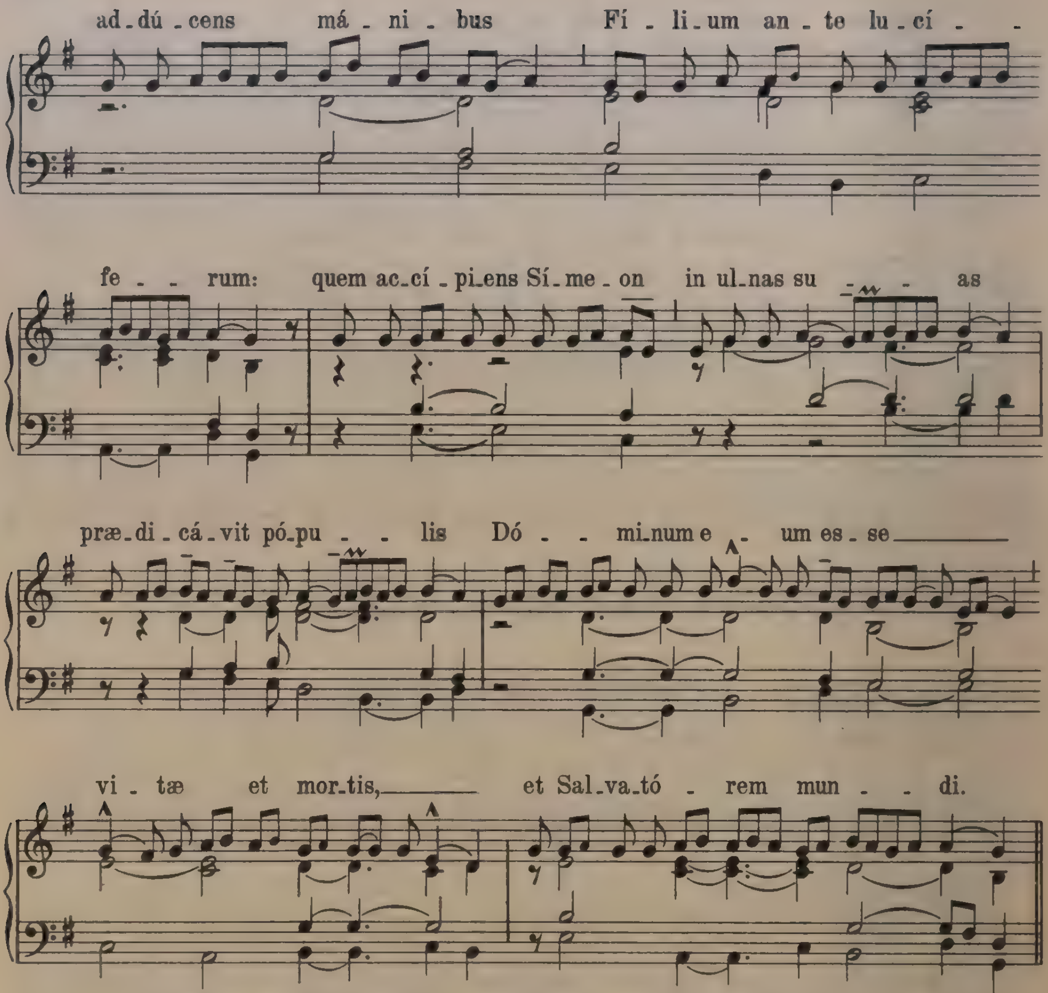
Repeat "Exsurge" etc.

During the Procession the following Anthem is sung:

Adorna thalamum

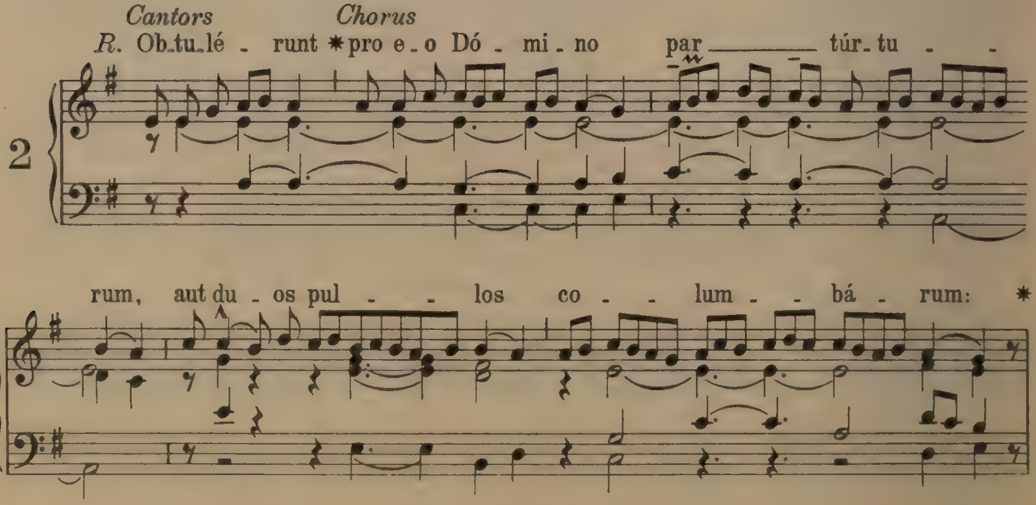
6

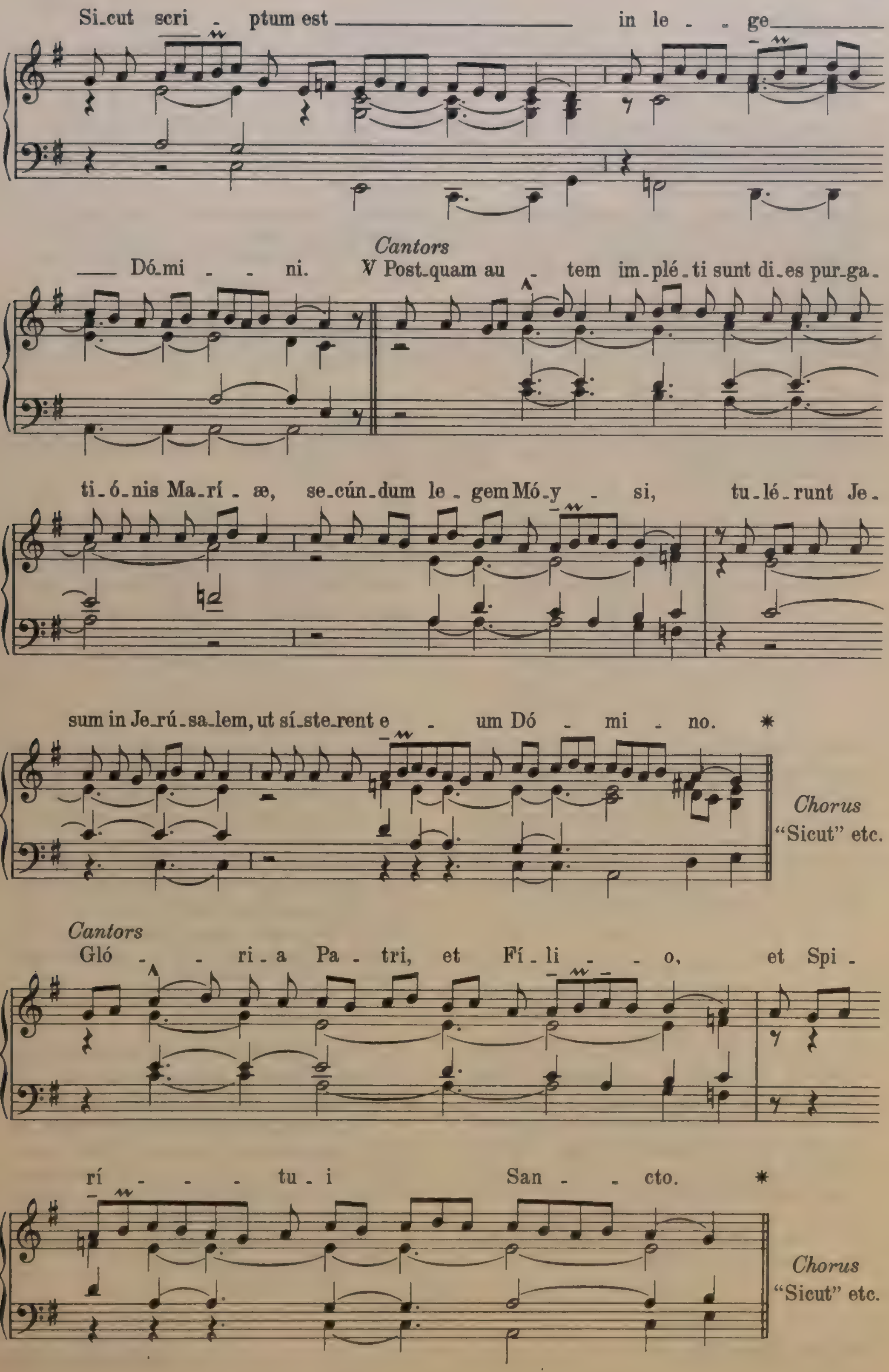

Cantors
Ad - ór - na
Chorus
* thá - la - mum tu - um, Si - on, et sús - ci - pe
Re - gem Chri - stum: am - plé - cte - re Ma - rí - am,
quæ est cæ - lé - stis por - ta: i - psa e - nim por - tat
Re - gem gló - ri - æ no - vi lú - mi - nis: sub - sí - stit Vir - go


ad-dú-cens má-ni-bus Fí-li-um an-te lu-cí-
fe-rum: quem ac-cí-pi-ens Sí-me-on in ul-nas su-as
præ-di-cá-vit pó-pu-lis Dó-mi-num e-um es-se
vi-tæ et mor-tis, et Sal-va-tó-rem mun-di.

At the return of the Procession the following Responsory is sung:—

Obtulerunt


Cantors
Chorus
R. Ob-tu-lé-runt ✻ pro e-o Dó-mi-no par-túr-tu-
2
rum, aut du-os pul-los co-lum-bá-rum: ✻


Si_cut scri - ptum est in le - - ge
Dó_mi - - ni.
Cantors
℣ Post_quam au - tem im_plé_ti sunt di_es pur_ga_
ti_ó_nis Ma_rí - æ, se_cún_dum le - gem Mó_y - si, tu_lé_runt Je_
sum in Je_rú_sa_lem, ut sí_ste_rent e - um Dó - mi - no. ✱
Chorus
"Sicut" etc.
Cantors
Gló - - ri_a Pa - tri, et Fí_li - - o, et Spi_
rí - - - tu_i San - - cto. ✱
Chorus
"Sicut" etc.

Antiphon.	Antiphon.
Lumen ad revelatiónem géntium, et glóriam plebis tuæ Israel.	*A light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.*
Canticle.	St. Luke II.
Nunc dimíttis servum tuum Dómine, secúndum verbum tuum in pace. Lumen.	*Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace. Lumen.*
Quia vidérunt óculi mei salutáre tuum. Lumen.	*Because mine eyes have seen Thy salvation. Lumen.*
Quod parásti ante fáciem ómnium populórum. Lumen.	*Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples. Lumen.*
Glória Patri et Fílio et Spirítui Sancto. Lumen.	*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. Lumen.*
Sicut erat in princípio, et nunc, et semper et in sǽcula sæculórum. Amen. Lumen.	*As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be world without end. Amen. Lumen.*
Antiphon.	Antiphon.
Exsúrge Dómine, ádjuva nos, et líbera nos propter nomen tuum.	*Arise, O Lord, help us and deliver us for thy name's sake.*
Ps. 43.	Ps.
Deus, áuribus nostris audívimus: patres nostri annuntiavérunt nobis.	*We have heard, O God, with our ears our fathers have declared to us.*
Glória Patri et Fílio et Spirítui Sancto. Sicut erat in princípio, et nunc, et semper et in sǽcula sæculórum. Amen.	*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*
Repeat Ant. Exsúrge, etc.	Repeat Ant. *Arise, O Lord, etc.*
	During the procession.
Adórna thálamum tuum Sion, et súscipe Regem Christum: ampléctere Maríam, quæ est cæléstis porta: ipsa enim portat Regem glóriæ novi lúminis: subsístit Vírgo, addúcens mánibus Fílium ante lucíferum génitum: quem accípiens Símeon in ulnas suas, prædicávit pópulis Dóminum eum esse vitæ et mortis, et Salvatórem mundi.	*O Daughter of Sion, adorn thy bridal-chamber, and welcome Christ the King greet Mary with loving embrace for she, who is the very gate of Heaven, bringeth to thee the glorious King the new light. Though in her arms she bears a Son begotten before the day star, yet ever she remaineth a pure Virgin. Hers was the Child whom Simeon, taking up into his arms, declared unto all peoples to be the Lord of life and of death, the Saviour of the world.*
℟. Obtulérunt pro eo Dómino par túrturum, aut duos pullos columbárum: Sicut scriptum est in lege Dómini.	℟. *They offered for him to the Lord a pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons: As it is written in the law of the Lord.*
℣. Postquam impléti sunt dies purgatiónis Maríæ secúndum legem Móysi, tulérunt Jesum in Jerúsalem, ut sísterent eum Dómino. Sicut scriptum est.	℣. *After the days of the purification of Mary, according to the law of Moses, were fulfilled, they carried Jesus to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord. As it is written in the law of the Lord.*
℣. Glória Patri, et Fílio et Spirítui Sancto. Sicut scriptum est.	℣. *Glory be to the Father, As it is written in the law of the Lord.*

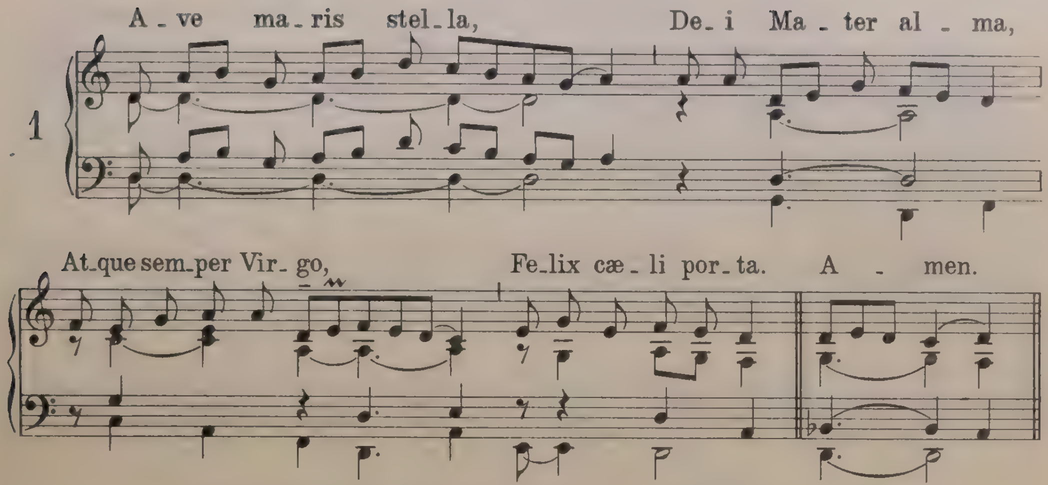
(From the Roman Missal)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

159a

Ave Maris stella

Feb. 2
The Purification


A-ve ma-ris stel-la, De-i Ma-ter al-ma,
1
At-que sem-per Vir-go, Fe-lix cæ-li por-ta. A-men.

1. Ave Maris stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix cæli porta.

2. Sumens illud Ave
Gabriélis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Hevæ nomen.

3. Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cæcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

4. Monstra te esse Matrem,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus
Tulit esse tuus.

5. Virgo singuláris,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solútos
Mites fac et castos.

6. Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut vidéntes Jesum,
Semper collætémur.

7. Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spirítui Sancto,
Tribus honor unus.
Amen.

1. Hail thou star of ocean!
Portal of the sky!
Ever Virgin Mother
Of the Lord most high!

2. Oh! by Gabriel's Ave,
Uttered long ago,
Eva's name reversing,
'Stablish peace below.

3. Break the captive's fetters;
Light on blindness pour;
All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore.

4. Show thyself a Mother;
Offer Him our sighs,
Who for us Incarnate
Did not thee despise.

5. Virgin of all virgins,
To thy shelter take us;
Gentlest of the gentle,
Chaste and gentle make us.

6. Still as on we journey,
Help our weak endeavour;
Till with thee and Jesus
We rejoice for ever.

7. Through the highest heaven,
To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son and Spirit,
One same glory be.
Amen.

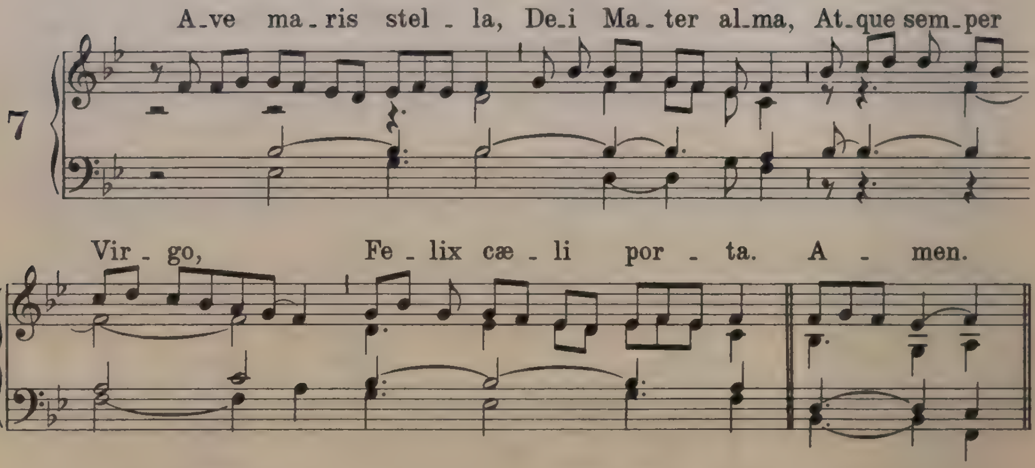
(*Ascribed to Venantius Fortunatus*
Bp. of Poitiers † 600
Tr. Fr Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

159b

Feb. 2
The Purification

Ave Maris stella


7
A-ve ma-ris stel-la, De-i Ma-ter al-ma, At-que sem-per
Vir-go, Fe-lix cæ-li por-ta. A-men.

1. Ave Maris stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix cæli porta.

2. Sumens illud Ave
Gabriélis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Hevæ nomen.

3. Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cæcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

4. Monstra te esse Matrem,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus
Tulit esse tuus.

5. Virgo singuláris,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solútos
Mites fac et castos.

6. Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut vidéntes Jesum,
Semper collætémur.

7. Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spirítui Sancto,
Tribus honor unus.
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1. Hail thou star of ocean!
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3. Break the captive's fetters;
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All our ills expelling,
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4. Show thyself a Mother;
Offer Him our sighs,
Who for us Incarnate
Did not thee despise.

5. Virgin of all virgins,
To thy shelter take us;
Gentlest of the gentle,
Chaste and gentle make us.

6. Still as on we journey,
Help our weak endeavour;
Till with thee and Jesus
We rejoice for ever.

7. Through the highest heaven,
To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son and Spirit,
One same glory be.
Amen.

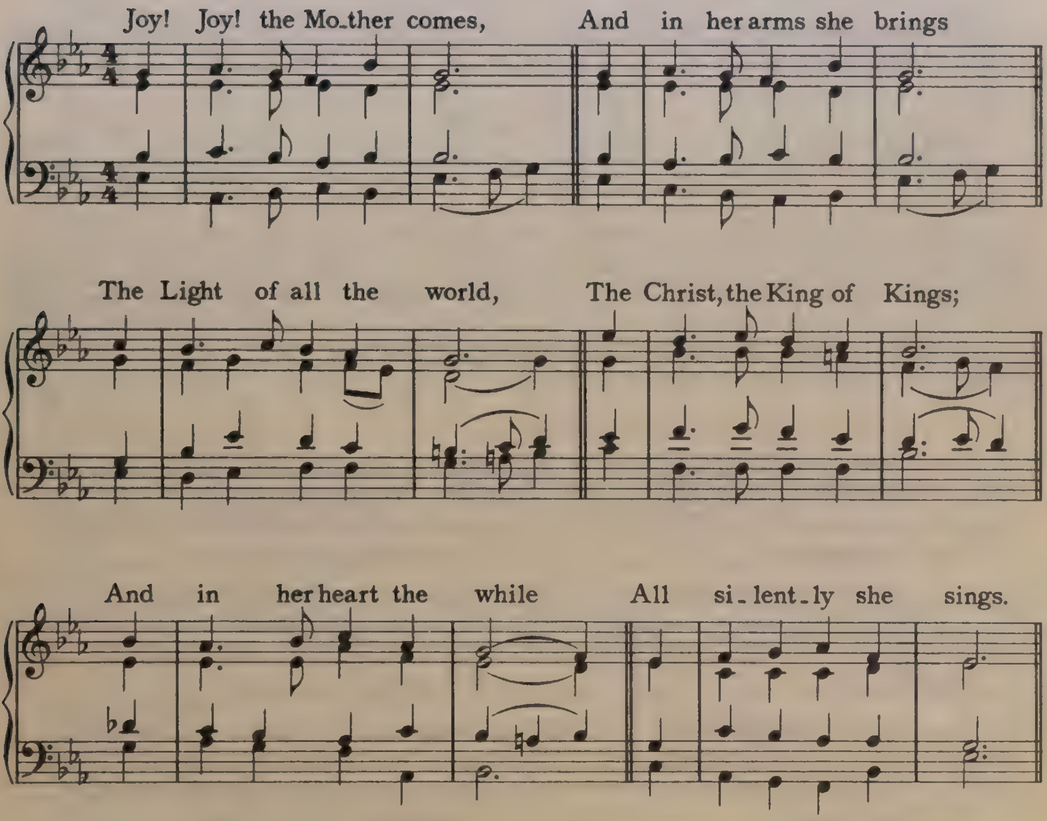
(*Ascribed to Venantius Fortunatus*
Bp. of Poitiers † 600
Tr. Fr Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

160

Feb. 2
The Purification

Joy! Joy! the Mother comes


Joy! Joy! the Mo_ther comes, And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world, The Christ, the King of Kings;
And in her heart the while All si_lent_ly she sings.

1. Joy! Joy! the Mother comes, and in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world, the Christ, the King of Kings;
And in her heart the while all silently she sings.

2. Saint Joseph follows near, in rapture lost and love,
While Angels round about in glowing circles move,
And o'er the Mother broods the Everlasting Dove.

3. There in the temple court doth Simeon's heart beat high,
And Anna feeds her soul with food of prophecy;
But see! The shadows pass, the world's True Light draws nigh.

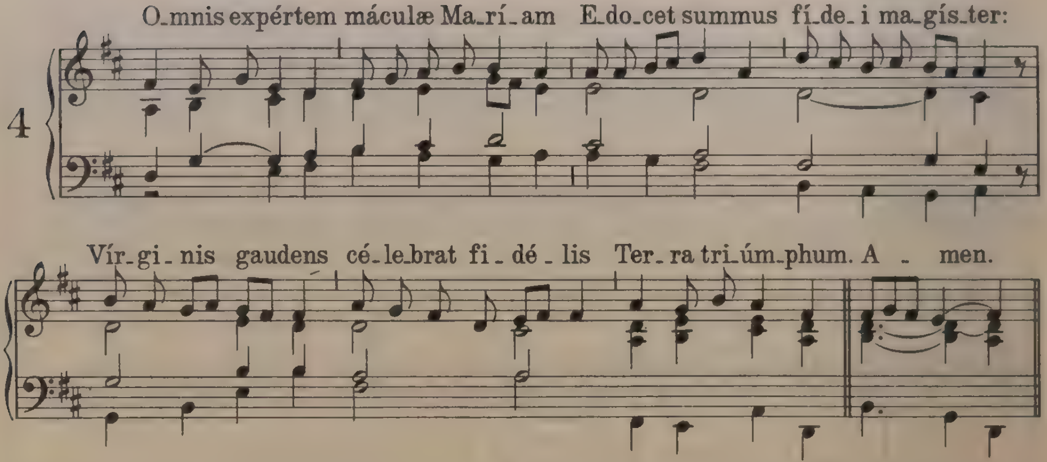
4. O Infant God, O Christ, O Light most beautiful,
Thou comest Joy of Joys all darkness to annul;
And brightest lights of earth beside Thy Light are dull.

(Fr Faber † 1863) *(Italian Melody)*

161

Feb. 11
Apparition of
Our Lady of Lourdes

Omnis expertem maculæ Mariam


4
O_mnis expértem máculæ Ma_rí_am E_do_cet summus fí_de_i ma_gís_ter:
Vír_gi_nis gaudens cé_le_brat fi_dé_lis Ter_ra tri_úm_phum. A _ men.

1. Omnis expértem máculæ Maríam,
Edocet summus fídei magíster:
Vírginis gaudens célebrat fidélis
Terra triúmphum.

2. Ipsa se præbens húmili puéllæ,
Virgo spectándam, récreat pavéntem,
Seque concéptam sine labe, sancto
Prǽdicat ore.

3. O specus felix, decoráte divæ
Matris aspéctu! veneránda rupes,
Unde vitáles scatuére pleno
Gúrgite lymphæ.

4. Huc catervátim pia turba nostris,
Huc ab extérnis peregrína terris
Affluit supplex, et opem poténtis
Vírginis orat.

5. Excipit Mater lácrimas precántum,
Donat optátam míseris salútem:
Compos hinc voti pátrias ad oras
Turba revértit.

6. Súpplicum Virgo, miseráta casus,
Semper O nostros réfove labóres,
Impetrans mæstis bona sempitérnæ
Gaúdia vitæ.

7. Sit decus Patri, genitǽque Proli,
Et tibi compar utriúsque Virtus,
Spíritus semper, Deus unus, omni
Témporis ævo.
Amen.

1. Lo! Mary is exempt from stain of sin,
Proclaims the Pontiff high;
And earth, applauding, celebrates with joy
Her triumph, far and nigh.

2. Unto a lowly timid maid she shows
Her form in beauty fair,
And the Immaculate Conception truth
Her sacred lips declare.

3. O honoured cave, by Mary's smile adorned!
O hallowed rock, whence spring
The living waters of a gushing stream,
The gifts of life to bring.

4. And thither from the farmost bounds of earth
The pilgrims wend their way,
And suppliant around the Virgin's shrine
Her powerful help they pray.

5. The sufferers' cry the Mother fondly hears,
And grants the longed-for grace;
And health restored, the pilgrim throng returns
Unto its native place.

6. O Virgin! Have compassion on our needs,
Refresh us labouring on;
Obtain for us the joys of heavenly life
When sorrow all is gone.

7. All praise and honour to the Father be,
And to His only Son,
And to the Spirit, Power of both for aye,
In Godhead ever One.
Amen.

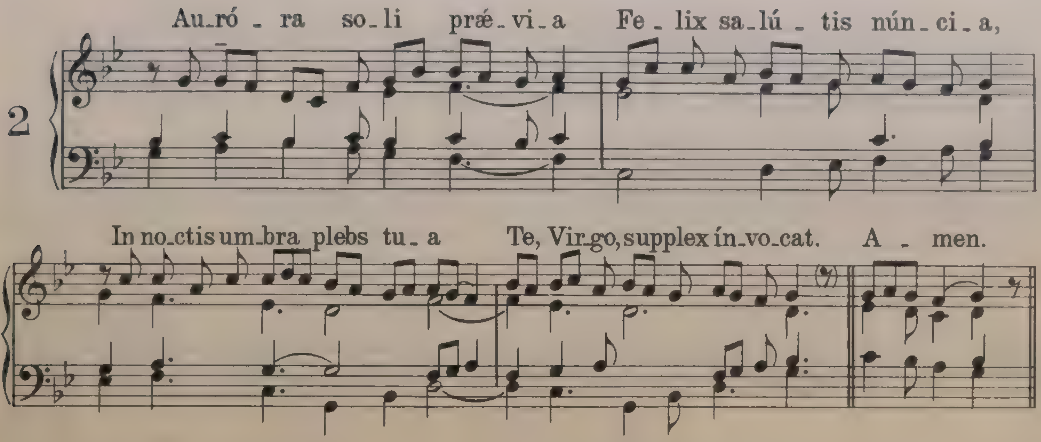
Divine Office
(*Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook*)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

162

Aurora soli prævia

Feb. 11
Apparition of
Our Lady of Lourdes


2
Au_ró _ ra so_li prǽ_vi_a Fe _ lix sa_lú _ tis nún_ci_a,
In no_ctis um_bra plebs tu _ a Te, Vir_go, supplex ín_vo_cat. A _ men.

1. Auróra soli prǽvia
Felix salútis núncia,
In noctis umbra plebs tua
Te, Virgo, supplex ínvocat.

2. Torrens nefástis flúctibus
Cunctos trahens vorágine,
Leni resídit ǽquore
Cum transit Arca fœ́deris.

3. Dum torret aréscens humus,
Tu rore sola spárgeris:
Tellúre circum rórida,
Intácta sola pérmanes.

4. Fatále virus évomens
Attóllit anguis vérticem:
At tu dracónis túrgidum
Invícta cónteris caput.

5. Mater benígna, réspice
Fletus precésque súpplicum,
Et dimicántes tártari
Victrix tuére ab hóstibus.

6. Jesu tibi sit glória,
Qui natus es de Vírgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. O Rosy Dawn, that dost proclaim
Salvation's happy day,
To thee, O Virgin, 'mid night's shades,
Thy people humbly pray.

2. The torrent that engulfs all those
Within its whirlpool drawn,
Rests calm as o'er its softened wave
The ark of God is borne.

3. While earth is parched with scorching heat,
Alone art thou bedewed;
With dew o'erspread the earth around,
And thou untouched art viewed.

4. The serpent rears his head aloft
Disgorging poisoned spleen;
But thou his proud, inflated head
Dost crush with power as Queen.

5. O loving Mother, hear our prayer,
As suppliant we cry;
Protect us in our strife with hell
Who dost its powers defy.

6. O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
All glory be to Thee,
With Father and with Paraclete,
Through all eternity.
Amen.

(Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook)

163

Exsultet orbis gaudiis

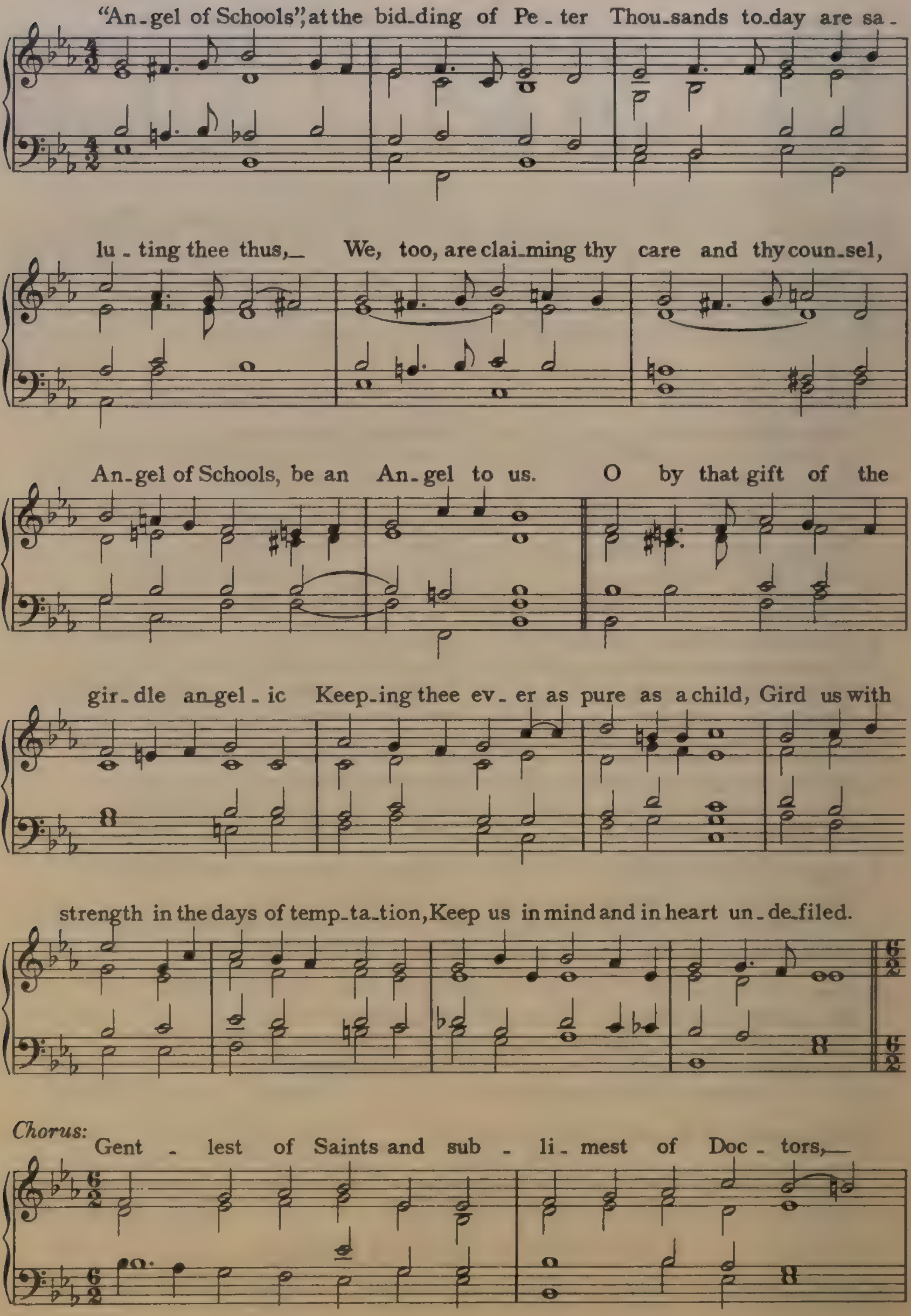
See "Common of Saints" No. 298

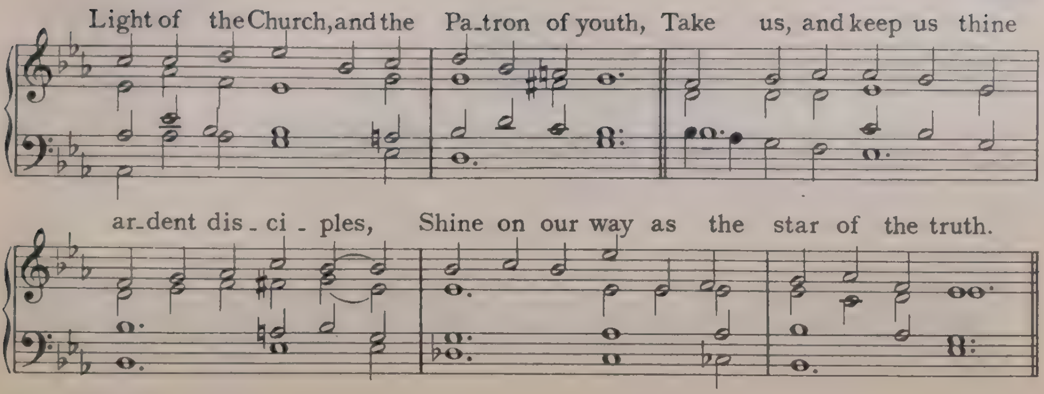
Feb. 24
St. Matthias
Ap.

164

March 7
St. Thomas Aquinas

"Angel of Schools"


"An-gel of Schools", at the bid-ding of Pe-ter Thou-sands to-day are sa-
lu-ting thee thus,— We, too, are clai-ming thy care and thy coun-sel,
An-gel of Schools, be an An-gel to us. O by that gift of the
gir-dle an-gel-ic Keep-ing thee ev-er as pure as a child, Gird us with
strength in the days of temp-ta-tion, Keep us in mind and in heart un-de-filed.
Chorus:
Gent-lest of Saints and sub-li-mest of Doc-tors,—


Light of the Church, and the Pa-tron of youth, Take us, and keep us thine
ar-dent dis-ci-ples, Shine on our way as the star of the truth.

1. "Angel of Schools", at the bidding of Peter
Thousands to-day are saluting thee thus,
We, too, are claiming thy care and thy counsel,
Angel of Schools, be an angel to us.
O by that gift of the girdle angelic,
Keeping thee ever as pure as a child,
Gird us with strength in the days of temptation,
Keep us in mind and in heart undefiled.
Gentlest of Saints and sublimest of Doctors,
Light of the Church, and the Patron of youth,
Take us, and keep us thine ardent disciples,
Shine on our way as the star of the truth.

2. Get us the gifts that we need in our labours,
Minds that are eager to seek for the true,
Keen to perceive it, and strong to embrace it,
Wills that are patient and valiant to do.
Come to our aid when thou hearest us calling,
Light up the dark, make the rough places plain,
Bring to our thoughts the unknown or forgotten,
Give us the words that we seek for in vain.
Gentlest of Saints *etc.*

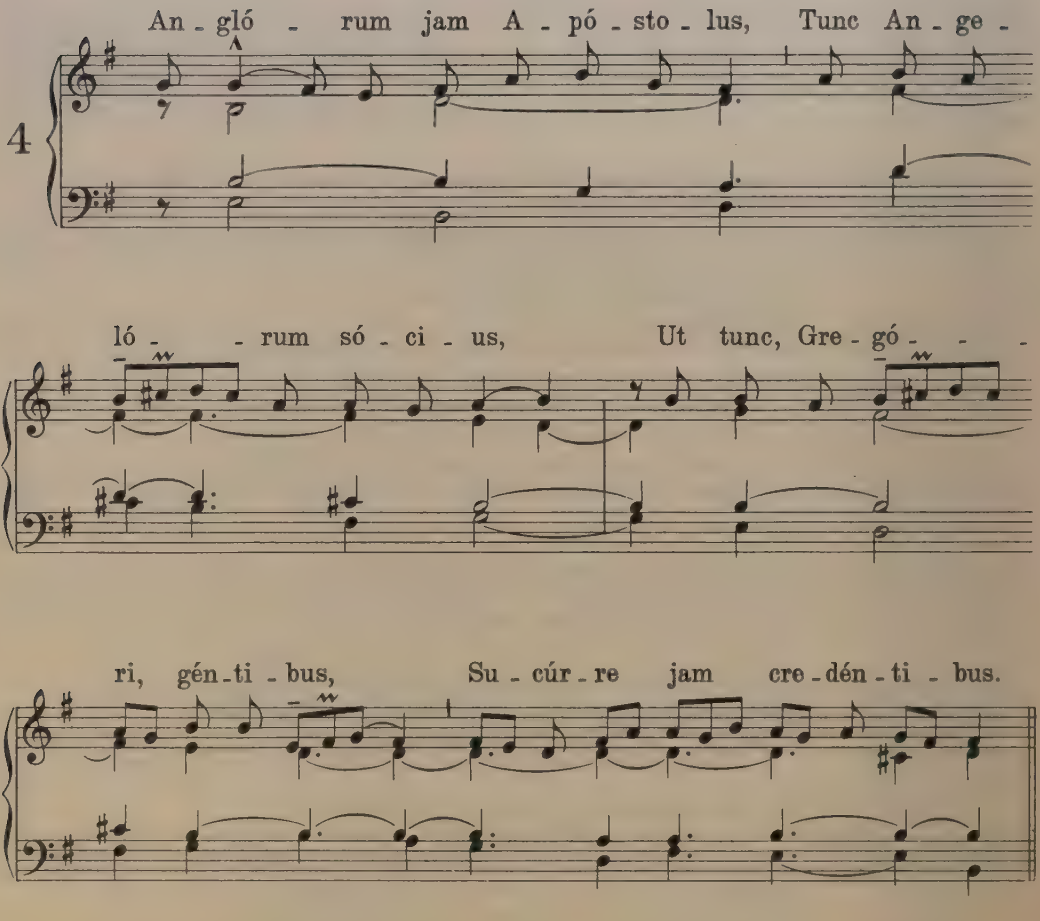
3. Be thou our Father both here and hereafter,
Be thou our Master in all that we learn,
Be thou our Doctor when we, too, are teaching,
Be thou the Helper to whom we can turn:
Watch, dearest Saint, lest a toil that is irksome
Dry up our heart till its love burneth dim,
Give us thy child-like devotion to Jesus,
Teach us to cast all our care upon Him.
Gentlest of Saints *etc.*

4. Let us, like thee, at the foot of the altar
Seek all our light, all our peace, all our grace,
Gazing with thee on the veils of the Godhead,
Bring us at last to the bliss of His Face.
May we, like thee, if success be our portion,
Render all praise to the Giver and Lord,
May we, like thee, earn the praises of Jesus,
May we, like thee, seek but Him as reward.
Gentlest of Saints *etc.*

(S. N. D.) *(Fr F. M. de Zulueta S. J.)*

165

Anglorum jam Apostolus


An - gló - rum jam A - pó - sto - lus, Tunc An - ge - ló - rum só - ci - us, Ut tunc, Gre - gó - ri, gén - ti - bus, Su - cúr - re jam cre - dén - ti - bus.
4

1. Anglórum jam Apóstolus,
Nunc Angelórum sócius,
Ut tunc, Gregóri, géntibus,
Succúrre jam credéntibus.

1. Of Angles once Apostle thou,
Companion of the Angels now,
O Gregory, protect our race
By faith in Christ restored to grace.

2. Tu largas opum cópias,
Omnémque mundi glóriam
Spernis, ut inops ínopem
Jesum sequáris príncipem.

2. Earth's wealth and riches thou didst spurn,
And from its dazzling glory turn
To follow, needy, Christ the King,
Like Him, too, lacking everything.

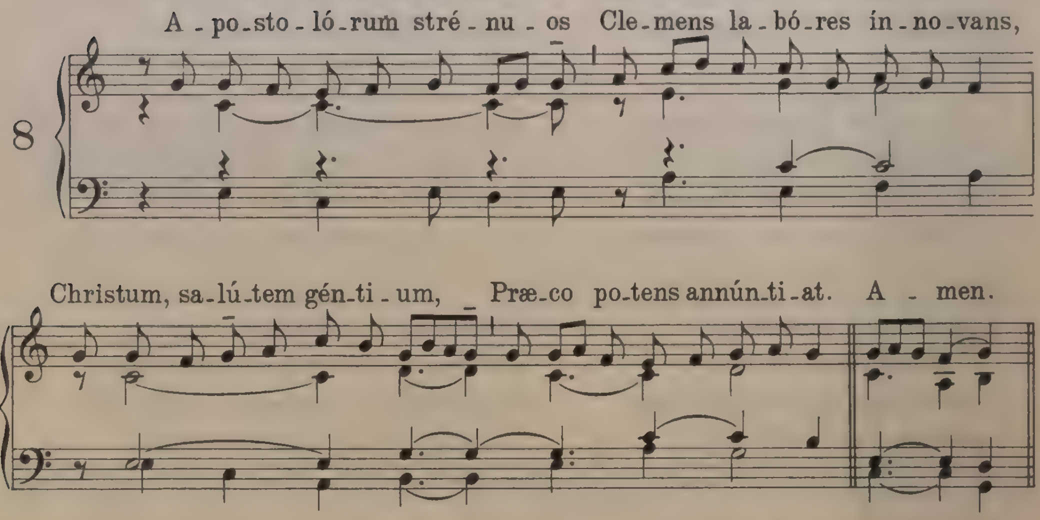
3. Vidétur egens náufragus, Dum stipem petit Angelus, Tu munus jam post géminum, Præbes et vas argénteum.	*3. On outstretched hand thou dost bestow Two coins,a silver dish, when lo! 'Neath shipwrecked, sorry garb concealed, A noble Angel stands revealed.*
4. Ex hoc te Christus témpore, Suæ præfert Ecclésiæ: Sic Petri gradum pércipis, Cujus et normam séqueris.	*4. Thenceforth Christ sets thee o'er His fold His Church to rule, His place to hold; To Peter's honours thou art led, For in his steps thou firm didst tread.*
5. Mella cor obdulcántia Tua distíllant lábia: Fragrántum vim arómatum Tuum vincit elóquium.	*5. Thy words as honey sweet impart A strength that conquers every heart: Than fragrant perfume stronger still, The wisdom that thy lips distil.*
6. Scriptúræ sacræ mýstica Mire solvis ænígmata: Theórica mystéria Te docet ipsa Véritas.	*6. With wondrous skill thou dost unfold Of Holy Writ the depths untold: The mysteries of Divinity The Truth Himself did teach to thee.*
7. Tu nactus apostólicam Vicem simul et glóriam: Nos solve culpæ néxibus, Redde polórum sédibus.	*7. O thou, who Peter's charge didst share, The Apostle's crown alike dost wear, Now set us free from bonds of sin That thrones in Heaven we too may win.*
8. O Póntifex egrégie, Lux et decus Ecclésiæ, Non sinas in perículis, Quos tot mandátis ínstruis.	*8. O Pontiff, high above all praise, The Church's light in thousand ways, O leave us not in dangers sore, Once taught and guided by thy love.*
9. Sit Patri laus ingénito, Sit decus Unigénito: Sit utriúsque párili Majéstas summa Flámini. Amen.	*9. All praise to God the Father be, All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee, And equal glory, as is meet, To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.*

(Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook)

(Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.)

166

Apostolorum strenuos


8
A - po-sto - ló-rum stré - nu - os Cle-mens la - bó-res ín-no-vans,
Christum, sa-lú-tem gén-ti - um, Præ-co po-tens annún-ti-at. A - men.

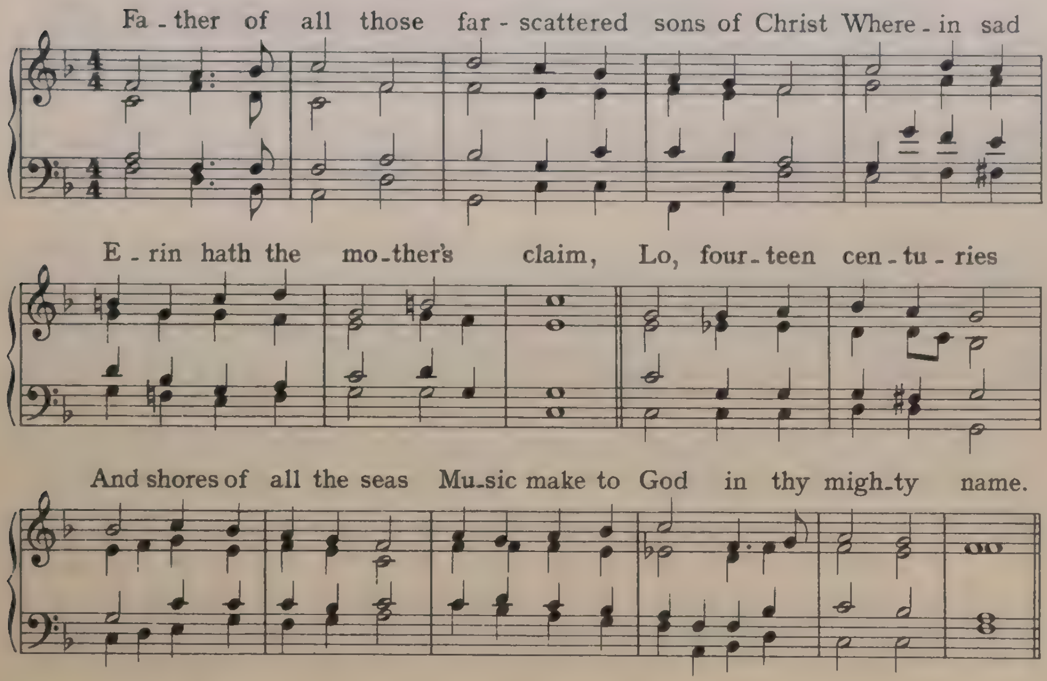
1. Apostolórum strénuos Clemens labóres ínnovans, Christum, salútem géntium, Præco potens annúntiat.	*1. Apostles' labours see renewed* *In Clement's toil by work and word:* *He gives Christ's saving Life to all,* *Unwearied herald of the Lord.*
2. O vim loquéntis! sáxea Qua molliúntur péctora, Jam docta sordes críminum Piis laváre flétibus.	*2. So strong and forceful is his speech* *That even stony hearts are won;* *And sins by tears are washed away* *And cleanliness once more put on.*
3. Flentes benígnus éxcipit Christi minister, frángere Indígna promptus víncula, Quæ corda culpis ílligant.	*3. The Christlike priest the mourner takes* *Unto his kindly heart withal,* *And breaks in sunder sordid chains* *That hold their guilty hearts in thrall.*
4. Adest et ægris, última Quos pugna terret: térritos Docet per alma víncere Jesu et Maríæ nómina.	*4. Beside the sick at grips with death* *Whom evil terror sore affrights,* *With "Jesu, Mary," - Names of power* *Their anxious souls he calmly rights.*
5. O qui, sacérdos ímpiger, Sitis salútem sóntium, Sitim tuis sodálibus Immítte, Clemens, ǽmulam.	*5. O thou unwearied priest of God,* *Athirst for souls' eternal weal,* *O Clement, for thy brethren gain* *A like unflagging love and zeal.*
6. Deo Patri sit glória, Ejúsque soli Fílio, Cum Spíritu Paráclito Nunc et per omne sǽculum. Amen.	*6. All praise to God the Father be,* *All praise to His Eternal Son,* *All glory to the Paraclete,* *And endless song while ages run.* *Amen.*

(Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook)

167

March 17
St. Patrick

Father of all those far-scattered sons of Christ


Fa - ther of all those far - scattered sons of Christ Where - in sad
E - rin hath the mo - ther's claim, Lo, four - teen cen - tu - ries
And shores of all the seas Mu - sic make to God in thy migh - ty name.

1. Father of all those far-scattered sons of Christ
Wherein sad Erin hath the mother's claim,
Lo, fourteen centuries
And shores of all the seas
Music make to God in thy mighty name.

2. Love for the souls of Erin's benighted sons
Broke thy great heart and killed thy cloistered peace,
Till every sobbing gale
Sang thee the Irish wail,
Pleading with the night for the day's release.

3. Fresh from the field where foes of th' Incarnate Son
Sank, ne'er to rise beneath the word of Rome;
Thou, binding fast to thee
Christ and the Trinity,
Camest, white-haired man o'er the white sea-foam.

4. Christ in thy heart, and Christ upon either hand,
Christ's is the land wherein thy feet have trod,
Make us for evermore
As those our sires of yore,
Faithful and beloved of the Triune God.

5. O by thy last sublime and prevailing prayer,
Poured where thy hills confront a tameless sea,
May we through every clime
And in each faithless time
Show thy might with God and His might in thee.

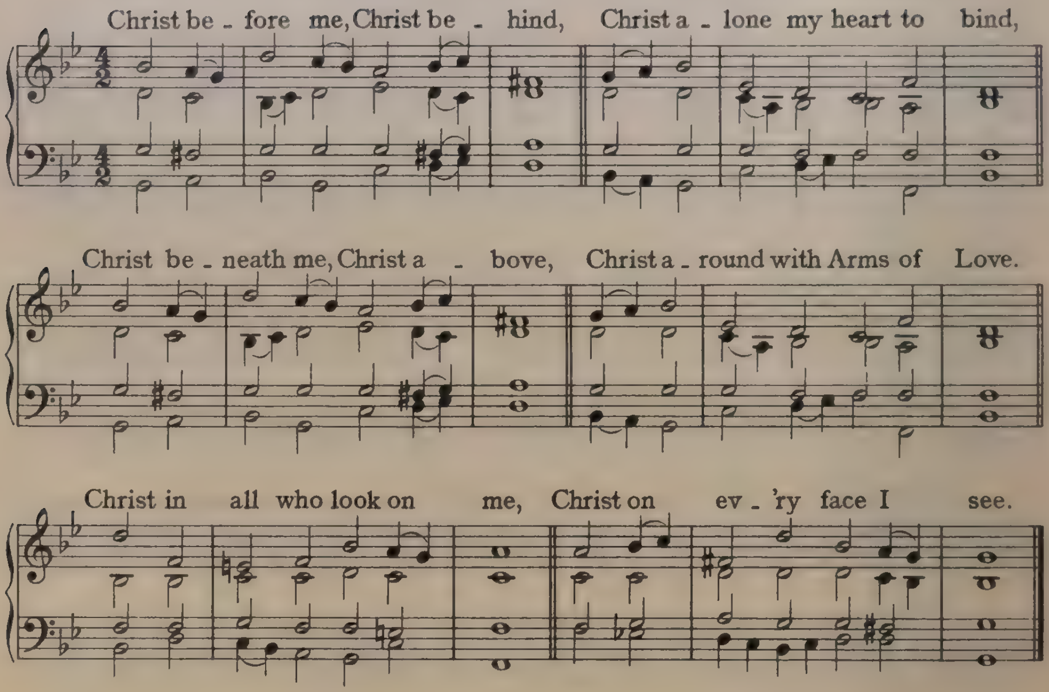
(Fr. O'Connor)

(From "Laude Spirituali" 1710

168

March 17
St. Patrick

Christ before me


Christ be - fore me, Christ be - hind, Christ a - lone my heart to bind,
Christ be - neath me, Christ a - bove, Christ a - round with Arms of Love.
Christ in all who look on me, Christ on ev - 'ry face I see.

1. Christ before me, Christ behind,
Christ alone my heart to bind,
Christ beneath me, Christ above,
Christ around with Arms of Love,
Christ in all who look on me,
Christ on ev'ry face I see.

2. Christ in all who on me think,
Christ their Food, and Christ their Drink,
Christ on all whom my thoughts seek,
Christ the lowly, Christ the meek.
Christ in all who list to me,
In my heart no thought but Thee.

(*From "By-Paths to the Presence of God"*)

(*J. S. Bach*)

169

March 19
St. Joseph

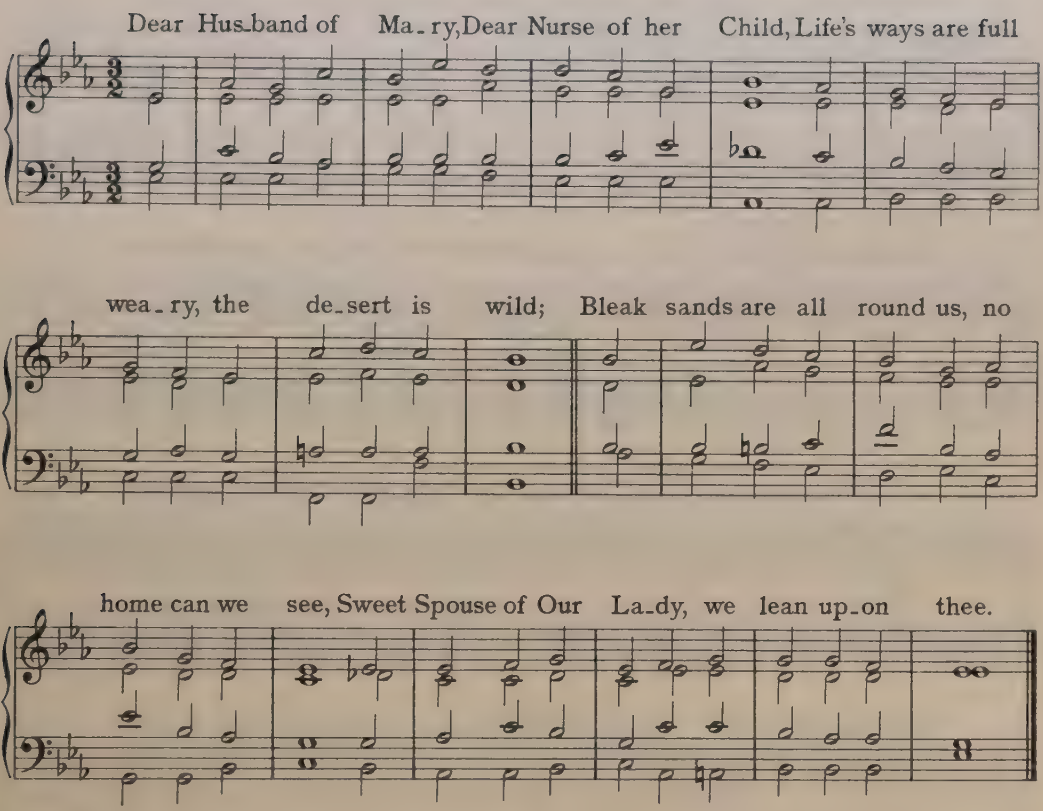
Te Joseph celebrent

See No. 94

170

Dear Husband of Mary

March 19
St.Joseph


Dear Hus-band of Ma-ry, Dear Nurse of her Child, Life's ways are full
wea-ry, the de-sert is wild; Bleak sands are all round us, no
home can we see, Sweet Spouse of Our La-dy, we lean up-on thee.

1. Dear Husband of Mary, dear Nurse of her Child,
Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild;
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see;
Sweet Spouse of Our Lady, we lean upon thee.

2. For thou to the pilgrim art Father and Guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;
O Blessed Saint Joseph, how safe should I be,
Sweet Spouse of Our Lady, if thou wert with me.

3. O Blessed Saint Joseph, how great was thy worth,
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,
The Father of Jesus – ah, then wilt thou be,
Sweet Spouse of Our Lady, a Father to me?

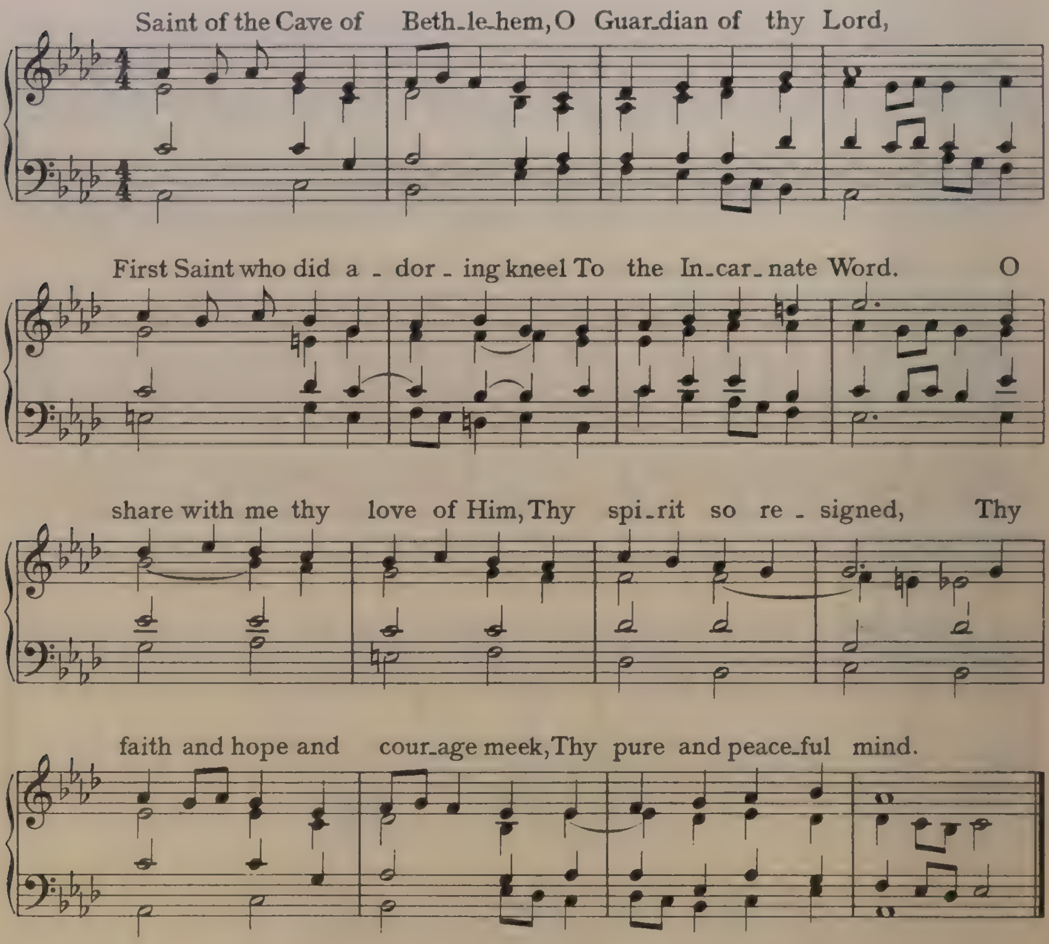
4. When the treasures of God were unsheltered on earth,
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth,
O Father of Jesus, be Father to me,
Sweet Spouse of Our Lady, and I will love thee.

(*Fr Faber* † 1863) (*A. E. Tozer*)

171

March 19
St. Joseph

Saint of the Cave of Bethlehem


Saint of the Cave of Beth-le-hem, O Guar-dian of thy Lord,
First Saint who did a - dor - ing kneel To the In-car- nate Word. O
share with me thy love of Him, Thy spi-rit so re - signed, Thy
faith and hope and cour-age meek, Thy pure and peace-ful mind.

1. Saint of the Cave of Bethlehem,
O Guardian of thy Lord,
First Saint who did adoring kneel
To the Incarnate Word.
O share with me thy love of Him,
Thy spirit so resigned,
Thy faith and hope and courage meek,
Thy pure and peaceful mind.

2. Saint of the Home of Nazareth,
O Toiler for thy Lord,
First of the silent Saints who dwell
With the Incarnate Word;
Teach me the daily task, like thee,
For Jesus' love to do,
O teach me in the strife with sin,
Quite strong to stand and true.

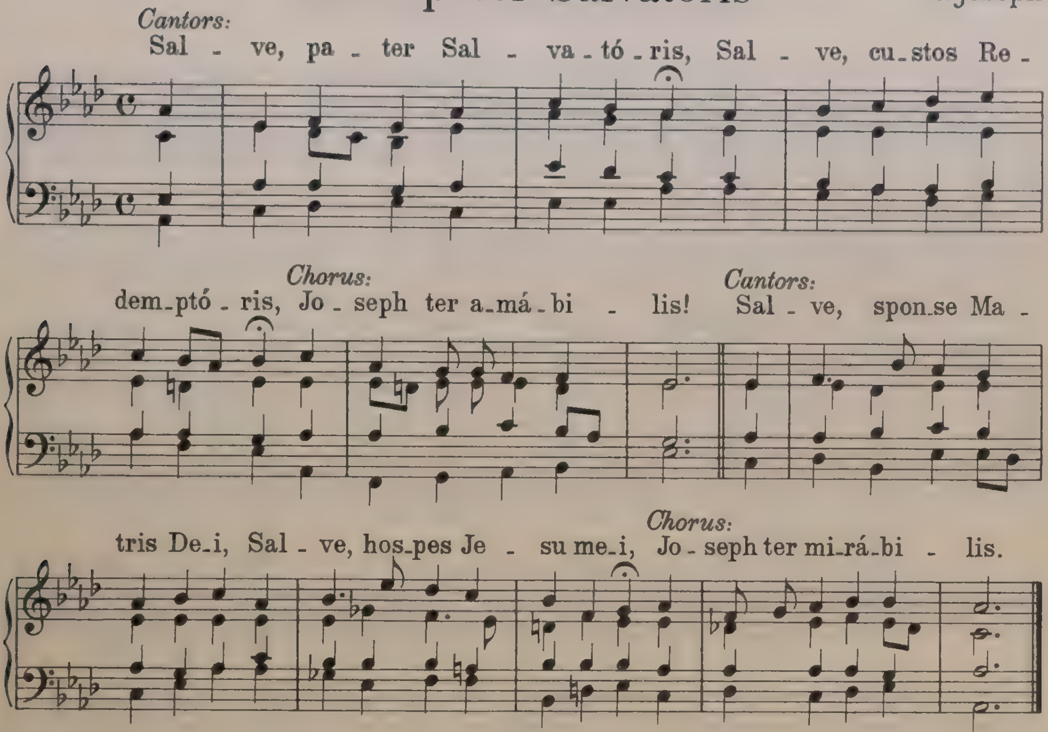
3. Saint of a death in peace and joy,
Belovèd of thy Lord,
First who did pass from this sad earth,
Upheld by God's own Word.
Come thou to me when death draws nigh,
With Jesus at thy side,
To Whom, with Mary blest, and thee,
I will my soul confide.

(*Anon.*) (*Editor*)

172

Salve pater Salvatoris

March 19
St. Joseph


Cantors:
Sal - ve, pa - ter Sal - va - tó - ris, Sal - ve, cu - stos Re -
dem - ptó - ris,
Chorus:
Jo - seph ter a - má - bi - lis!
Cantors:
Sal - ve, spon - se Ma - tris De - i, Sal - ve, hos - pes Je - su me - i,
Chorus:
Jo - seph ter mi - rá - bi - lis.

Cantors: 1. Salve, pater Salvatóris,
Salve, custos Redemptóris,
Chorus: Joseph ter amábilis.
Cantors: Salve, sponse Matris Dei,
Salve, hospes Jesu mei,
Chorus: Joseph ter mirábilis.

Cantors: 2. Jesum óculis vidísti,
Et in bráchiis tulísti,
Chorus: O dulcis felícitas.
Cantors: Genis genas admovísti,
Oscula dans accepísti,
Chorus: O felix suávitas.

Cantors: 3. O mi Joseph, plus amánde,
Et præ cunctis honoránde,
Chorus: O flos pudicítiæ.
Cantors: Tibi tanta sors est data,
Quanta nulli est colláta
Chorus: Ab auctóre grátiæ.

Cantors: 4. O felícem et beátum,
Custodíre cui est datum
Chorus: Tuo sub præsídio,
Cantors: Et qui méruit habére
Te patrónum et gaudére
Chorus: Tuo patrocinio.

(*Tr. S. N. D.*)

Cantors: *1. Hail, O Father of Our Saviour*
Safely guarding Our Redeemer,
Chorus: *Joseph worthy of all love.*
Cantors: *Hail, O Spouse of God's own Mother;*
Jesus looked to thee, none other,
Chorus: *Joseph, first of Saints above.*

Cantors: *2. With thine eyes on Jesus gazing,*
In thine arms the sweet Babe raising,
Chorus: *Thrilled wert thou with happiness.*
Cantors: *'Gainst His Face thine own thou pressest,*
On His Lips thy kiss impressest,
Chorus: *Happy Saint of gentleness.*

Cantors: *3. For thee, Joseph, love deserving,*
Honour prime are we reserving,
Chorus: *Flower thou of chastity.*
Cantors: *No Saint hath so high a calling,*
Heaven's vision here forestalling,
Chorus: *From the God of Charity.*

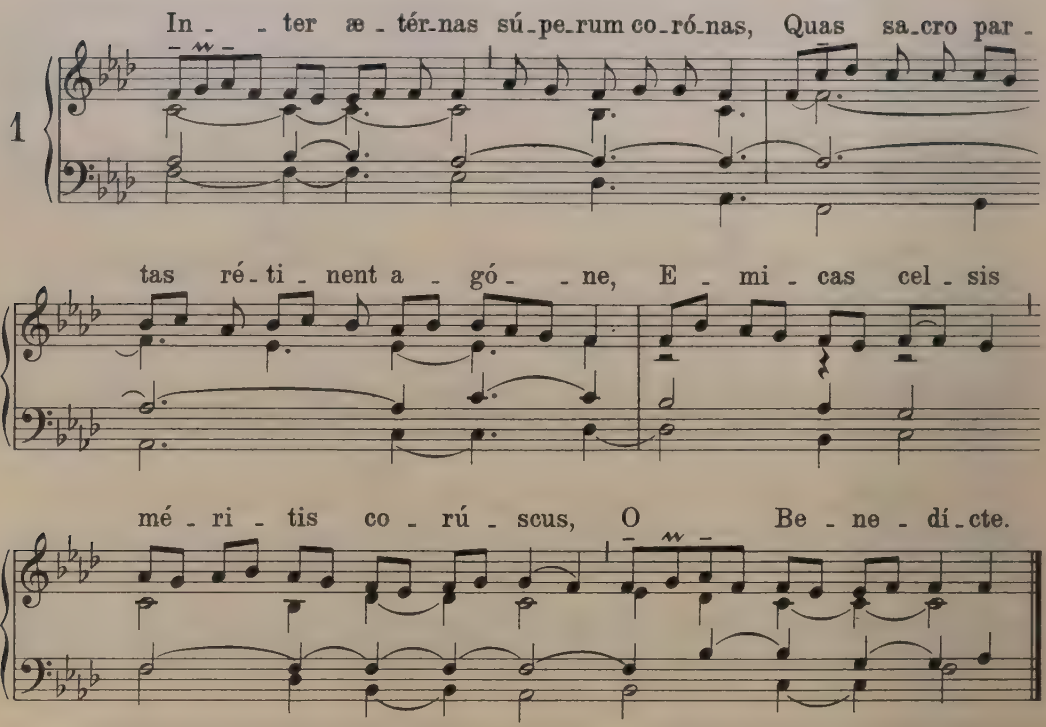
Cantors: *4. Happy, blessed souls who take thee*
For their Patron, finding safety
Chorus: *Under thy strong patronage;*
Cantors: *Such as by their true devotion*
Merit to have thy protection,
Chorus: *Sheltered 'neath thy tutelage.*

(*Sir Richard Terry*)

173

March 21
St. Benedict

Inter æternas superum


1
In - - ter æ - tér-nas sú-pe-rum co-ró-nas, Quas sa-cro par -
tas ré - ti - nent a - gó - - ne, E - mi - cas cel - sis
mé - ri - tis co - rú - scus, O Be - ne - dí - cte.

1. Inter ætérnas súperum corónas, Quas sacro partas rétinent agóne, Emicas celsis méritis corúscus, O Benedícte.	*1. Of all Eternity's bright diadems* *In faith's high combat won,* *Brighter than thine, celestial Benedict,* *There glitter none.*
2. Sancta te compsit púerum senéctus, Nil sibi de te rápuit volúptas, Aruit mundi tibi flos ad alta Mente leváto.	*2. Pleasure in thee had naught: the grace of age* *Was o'er thy boyhood shed:* *All dust to thee the world's fair bloom, whose heart* *To Heaven had fled.*
3. Hinc fuga lapsus, pátriam paréntes Déseris, fervens némorum colónus; Edomas carnem, subigísque Christo Tortor acérbus.	*3. Country and home abandoned for the depths* *Of the lone forest rude;* *There, while to Christ thy soul, self-mastering,* *The flesh subdued.*
4. Ne diu tutus latébras fovéres, Signa te produnt óperum piórum; Spárgitur felix céleri per orbem Fama volátu.	*4. Lo, thee unknown thy peerless miracles* *A Saint of God display;* *And forth through all the world thy glory speeds* *On wings of day.*
5. Glória Patri, genitǽque proli Et Tibi compar utriúsque semper, Spíritus alme, Deus unus, omni Témpore sæcli. Amen.	*5. Glory eternal to the Father be* *And sole-begotten Son,* *With Thee, great Paraclete: Eternal Three* *And Trinal One.* *Amen.*

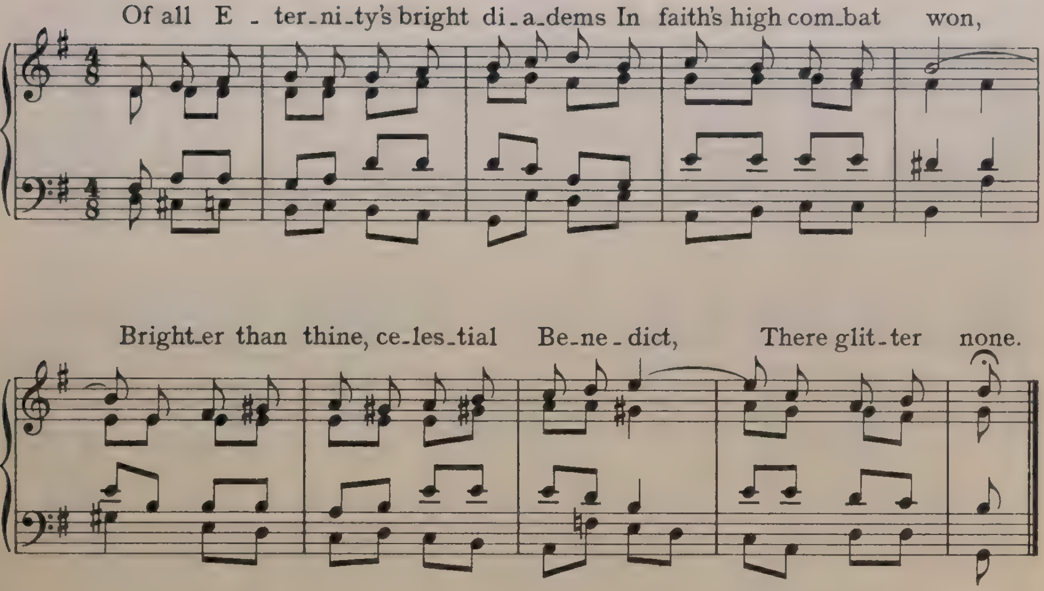
(*Benedictine Office*)
(*Tr. Fr. Caswall*)

(*Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.*)

174

March 21
St. Benedict

Of all Eternity's bright diadems


Of all E - ter-ni-ty's bright di-a-dems In faith's high com-bat won,
Bright-er than thine, ce-les-tial Be-ne-dict, There glit-ter none.

1. Of all Eternity's bright diadems
In faith's high combat won,
Brighter than thine, celestial Benedict,
There glitter none.

2. Pleasure in thee had naught: the grace of age
Was o'er thy boyhood shed:
All dust to thee the world's fair bloom, whose heart
To Heaven had fled.

3. Country and home abandoned for the depths
Of the lone forest rude;
There, while to Christ thy soul, self-mastering,
The flesh subdued.

4. Lo, thee unknown thy peerless miracles
A Saint of God display;
And forth through all the world thy glory speeds
On wings of day.

5. Glory eternal to the Father be,
And sole-begotten Son,
With Thee, great Paraclete: Eternal Three
And Trinal One.

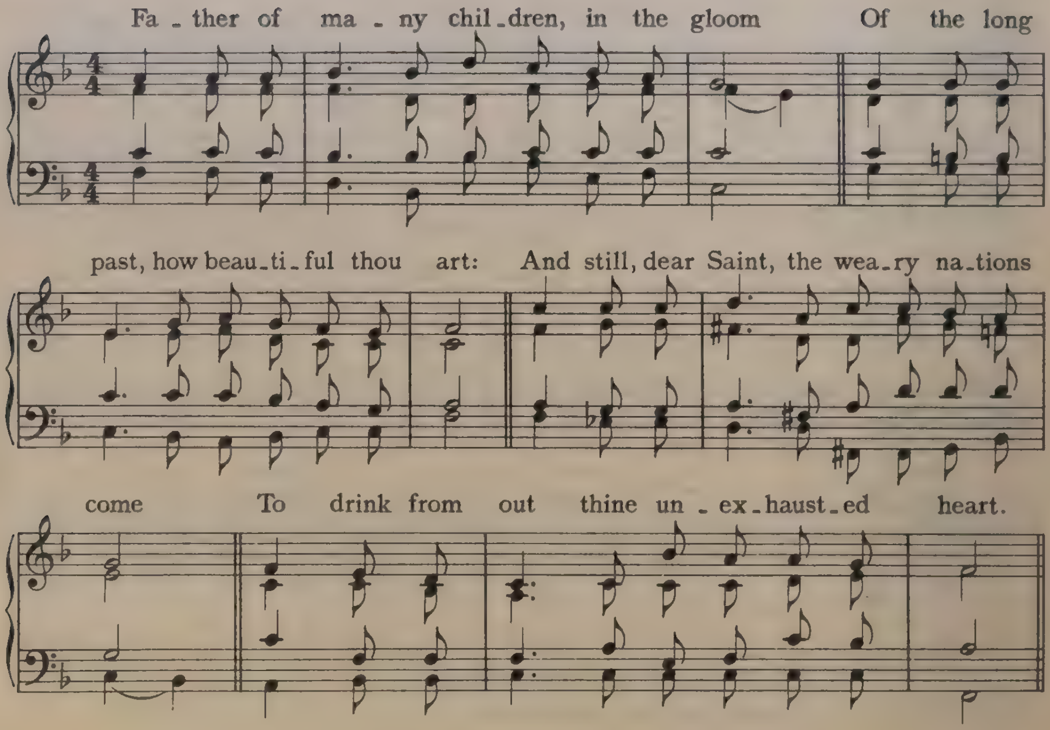
(Tr. of "Inter æternas"
Fr. Caswall)

(Editor)

March 21
St. Benedict

175

Father of many children


Fa - ther of ma - ny chil - dren, in the gloom Of the long
past, how beau - ti - ful thou art: And still, dear Saint, the wea - ry na - tions
come To drink from out thine un - ex - haust - ed heart.

1. Father of many children, in the gloom
Of the long past, how beautiful thou art:
And still, dear Saint, the weary nations come
To drink from out thine unexhausted heart.

2. Kings with thy wisdom in their hearts, dear Saint,
Have grown more royal 'neath thy Christlike rule:
And, when the earth with ignorance was faint,
Learning found shelter in thy tranquil school.

3. O Benedict, thy special gifts are peace,
Freedom of heart, and sweet simplicity;
They fail not with the ages, but increase
As thine own graces grew of old in thee.

4. Give us great hearts, dear Father-hearts as wide
As thine, that was far wider than the world:
Hearts by incessant labour sanctified,
Yet with the peace of prayer within them furled.

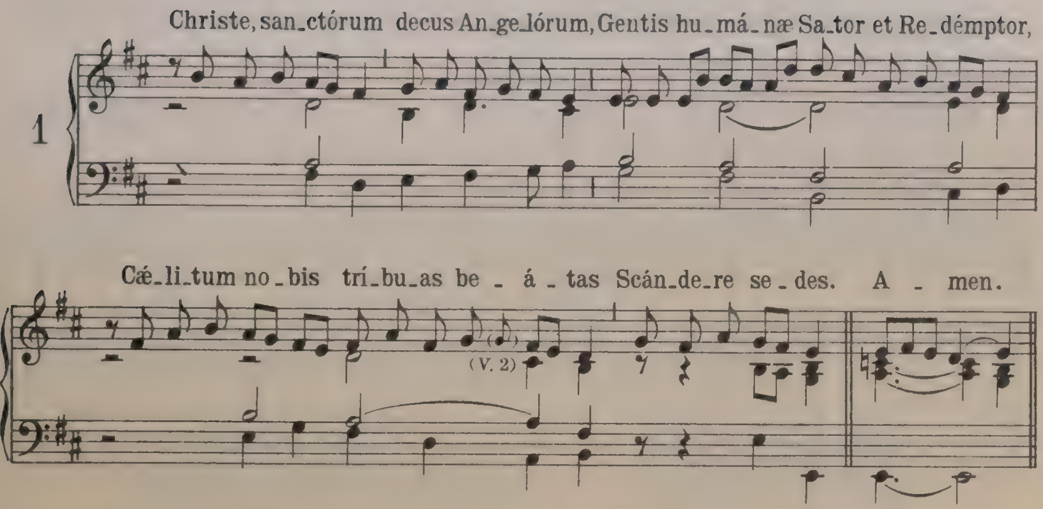
5. Kind Shepherd, tend us with thy pastoral love
Across the mountains to our heavenly rest:
Father, we see thee beckoning from above;
We come, we come,– to bless thee, and be blest.

(Fr. Faber † 1863) *(E. M. Barrett)*

176

March 24
St.Gabriel

Christe sanctorum


Christe, san_ctórum decus An_ge_lórum, Gentis hu_má_næ Sa_tor et Re_démptor,
1
Cæ_li_tum no_bis trí_bu_as be_á_tas Scán_de_re se_des. A_men.
(V. 2)

1. **Christe, sanctórum decus Angelórum**
Gentis humánæ Sator et Redémptor,
Cælitum nobis tríbuas beátas
Scándere sedes.

2. Angelus pacis Míchaël in ædes
Cælitus nostras véniat, serénæ
Auctor ut pacis lacrymósa in orcum
Bella reléget.

3. Angelus fortis Gábriël, ut hostes
Pellat antíquos et amíca cælo,
Quæ triumphátor státuit per orbem,
Templa revísat.

4. Angelus nostræ médicus salútis
Adsit e cælo Ráphaël, ut omnes
Sanet ægrótos, dubiósque vitæ
Dírigat actus.

5. Virgo Dux pacis, Genitríxque lucis,
Et sacer nobis chorus Angelórum
Semper assístat, simul et micántis
Régia cæli.

6. Præstet hoc nobis Déitas beáta
Patris, ac Nati, paritérque sancti
Spíritus, cujus résonat per omnem
Glória mundum. Amen.

1. O Christ, the glory of the Angel choirs:
Of man the Maker and Redeemer blest,
Grant us one day to reach those bright abodes,
And in Thy glory rest.

2. Angel of Peace, thou, Michael, from above,
Come down, amid the homes of man to dwell;
And banish wars, with all their tears and blood,
Back to their native hell.

3. Angel of Strength: thou, Gabriel, cast out
Thine ancient foes, usurpers of thy reign;
The temples of thy triumph round the globe
Revisit once again.

4. And Raphael, Physician of the soul,
Let him descend from his pure halls of light,
To heal our sicknesses and guide for us
Each dubious course aright.

5. Thou too, fair virgin daughter of the skies
Mother of Light, and Queen of Peace, descend;
Bringing with thee the radiant court of heaven,
To aid us and defend.

6. This grace on us bestow, O Father blest,
And Thou, O Son, by an eternal birth;
With Thee from both proceeding, Holy Ghost,
Whose glory fills the earth. Amen.

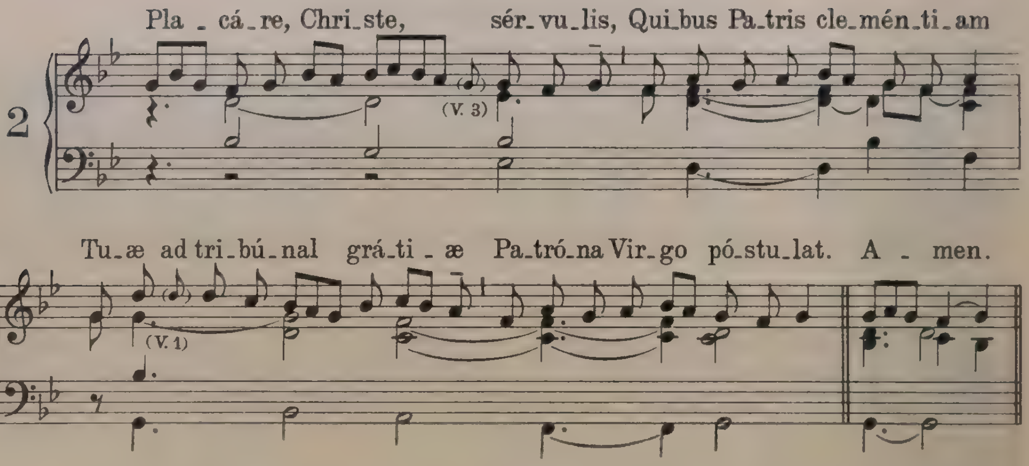
(*Rhabanus Maurus O.S.B.*
Archbp. of Mainz † 856)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

177

March 24
St. Gabriel

Placare, Christe, servulis


2
Pla - cá - re, Chri - ste, sér - vu - lis, Qui - bus Pa - tris cle - mén - ti - am
(V. 3)
Tu - æ ad tri - bú - nal grá - ti - æ Pa - tró - na Vir - go pó - stu - lat. A - men.
(V. 1)

1. Placáre, Christe, sérvulis,
Quibus Patris cleméntiam
Tuæ ad tribúnal grátiæ
Patróna Virgo póstulat.

2. Nobis adésto, Archángele,
Robur Dei qui dénotas:
Vires adáuge lánguidis,
Confer levámen trístibus.

3. Et vos, beáta per novem
Distíncta gyros ágmina,
Antíqua cum præséntibus
Futúra damna péllite.

4. Auférte gentem pérfidam
Credéntium de fínibus,
Ut unus omnes únicum
Ovíle nos pastor regat.

5. Deo Patri sit glória,
Qui, nos redémit Fílius,
Et Sanctus unxit Spíritus,
Per Angelos custódiat.
Amen.

1. O Christ, thy servants' wanderings spare,
For whom Thy Maiden-Mother's prayer
Beseeches at Thy throne of grace
Mercy before the Father's face.

2. Ye nine-fold ranks of angel-choirs,
Whose order for our help conspires,
All past and present ills dispel,
From future danger guard us well.

3. Be near us, Angel from on high,
Whose name God's might doth signify;
Strengthen the weak with ceaseless ward,
And to the sad thine help afford.

4. Drive far away in shamed disgrace
From Christian lands the faithless race;
That so His rule one Shepherd hold
Over one flock, one single fold.

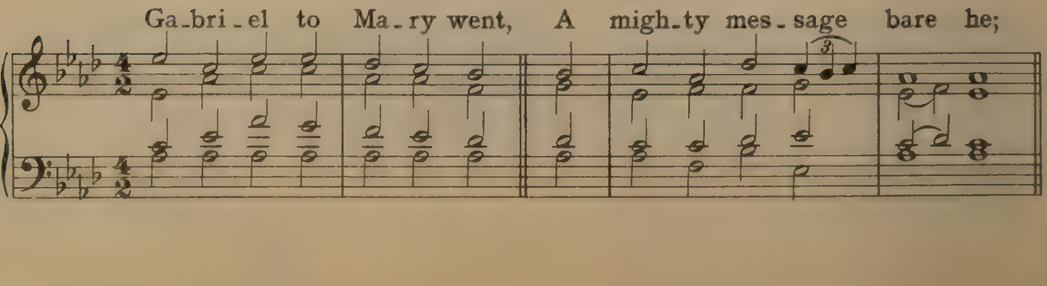
5. To God the Father praise be done,
Who hath redeemed us through His Son,
Anoints us by the Holy Ghost,
And guards us by the Angel-host.
Amen.

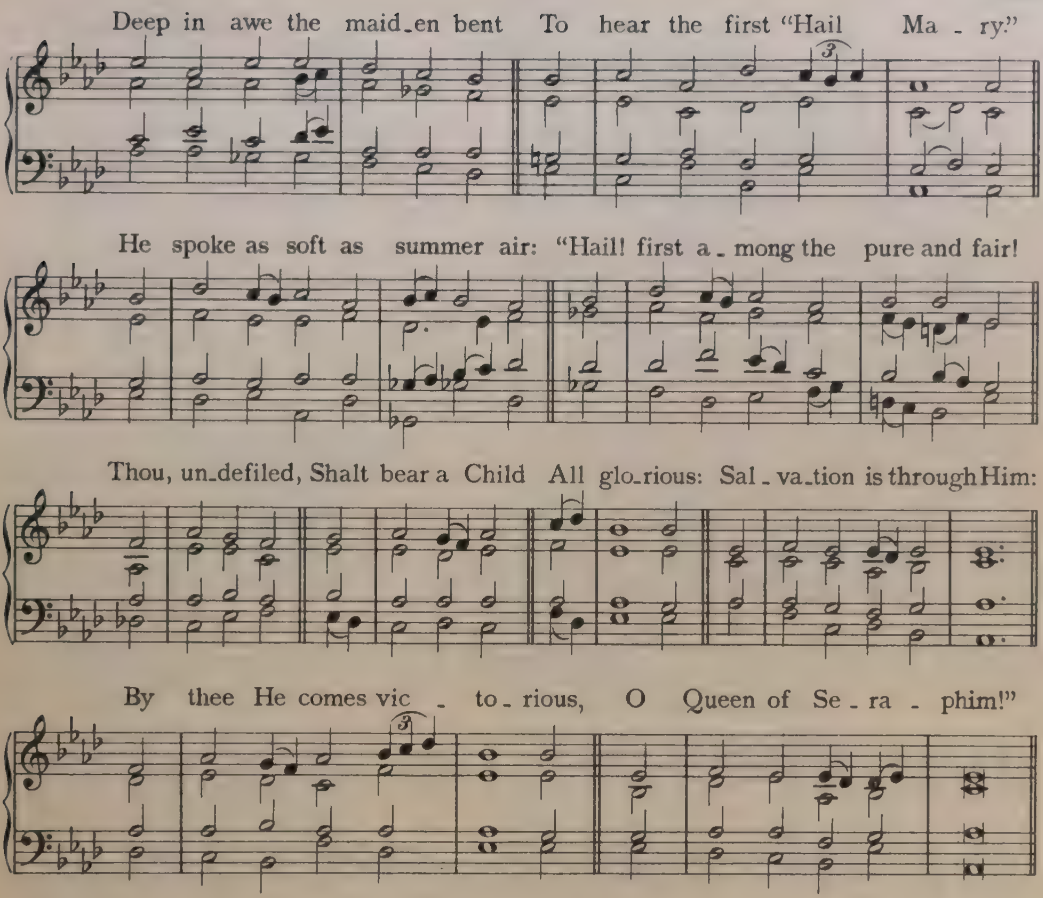
(*Rhabanus Maurus O.S.B.*
Archbp. of Mainz † 856)

178

March 24
St. Gabriel

Gabriel to Mary went


Ga - bri - el to Ma - ry went, A migh - ty mes - sage bare he;
4/2
3


Deep in awe the maid_en bent To hear the first "Hail Ma - ry."
3
He spoke as soft as summer air: "Hail! first a - mong the pure and fair!
Thou, un_defiled, Shalt bear a Child All glo_rious: Sal - va_tion is through Him:
By thee He comes vic - to - rious, O Queen of Se - ra - phim!"
3

1. Gabriel to Mary went,–
A mighty message bare he;
Deep in awe the maiden bent
To hear the first "Hail Mary."
He spoke as soft as summer air:
"Hail, first among the pure and fair.
Thou, undefiled,
Shalt bear a Child
All glorious:
Salvation is through Him:
By thee He comes victorious,
O Queen of Seraphim!"

2. "How shall this befall?" she quoth,
"For man has never known me.
Can I break my plighted troth
That none but God should own me?"
The Angel said: "O Maid believe,
The Holy Ghost shall this achieve.
So be not sad,
But wholly glad,
For surely
Thy maidenhood so white
Shall shine for ever purely
By God's especial might."

3. Here the Maid of David's blood
Spoke out in answer lowly:
"I am but the slave of God
Omnipotent and holy.
To thee, O high ambassador,
On whom such secrets He doth pour,
I do consent
Right well content
To hold me
For ever by His word.
O Gabriel, behold me
The Handmaid of the Lord."

4. Maiden Mother of us all,
Who by thy Son sublimely
Brought the peace that Adam's fall
Once banishèd untimely:
Implore that Strong and Holy One
That until this our day is done,
His gentleness
To our excess
Indulgent,
May check us when we roam,
And in thy name effulgent
From exile call us home.

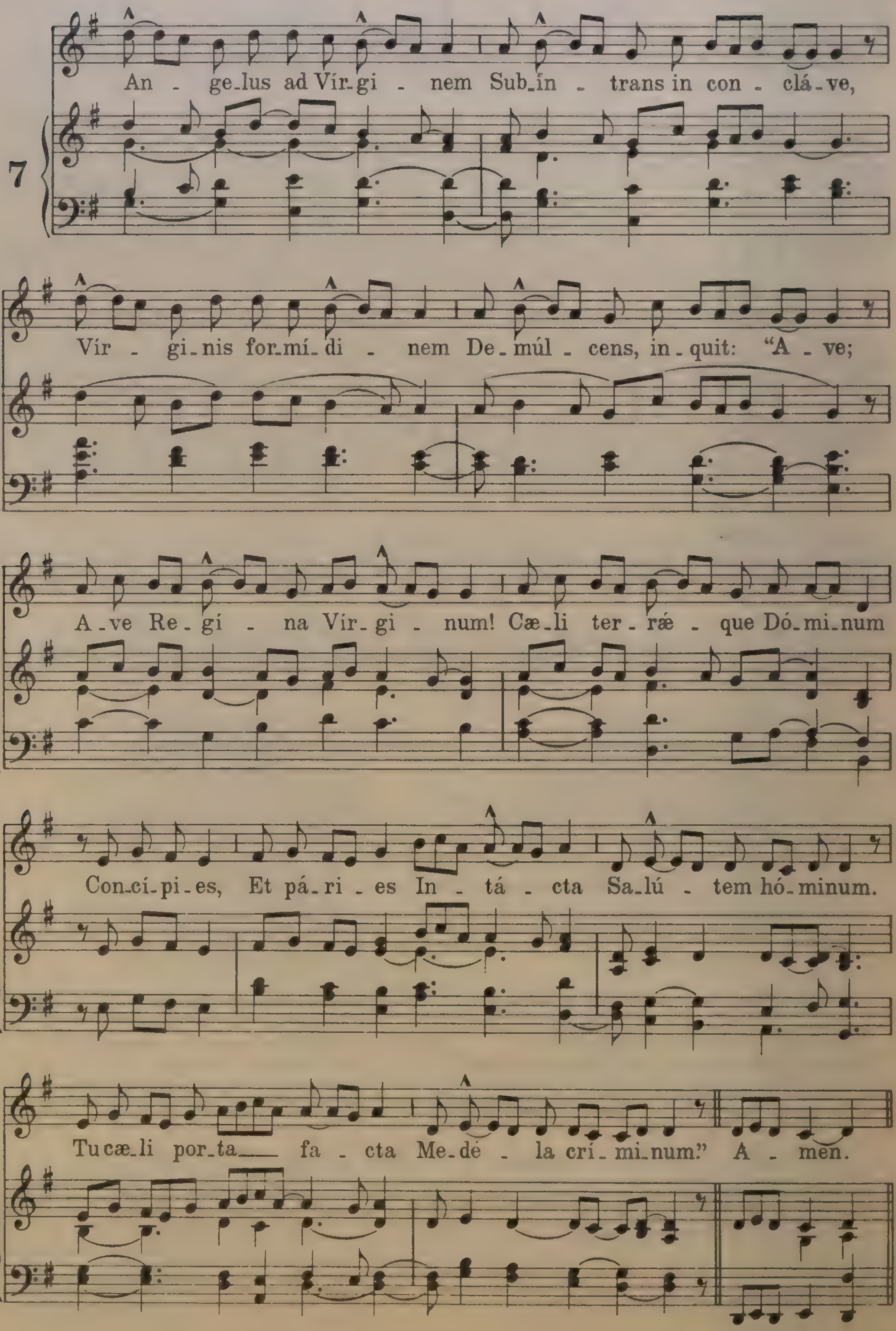
(Paraphrase of "Angelus ad Virginem"
by Fr. O'Connor)

(13th Century Melody
harmonized by
S. P. Waddington)

179a

March 25
The Annunciation

Angelus ad Virginem


7
An - ge-lus ad Vír-gi - nem Sub-ín - trans in con - clá-ve,
Vír - gi-nis for-mí-di - nem De-múl - cens, in-quit: "A - ve;
A-ve Re-gí - na Vír-gi - num! Cæ-li ter-ræ - que Dó-mi-num
Con-cí-pi-es, Et pá-ri - es In - tá - cta Sa-lú - tem hó-minum.
Tu cæ-li por-ta___ fa - cta Me-dé - la crí-mi-num." A - men.

1. Angelus ad Vírginem
Subíntrans in concláve,
Vírginis formídinem
Demúlcens inquit, "Ave;
Ave Regína Vírginum;
Cæli terræque Dóminum
Concípies
Et páries
Intácta
Salútem hóminum;
Tu cæli porta facta
Medéla críminum."

2. "Quómodo concíperem
Quæ virum non cognóvi?
Quáliter infríngerem
Quæ firma mente vovi?"
"Spíritus Sancti grátia
Perfíciet hæc ómnia.
Ne tímeas,
Sed gaúdeas,
Secúra
Quod castimónia
Manébit in te pura
Dei poténtia."

3. Ad hæc Virgo nóbilis
Respóndens inquit ei:
"Ancílla sum húmilis
Omnipoténtis Dei.
Tibi cælésti núntio,
Tanti secréti cónscio
Consénties
Et cúpiens
Vidére
Factum quod aúdio,
Paráta sum parére
Dei consílio."

4. Eia Mater Dómini,
Quæ pacem reddidísti
Ángelis et hómini,
Cum Christum genuísti;
Tuum exóra Fílium
Ut se nobis propítium
Exhíbeat,
Et déleat
Peccáta:
Præstans auxílium
Vita frui beáta
Post hoc exsílium.

(13th Century MS.)

1. Gabriel to Mary went,
A mighty message bare he;
Deep in awe the Maiden bent
To hear the first 'Hail Mary'.
He spoke as soft as summer air:
"Hail, first among the pure and fair!"
"Thou undefiled
Shalt bear a Child
All glorious:
Salvation is through Him:
By thee He comes victorious
O Queen of Seraphim!"

2. "How shall this befall?" she quoth,
"For man hath never known me.
Can I break my plighted troth
That none but God should own me?"
The Angel said: "O Maid believe,
The Holy Ghost shall this achieve.
So be not sad,
But wholly glad,
For surely
Thy maidenhood so white
Shall shine for ever purely
By God's especial might."

3. Here the Maid of David's blood
Spoke out in answer lowly:
"I am but the slave of God
Omnipotent and holy.
To thee, O high ambassador,
On whom such secrets He doth pour,
I do consent,
Right well content
To hold me
For ever by His word.
O Gabriel, behold me
The Handmaid of the Lord."

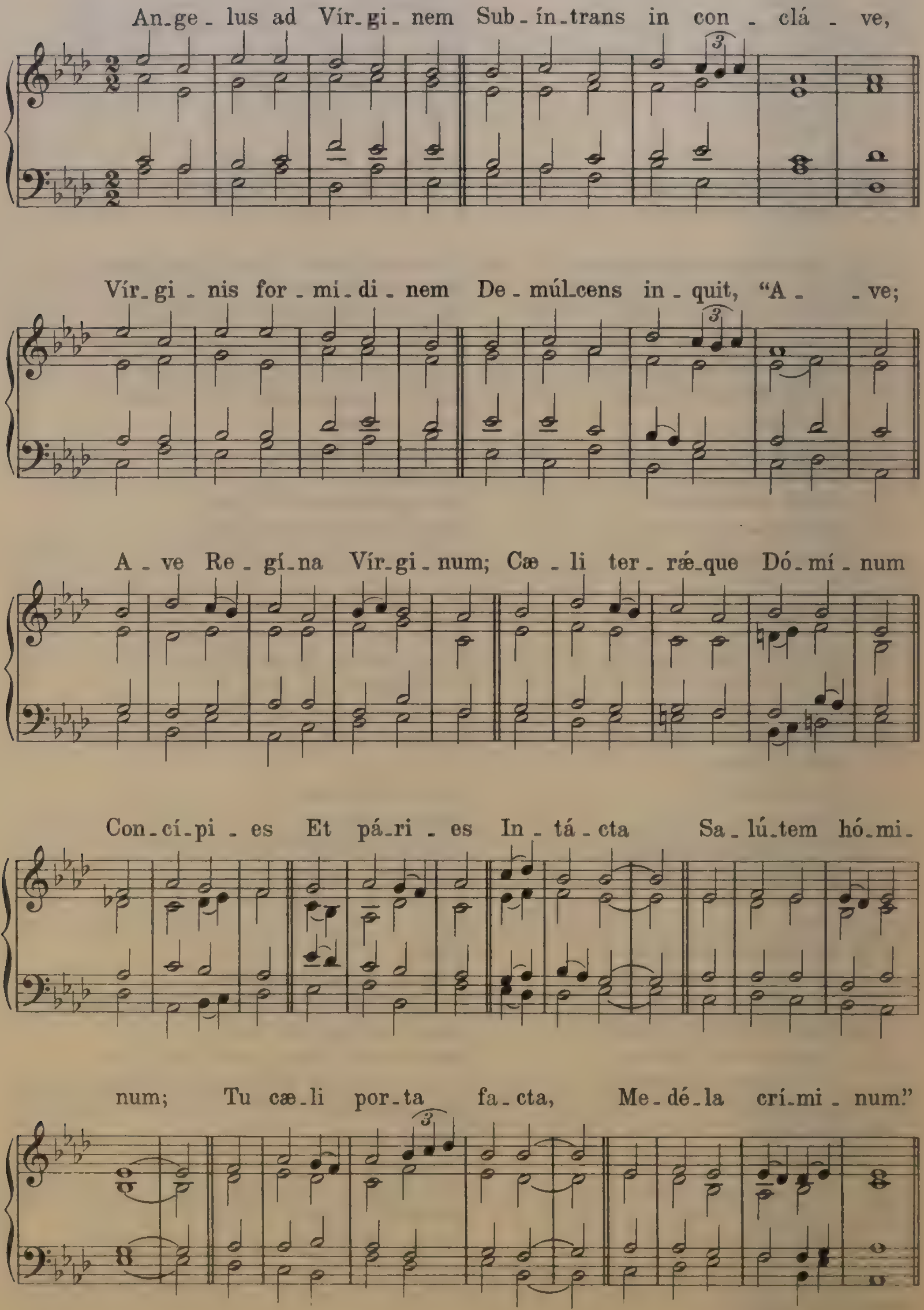
4. Maiden Mother of us all,
Who by thy Son sublimely
Brought the peace that Adam's fall
Once banishèd untimely:
Implore that Strong and Holy One
That until this our day is done,
His gentleness
To our excess
Indulgent,
May check us when we roam,
And in thy name effulgent
From exile call us home.

(Arundel MS. edited by
Dom Gregory Ould O.S.B.)

179$^{\text{b}}$

March 25
The Annunciation

Angelus ad Virginem


An_ge _ lus ad Vír_gi _ nem Sub _ ín_trans in con _ clá _ ve,
Vír_gi _ nis for _ mi _ di _ nem De _ múl_cens in _ quit, "A _ _ ve;
A _ ve Re _ gí_na Vír_gi _ num; Cæ _ li ter _ rǽ_que Dó_mí _ num
Con_cí_pi _ es Et pá_ri _ es In _ tá _ cta Sa _ lú_tem hó_mi_
num; Tu cæ_li por_ta fa _ cta, Me _ dé_la crí_mi _ num."
3
3
3

1. Angelus ad Vírginem
Subíntrans in concláve,
Vírginis formídinem
Demúlcens inquit, "Ave;
Ave Regína Vírginum;
Cæli terræque Dóminum
Concípies
Et páries
Intácta
Salútem hóminum;
Tu cæli porta facta
Medéla críminum."

2. "Quómodo concíperem
Quæ virum non cognóvi?
Quáliter infríngerem
Quæ firma mente vovi?"
"Spíritus Sancti grátia
Perfíciet hæc ómnia.
Ne tímeas,
Sed gaúdeas,
Secúra
Quod castimónia
Manébit in te pura
Dei poténtia."

3. Ad hæc Virgo nóbilis
Respóndens inquit ei:
"Ancílla sum húmilis
Omnipoténtis Dei.
Tibi cælésti núntio,
Tanti secréti cónscio
Conséntiens
Et cúpiens
Vidére
Factum quod aúdio,
Paráta sum parére
Dei consílio."

4. Eia Mater Dómini,
Quæ pacem reddidísti
Ángelis et hómini,
Cum Christum genuísti;
Tuum exóra Fílium
Ut se nobis propítium
Exhíbeat,
Et déleat
Peccáta:
Præstans auxílium
Vita frui beáta
Post hoc exsílium.

1. Gabriel to Mary went,
A mighty message bare he;
Deep in awe the Maiden bent
To hear the first 'Hail Mary'.
He spoke as soft as summer air:
"Hail, first among the pure and fair!"
"Thou undefiled
Shalt bear a Child
All glorious:
Salvation is through Him:
By thee He comes victorious
O Queen of Seraphim!"

2. "How shall this befall?" she quoth,
"For man hath never known me.
Can I break my plighted troth
That none but God should own me?"
The Angel said: "O Maid believe,
The Holy Ghost shall this achieve.
So be not sad,
But wholly glad,
For surely
Thy maidenhood so white
Shall shine for ever purely
By God's especial might."

3. Here the Maid of David's blood
Spoke out in answer lowly:
"I am but the slave of God
Omnipotent and holy.
To thee, O high ambassador,
On whom such secrets He doth pour,
I do consent,
Right well content
To hold me
For ever by His word.
O Gabriel, behold me
The Handmaid of the Lord."

4. Maiden Mother of us all,
Who by thy Son sublimely
Brought the peace that Adam's fall
Once banishèd untimely:
Implore that Strong and Holy One
That until this our day is done,
His gentleness
To our excess
Indulgent,
May check us when we roam,
And in thy name effulgent
From exile call us home.

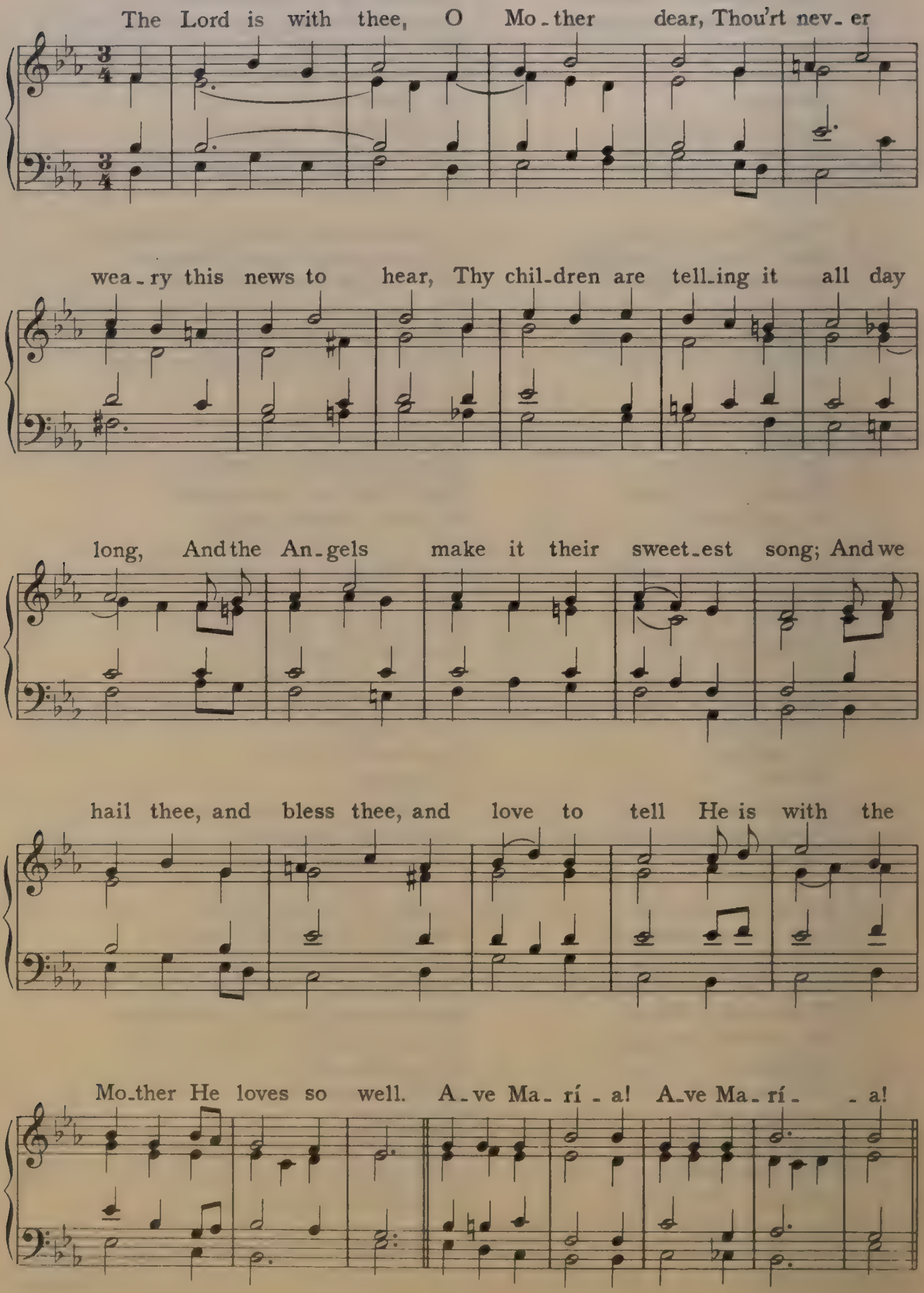
(13th Century MS.)

(Harmonized by
Dr. Alan Gray)

180

March 25
The Annunciation

The Lord is with thee


The Lord is with thee, O Mo-ther dear, Thou'rt nev-er
wea-ry this news to hear, Thy chil-dren are tell-ing it all day
long, And the An-gels make it their sweet-est song; And we
hail thee, and bless thee, and love to tell He is with the
Mo-ther He loves so well. A-ve Ma-rí-a! A-ve Ma-rí-a!

1. The Lord is with thee, O Mother dear,
Thou'rt never weary this news to hear,
Thy children are telling it all day long,
And the Angels make it their sweetest song.
And we hail thee, and bless thee, and love to tell
He is with the Mother He loves so well. Ave Maria. Ave Maria.

2. He came to thee first in midnight gloom
That wrapped thee round in thy silent room,
The soft evening breezes were gently stirred
With the breath of Gabriel's whispered word;
And the silvery wings of the heavenly Dove
Drew brooding over His Virgin love. Ave Maria. Ave Maria.

3. Thy Jesus did come to thee unseen,
The Angels knelt to the Angels' Queen;
He came to thee first, He is with thee now,
He has set His crown on thy shining brow.
He is with thee for ever, no more to part,
And thy home of rest is His Sacred Heart. Ave Maria. Ave Maria.

4. O Mary, once more thy children greet
God's Mother blest and our Mother sweet;
We look on thy beautiful shining face,
It is full of glory and full of grace;
And we sigh for the day when at last we shall rest
In thy loving arms, on thy gentle breast. Ave Maria. Ave Maria.

5. The Lord is with thee, thy Lord and Son,
Thy griefs are past and thy joy is won;
The wonder is this_will it e'er be true
That one day thy Son will be with us too?
And through all Heaven's bright and eternal hours
That Our Lord and Mary will both be ours. Ave Maria. Ave Maria.

(*Cardinal Wiseman* †1865) (*Editor*)

181

The Seven Dolours. B.V. M.

The Seven Dolours of Our Blessed Lady

See Friday after Passion Sunday Nos. 61-64

182

April 8
B. Julie Billiart

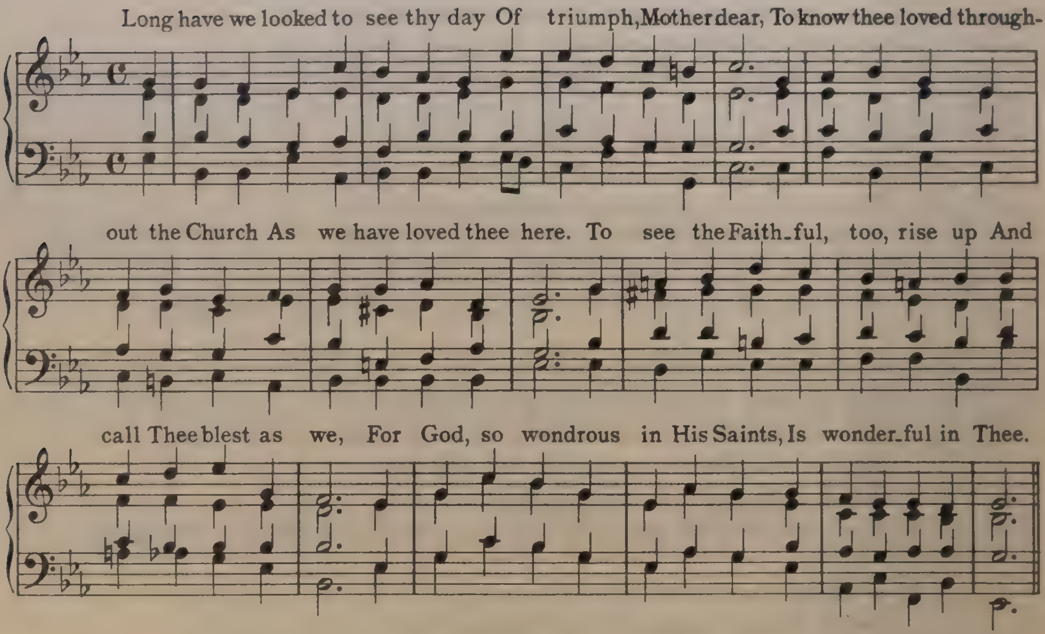
Jesu Corona Virginum

See "Common of Saints" No. 306

183

April 8
B. Julie Billiart

Long have we looked to see thy day


Long have we looked to see thy day Of triumph, Mother dear, To know thee loved through-
out the Church As we have loved thee here. To see the Faith-ful, too, rise up And
call Thee blest as we, For God, so wondrous in His Saints, Is wonder-ful in Thee.

1. Long have we looked to see thy day
Of triumph, Mother dear,
To know thee loved throughout the Church
As we have loved thee here;
To see the Faithful, too, rise up
And call thee blest as we;
For God, so wondrous in His Saints,
Is wonderful in thee.

2. A spark from out the Heart of Christ
Fell early on thy breast,
And thou wouldst seek for "little souls"
In simple, touching quest.
Sweet child-apostle, teaching thus
The babes of Picardy,
God, Who is wondrous in His Saints,
Was wonderful in thee.

3. Like Jesus, thou didst pass thy youth
So oft in labour rude,
Then for long years wast crucified
In pain and solitude.
Thy body bound, thy soul soared up
On wings of ecstasy,
And God, so wondrous in His Saints
Was wonderful in thee.

4. Men hunted thee from place to place,
When faith and love were cold,
Because thy valiant word of fire
Made weaker spirits bold.
Martyr in will, no tempest shook
Thy soul's most tranquil sea,
For God, so wondrous in His Saints,
Was wonderful in thee.

5. Healed in the Name of that dear Heart
To which thy life was sworn,
Within its rift of love and pain
Thy Company was born.
Around the Cross, in vision blest,
Didst thou the children see
Whom God, still wondrous in His Saints,
Drew wondrously to thee.

6. That "God is good" was all thy song
Throughout thy thorny ways,
His Mother's sweet Magnificat
Thy dying note of praise.
O may thy large and simple faith
Our strength and gladness be,
Since God, so wondrous in His Saints,
Was wonderful in thee.

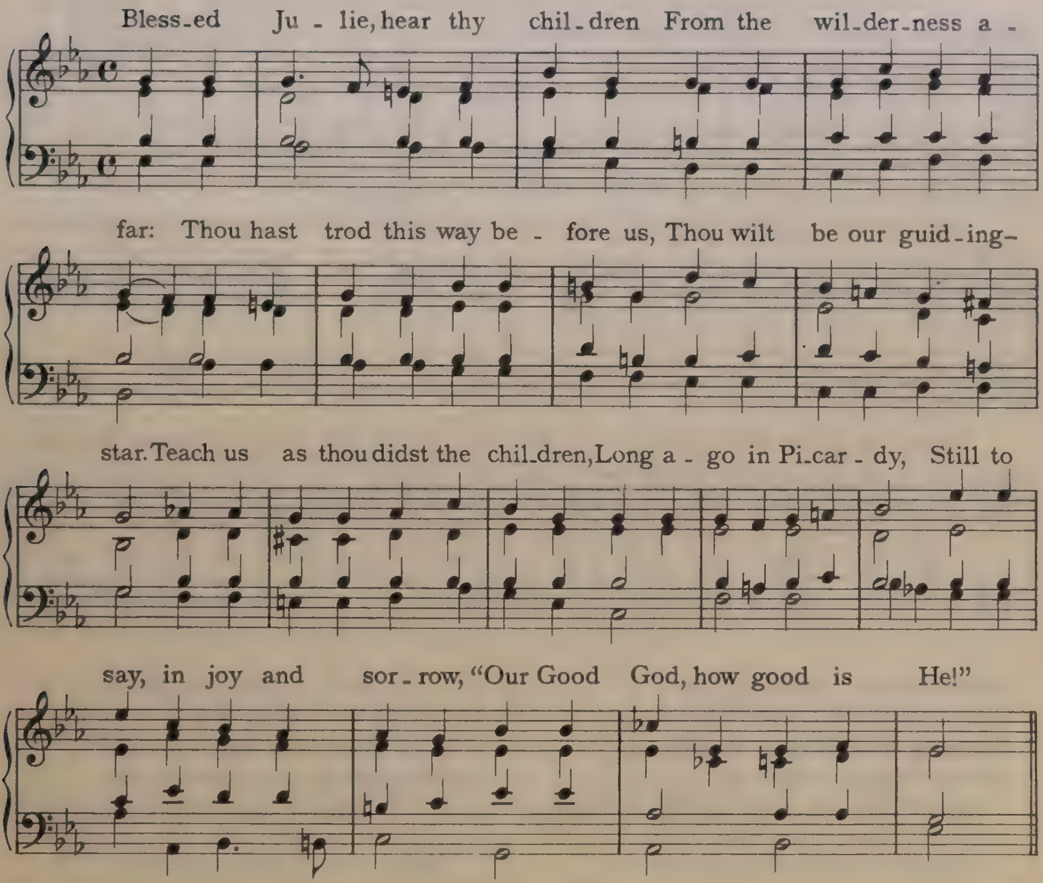
7. And may we walk with lifted eyes
As God's own children should,
Our hand locked trustingly in His
Because He is so good.
O Blessed Julie, keep our hearts
Strong, tender, true and free
For God, yet wondrous in His Saints,
Is wonderful in thee.

(S. N. D.)

184

April 8
B. Julie Billiart

Blessed Julie, hear thy children


Bless-ed Ju - lie, hear thy chil-dren From the wil-der-ness a - far: Thou hast trod this way be - fore us, Thou wilt be our guid-ing-star. Teach us as thou didst the chil-dren, Long a - go in Pi-car - dy, Still to say, in joy and sor - row, "Our Good God, how good is He!"

1. Blessed Julie, hear thy children
From the wilderness afar:
Thou hast trod this way before us,
Thou wilt be our guiding-star.
Teach us as thou didst the children
Long ago in Picardy,
Still to say, in joy and sorrow,
"Our Good God, how good is He!"

2. Blessed Julie, thou didst suffer
Poverty, and woe, and pain,
But another, weak and weary,
Never sought thy help in vain:
It was joy for thee to follow
Christ, thy King, to Calvary,
In thy pain, thy cry was ever
"Our Good God, how good is He!"

3. Love of Jesus urged thee onward,
Set thy heart with zeal aglow,
All thy life was spent in toiling
For His interests here below.
Pray for us, that for His glory
We may work with zeal like thee,
Teaching all to say as thou didst
"Our Good God, how good is He!"

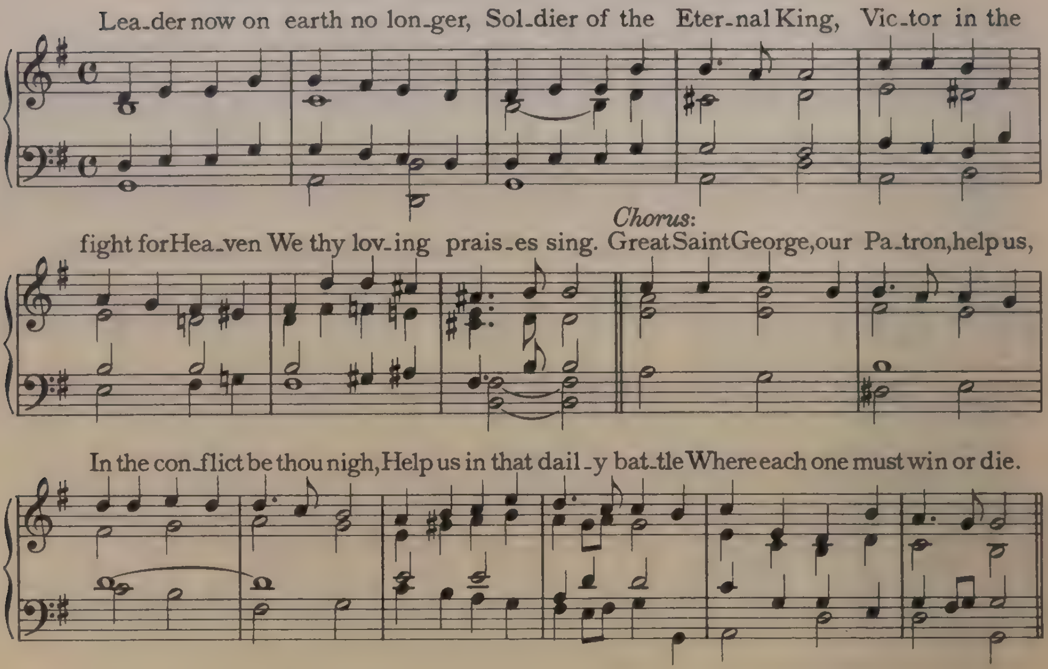
4. Blessed Julie, keep us ever
Strong in faith and hope and love,
Making God's dear Will our pleasure,
Like the Saints in Heaven above.
Pray for us that we may follow
In thy footsteps faithfully,
Till we sing with thee in heaven,
"Our Good God, how good is He!"

(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

185

April 23
St. George

Leader now on earth no longer


Lea-der now on earth no lon-ger, Sol-dier of the Eter-nal King, Vic-tor in the
fight for Hea-ven We thy lov-ing prais-es sing.
Chorus:
Great Saint George, our Pa-tron, help us,
In the con-flict be thou nigh, Help us in that dail-y bat-tle Where each one must win or die.

1. Leader now on earth no longer,
Soldier of the Eternal King,
Victor in the fight for Heaven,
We thy loving praises sing.
Great Saint George, our Patron, help us,
In the conflict be thou nigh,
Help us in that daily battle
Where each one must win or die.

2. Praise him who in deadly battle
Never shrank from foeman's sword,
Proof against all earthly weapon,
Gave his life for Christ the Lord.
Great Saint *etc.*

3. Who, when earthly war was over,
Fought, but not for earth's renown,
Fought, and won a nobler glory,–
Won the Martyr's purple crown.
Great Saint *etc.*

4. Help us when temptation presses,
We have still our crown to win;
Help us when our soul is weary
Fighting with the powers of sin.
Great Saint George, our Patron, help us,
In the conflict be thou nigh,
Help us in that daily battle
Where each one must win or die.

5. Clothe us with thy shining armour,
Place thy good sword in our hand,
Teach us how to wield it, fighting
Onwards towards the heavenly land.
Great Saint *etc.*

6. Onward, till, our striving over,
On life's battle-field we fall,
Resting then, but ever ready,
Waiting for the Angel's call.
Great Saint *etc.*

(Fr. Reeks)

(French Melody)

186

April 25
St. Mark, Evangelist

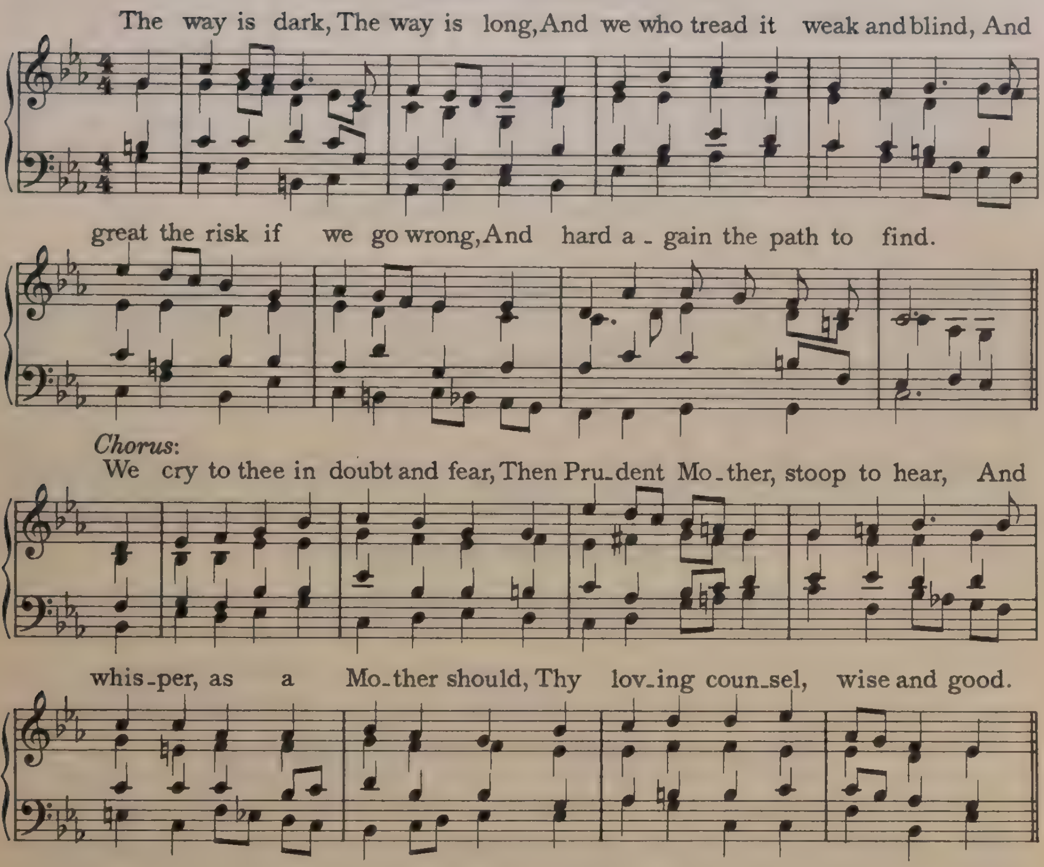
Tristes erant Apostoli

See "Common of Saints" No. 299

187

April 26
Our Lady of Good Counsel

The way is dark


The way is dark, The way is long, And we who tread it weak and blind, And
great the risk if we go wrong, And hard a - gain the path to find.
Chorus:
We cry to thee in doubt and fear, Then Pru-dent Mo-ther, stoop to hear, And
whis-per, as a Mo-ther should, Thy lov-ing coun-sel, wise and good.

1. The way is dark, the way is long,
And we who tread it weak and blind,
And great the risk if we go wrong,
And hard again the path to find.
We cry to thee in doubt and fear,
Then Prudent Mother, stoop to hear,
And whisper, as a Mother should,
Thy loving counsel, wise and good.

2. Thou hast not far the Word to seek,
Eternal Wisdom to thee clings,
Thy face is pressed against His cheek,
His Lips are breathing happy things.
We cry to *etc.*

3. With thee is counsel sweet and blest,
With thee are fortitude and grace,
Thy Babe will tell thee what is best,
His Eyes are lifted to thy face.
We cry to *etc.*

4. The world is bright, the world is fair,
It shows the false as if the true,
And we are dazzled by the glare,
Unless thou tell us what to do.
We cry to thee in doubt and fear,
Then Prudent Mother, stoop to hear,
And whisper, as a Mother should,
Thy loving counsel, wise and good.

5. O, ever till the goal is won,
In doubt and danger counsel thus,
Still whisper of us to thy Son,
And speak His answer back to us.
We cry to *etc.*

6. So shall our weak and wayward feet
From thee and Jesus never part,
So shall we by thy Counsel sweet
Walk still according to His Heart.
We cry to *etc.*

(S. N. D.)

(Editor)

188

April 30
St. Catherine of Siena

Jesu Corona Virginum

See "Common of Saints" No. 306

189

May 1
St. Philip and St. James
App.

Tristes erant Apostoli

See "Common of Saints" No. 299

190

May 3
The Finding of the Holy Cross

Vexilla Regis

See Good Friday No. 86

191

May 4
The English Martyrs

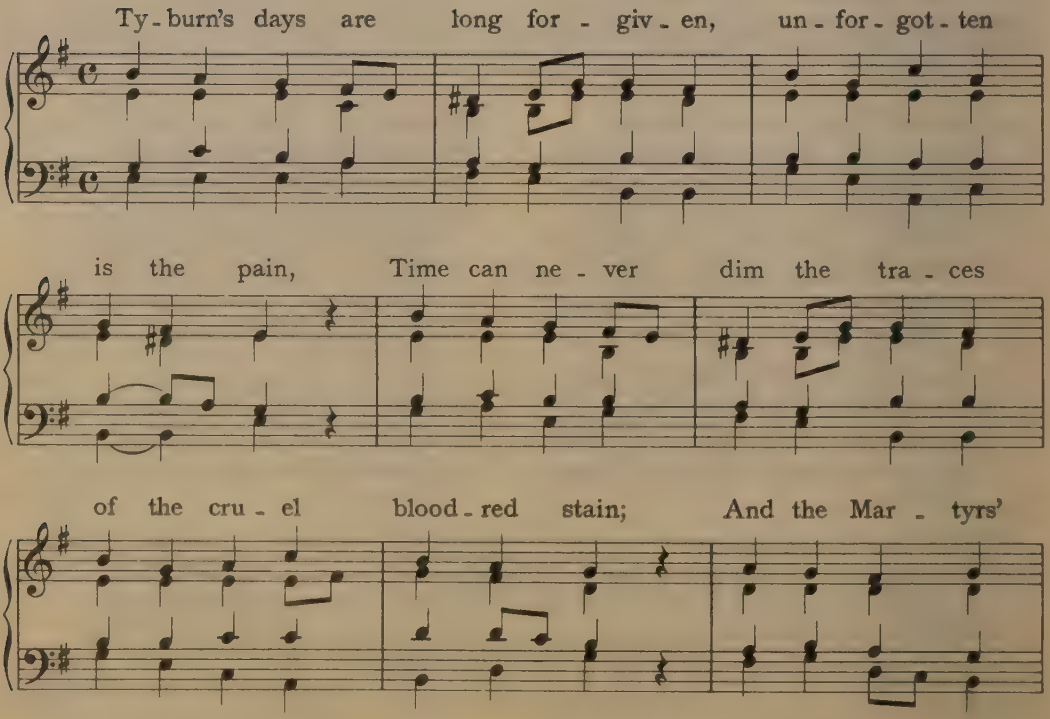
Rex gloriose Martyrum

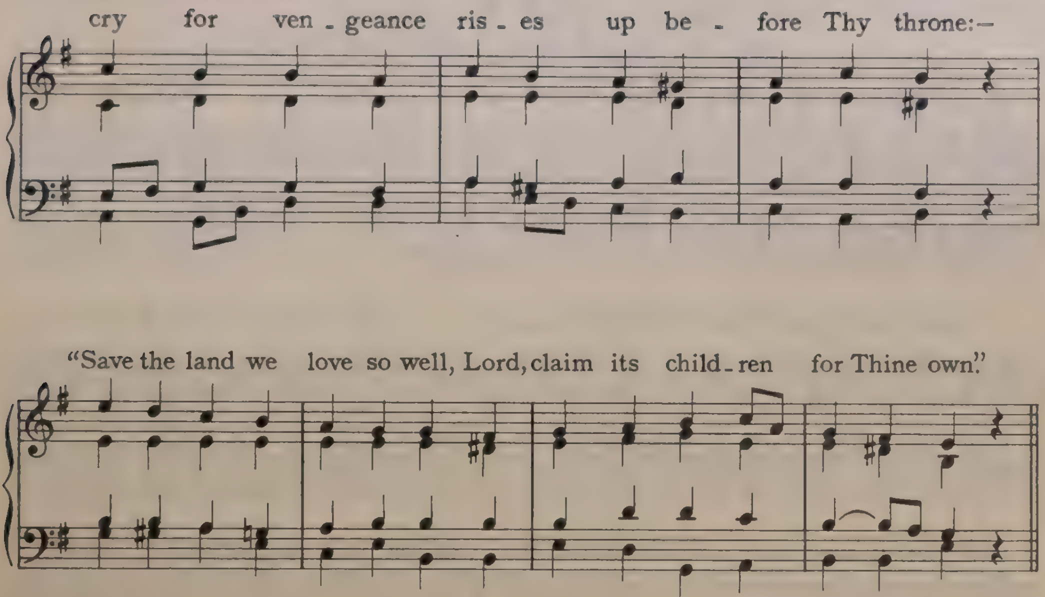
See "Common of Saints" No. 302

192

May 4
The English Martyrs

Tyburn's days are long forgiven


Ty - burn's days are long for - giv - en, un - for - got - ten
is the pain, Time can ne - ver dim the tra - ces
of the cru - el blood - red stain; And the Mar - tyrs'


cry for ven - geance ris - es up be - fore Thy throne:–
"Save the land we love so well, Lord, claim its child - ren for Thine own."

1. Tyburn's days are long forgiven, unforgotten is the pain,
Time can never dim the traces of the cruel blood-red stain;
And the Martyrs' cry for vengeance rises up before Thy throne:–
"Save the land we love so well, Lord, claim its children for Thine own."

2. For the blood they shed so gladly must bear living fruit one day,
Let that day be swift in coming, dearest Lord, do not delay;
Precious lives are daily shipwrecked on the sea of doubt and strife;
Human souls are ever hungry for the word that giveth life.

3. And the labourers are few, Lord, while the fields are growing white
With their human harvest, waiting for God's sickle keen and bright,
For the sickle of the Gospel, keener than the victor's sword,
That shall gather in the harvest to the storehouse of the Lord.

4. Look upon this land, deep watered with the blood of Martyrs slain;
Surely these who were our kinsmen have not bled for us in vain,
We, like them, are stoutly fighting for the souls of men to-day,
And we claim them for our brothers who have fallen in the fray.

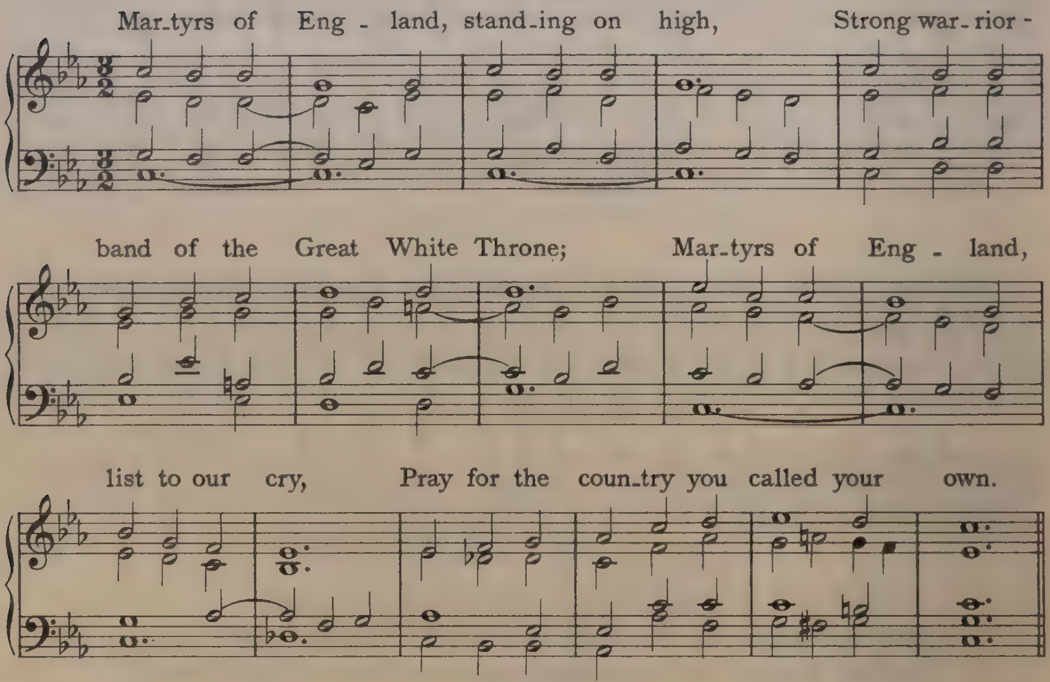
5. So for ever through the ages as they stand before Thy throne,
May the glory of their triumph for our sinful past atone.
May the wounds they bore for Thee, Lord, ever flashing ruby bright,
Guide us through the darksome future, till we rest within Thy sight.

(Fr. Reeks) *(German Melody)*

193

May 4
The English Martyrs

Martyrs of England


Mar-tyrs of Eng - land, stand-ing on high, Strong war - rior -
band of the Great White Throne; Mar-tyrs of Eng - land,
list to our cry, Pray for the coun-try you called your own.

1. Martyrs of England, standing on high,
Strong warrior-band of the Great White Throne,
Martyrs of England, list to our cry,
Pray for the country you called your own.

2. You are no strangers from far-off land,
Nor are you heroes of long ago;
Our English speech you well understand,
Our towns and valleys and hills you know.

3. Nighest to us of that white-robed Host:
Bound to our hearts as our kith and kin:
Get us the love that counts not the cost,
That knows no fear but the fear of sin.

4. Martyrs of England, O keep us true,
True to our Master, whate'er the pain,
Martyrs of England, we look to you,
Win our dear country to Christ again.

5. Many, alas, your suffering forget,
Many your martyrdom do not know,
Willingly we will pay that great debt
Our thankless country to you doth owe.

6. Few shrines are placed o'er your sacred dust,
But grateful hearts are your living fane,
Our love your incense, our prayer and trust,
Till England honour her Saints again.

7. Jesus, dear Master, how long, how long
Shall rage of nations Thy glory foil?
Blood of Thy Martyrs, that mighty throng,
Cries to Thee from England's hallowed soil.

8. Great Lord of Glory, holy and true,
Honour those Martyrs who honoured Thee,
O bid Thy people, all the world through
Hail and revere them on bended knee.

9. King of the Martyrs, lo, these are they
Whose blood for Thee in our land was given;
King of the Martyrs, Thy children pray
Crown them on earth as Thou hast in Heaven.

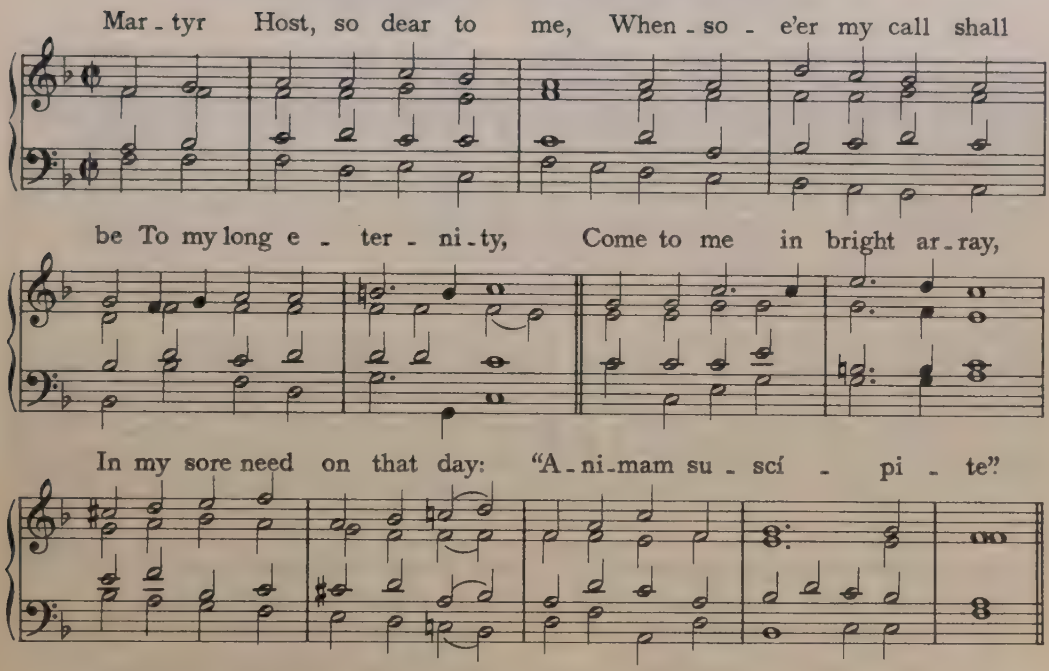
(S. N. D.)

(Fr. Lancelot Long. Mus. B)

194

May 4
The English Martyrs

Martyr Host, so dear to me


Mar - tyr Host, so dear to me, When - so - e'er my call shall
be To my long e - ter - ni - ty, Come to me in bright ar - ray,
In my sore need on that day: "A - ni - mam su - scí - pi - te".

1. Martyr Host, so dear to me,
Whensoe'er my call shall be
To my long eternity,
Come to me, in bright array,
In my sore need on that day:
"Animam suscípite".

2. You have been the stay and guide
Of my barque upon the tide;
Meet me on the other side.
Blessed Martyrs of my land,
I shall smile to see you stand
Waiting for me on the strand.

3. I shall know you every one
Through whose help my race was run,
Through whose prayer my fight was won.
You have been my help and shield;
When my soul to Christ I yield
Come and bear me from the field.

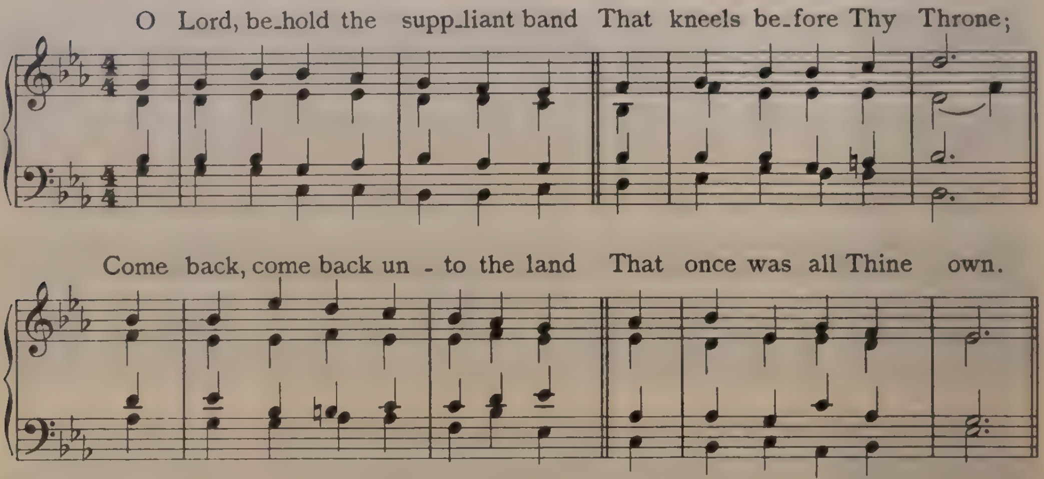
4. Out of all the white-robed host
Well you know I loved you most,
Do not let my soul be lost.
But whene'er my King shall say
To my soul His "Come away",
"Animam suscípite".

(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

May 4
The English Martyrs

195

O Lord, behold the suppliant band


O Lord, be-hold the supp-liant band That kneels be-fore Thy Throne;
Come back, come back un - to the land That once was all Thine own.

1. O Lord, behold the suppliant band
That kneels before Thy Throne;
Come back, come back unto the land
That once was all Thine own.

2. By all Thy toil, by all Thy pain,
By every sigh and tear,
We pray Thee, let not Satan gain
The souls that cost so dear.

3. Remember, Lord, Thy mercies old,
Thy grace so freely given,
When nations thronged into Thy fold,
Intent on gaining heaven.

4. Remember how 'Our Lady's Dower'
Was England's glorious name:
O bid her show her former power,
Her ancient right reclaim.

5. May Peter rule again the Isle
Which loved him once so well;
That England, freed from error's guile,
In Christian peace may dwell.

6. O for the sake of Saints who prayed
At altars now laid low,
For deeds of shame, for faith betrayed,
Thy vengeance, Lord, forego.

7. And for the sake of those who stood
Amid the nation's fall,
Who kept their faith and shed their blood,
Have mercy now on all.

8. May priestly hearts with fiery zeal,
Like Blessed Fisher's burn,
For souls a tender pity feel,
The threats of tyrants spurn.

9. May laymen, like the Blessed More,
Their faith o'er all esteem,
And by a life as brave and pure,
An evil age redeem.

(Fr. Bridgett C. SS. R.) *(T. Haigh)*

May 6
St. John before the Latin Gate

196

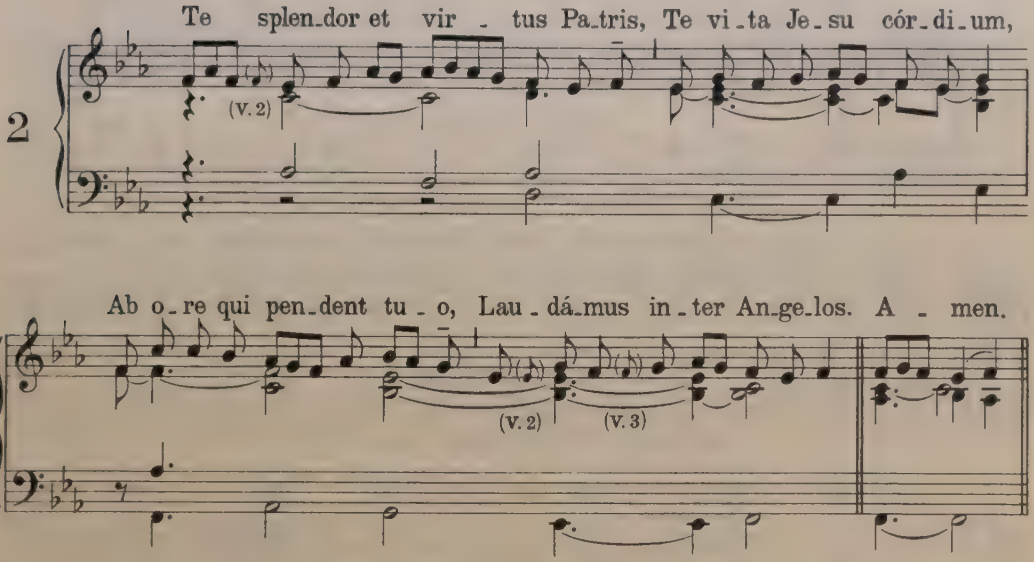
Tristes erant Apostoli

See "Common of Saints" No. 299

May 8
Apparition of St. Michael

197

Te splendor et virtus Patris


2
Te splen-dor et vir - tus Pa-tris, Te vi-ta Je-su cór-di-um,
(V. 2)
Ab o-re qui pen-dent tu - o, Lau-dá-mus in-ter An-ge-los. A - men.
(V. 2)
(V. 3)

1. Te splendor et virtus Patris,
Te vita Jesu córdium,
Ab ore qui pendent tuo,
Laudámus inter Angelos.

2. Tibi mille densa mílium
Ducum coróna mílitat:
Sed éxplicat victor crucem
Michael salútis sígnifer.

3. Dracónis hic dirum caput
In ima pellit tártara,
Ducémque cum rebéllibus
Cæléсti ab arce fúlminat.

4. Contra ducem supérbiæ
Sequámur hunc nos Príncipem,
Ut detur ex Agni throno
Nobis coróna glóriæ.

5. Deo Patri sit glória,
Qui nos redémit Fílius,
Et Sanctus unxit Spíritus,
Per Angelos custódiat.
Amen.

1. O Jesu, life-spring of the soul,
The Father's power and glory bright,
Thee with the Angels we extol:
From Thee they draw their life and light.

2. Thy thousand thousand hosts are spread
Embattled o'er the azure sky:
But Michael bears Thy Standard dread,
And lifts the mighty Cross on high.

3. He in that sign the rebel powers
Did with their dragon Prince expel,
And hurled them from the Heaven's high towers
Down like a thunder-bolt to hell.

4. Grant us with Michael still, O Lord,
Against the Prince of Pride to fight,
So may a crown be our reward,
Before the Lamb's pure throne of light.

5. To God the Father praise be done,
Who hath redeemed us through His Son:
Anoints us by the Holy Ghost,
And guards us by the Angel-host.
Amen.

(Rhabanus Maurus O. S. B.
Archbp. of Mainz † 856)
Tr. Fr. Caswall

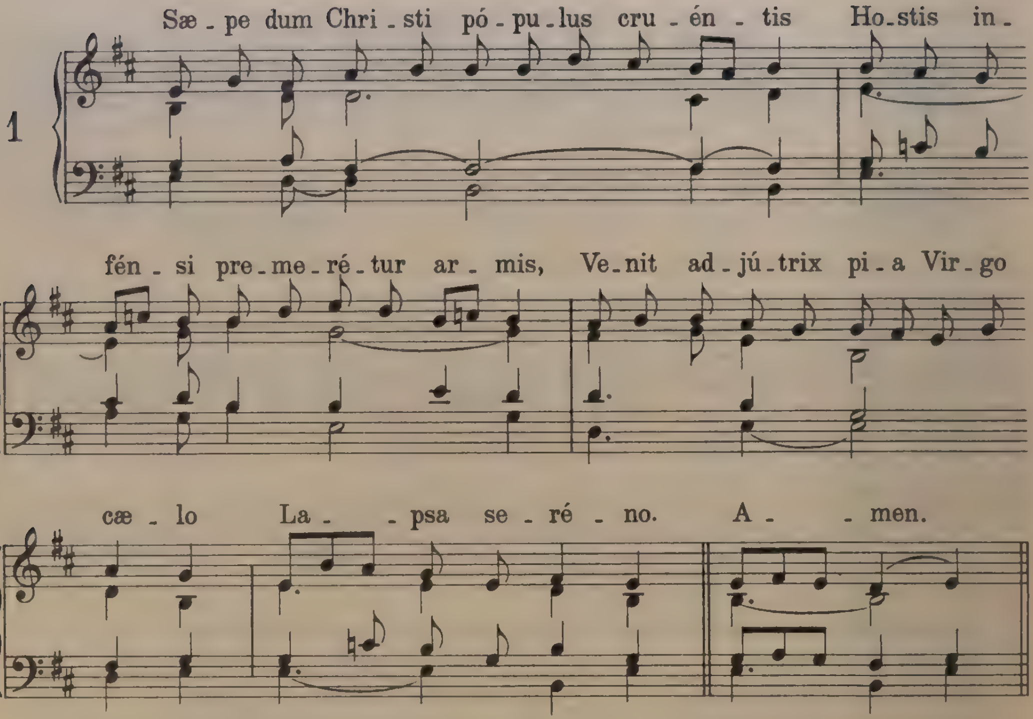
(Accpt. Julius Bas)

May 24
Our Lady, Help
of Christians

198

Sæpe dum Christi

1


Sæ - pe dum Chri - sti pó - pu - lus cru - én - tis Ho - stis in - fén - si pre - me - ré - tur ar - mis, Ve - nit ad - jú - trix pi - a Vir - go cæ - lo La - psa se - ré - no. A - men.

1. Sæpe dum Christi pópulus cruéntis
Hostis inſénsi premerétur armis,
Venit adjútrix pia Virgo cæli
Lapsa seréno.

2. Prisca sic patrum monuménta narrant,
Templa testántur spóliis opímis
Clara, votívo repetíta cultu
Festa quotánnis.

3. En novi grates líceat Maríæ
Cántici lætis módulis reférre
Pro novis donis, resonánte plausu
Urbis et Orbis.

4. O dies felix! memoránda fastis
Qua Petri Sedes fídei Magístrum
Triste post lustrum réducem beáta
Sorte recépit.

5. Vírgines castæ, puerique puri,
Géstiens clerus, populúsque grato
Corde Regínæ celebráre cæli
Múnera certent.

6. Vírginum Virgo, benedícta Jesu
Mater, hæc auge bona; fac, precámur,
Ut gregem Pastor pius ad salútis
Páscua ducat.

7. Te per ætérnos venerémur annos
Trínitas, summo celebránda plausu,
Te fide mentes, resonóque linguæ
Cármine laudent. Amen.

1. Oft when Christ's people, very sore affrighted,
Trembled, by arms of bloody foes surrounded,
Hath the blest Virgin come with help from heaven,
Pitiful, loving.

2. So tell the ancient pages of the Fathers,
So tell the walls o'erhung with votive offerings,
So tells the yearly keeping of this feast-day
With due thanksgiving.

3. Now for new graces bring to Mary Mother
Glad and new thanks, with psalmody and music,
While both the city and the world uplift their
Voices in singing.

4. O happy day, that every age shall honour,
Whereon the See of Peter with meet gladness
After sad years and long, the faith's great master
Welcomed returning.

5. Maidens and youths, of fair fame and unstained,
Clergy and people grateful and rejoicing,
Strive in their service to the Maid who reigneth
Queen in high heaven.

6. Virgin of Virgins, Jesu's blessed Mother,
Add to these graces; grant, as we implore Thee
That our loved Shepherd us His flock may lead to
Pastures of safety.

7. Thee we adore through endless generations,
Trinity, worthy of our highest lauding;
Thee let us praise with faith of heart and lips in
Loud song unending.

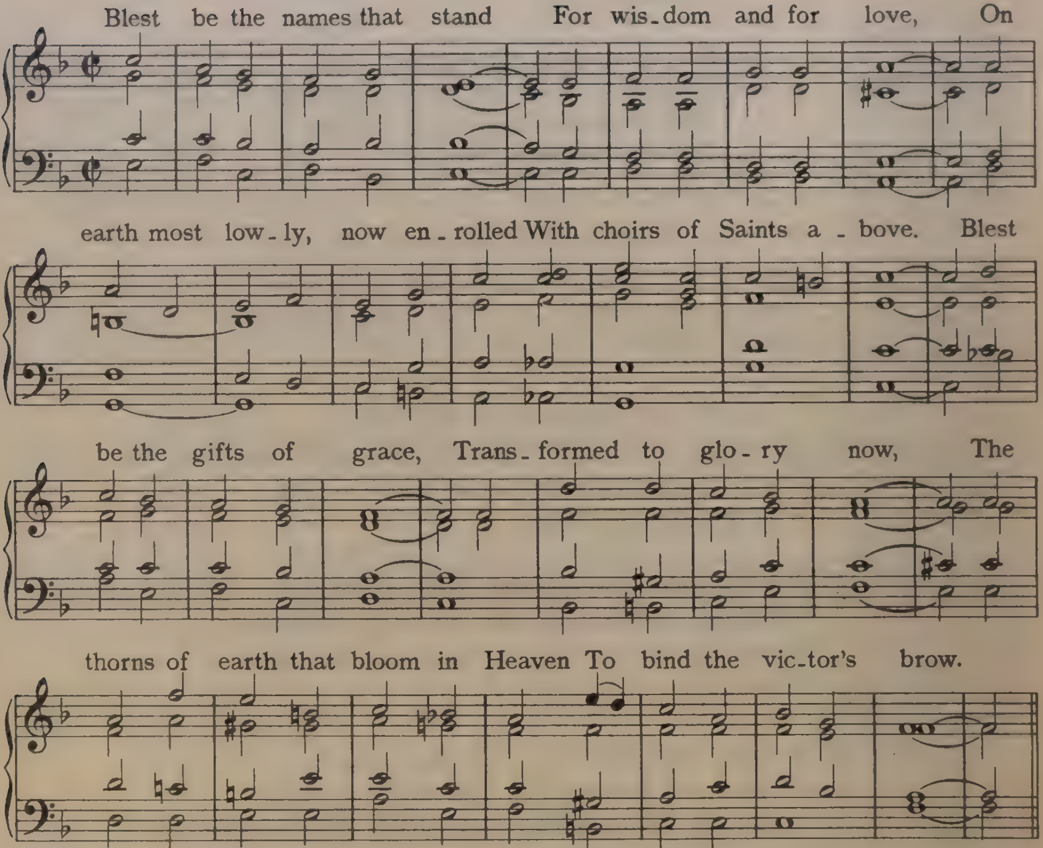
(Vesper book)
Tr. Alan G. Mc. Dougall

(Dr. Wagner)

May 25
St. Madeleine Sophie Barat

199

Blest be the names that stand


Blest be the names that stand For wis-dom and for love, On
earth most low-ly, now en-rolled With choirs of Saints a-bove. Blest
be the gifts of grace, Trans-formed to glo-ry now, The
thorns of earth that bloom in Heaven To bind the vic-tor's brow.

1. Blest be the names that stand
For wisdom and for love,
On earth most lowly, now enrolled
With choirs of Saints above.
Blest be the gifts of grace,
Transformed to glory now,
The thorns of earth that bloom in Heaven
To bind the victor's brow.

2. Blest be the heavenly faith
That walked with things unseen,
Till all transfigured in the light
The veil scarce hung between.
Blest be the patient hope
That wept and laboured long
In sowing precious seed, but now
Shall sing its harvest song.

3. Blest be the love that burned
By God's life-giving Breath
Till in the fragile lamp there glowed
A love as strong as death.
But blest beyond them all
Be Jesu's Heart and Name,
The glory of their end and hope,
The source from whence they came.

(Mother Stuart R. S. C. J.)

(Mother B. Michàlek R. S. C. J.)

May 26
St. Philip Neri

200

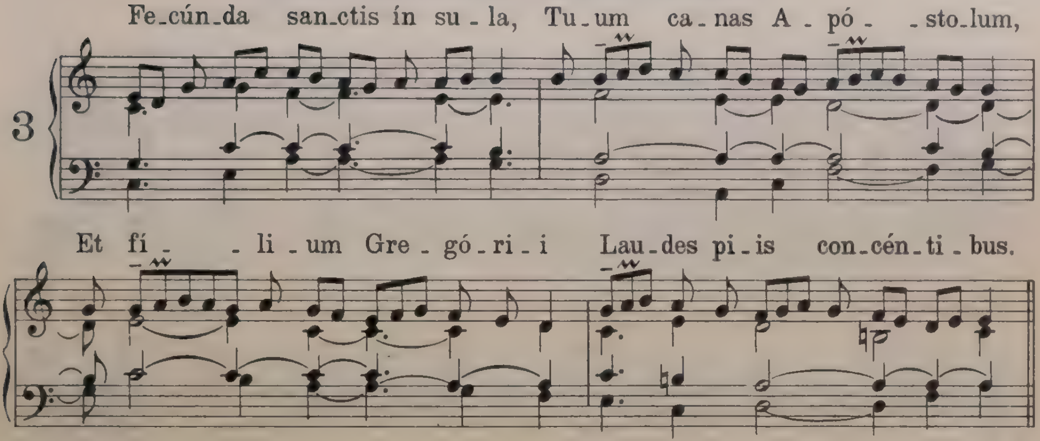
Iste Confessor

See "Common of Saints" No. 305

201

May 28
St. Augustine of Canterbury

Fecunda sanctis insula


Fe-cún-da san-ctis ín su-la, Tu-um ca-nas A-pó-sto-lum,
3
Et fí-li-um Gre-gó-ri-i Lau-des pi-is con-cén-ti-bus.

1. Fecúnda sanctis ínsula
Tuum canas Apóstolum,
Et fílium Gregórii
Laudes piis concéntibus.

2. Ejus labóre fértilis,
Messem dedísti plúrimam,
Quæ sanctitátis flóribus
Diu refúlges ínclyta.

3. Turma quadragenária
Stipátus intrat Angliam:
Vexílla Christi próferens
Dux pacis affert pígnora.

4. Crucis trophǽum prómicat,
Verbum salútis spárgitur;
Fidem quin ipse bárbarus
Rex corde prompto súscipit.

5. Mores feros gens éxuit,
Undísque lota flúminis,
Ipsa die renáscitur
Qua sol salútis ortus est.

6. O pastor alme, fílios
E sede pascas síderum:
In matris ulnas ánxiæ
Gregem redúcas dévium.

7. Præsta beáta Trínitas,
Quæ rore jugi grátiæ
Vitem rigas, ut prístina
Fides resúrgens flóreat.
Amen.

(Divine Office
The Benedictines of Stanbrook)

1. O Isle of Saints in days of old!
Come, lift the song in accents bold,
And sing the apostle's worthy praise,
To Gregory's son thy music raise.

2. Made fertile by his sweat and toil,
Great harvest came from generous soil;
And glistening flowers thy land did yield,
And rich the harvest of thy field.

3. By forty monks accompanied,
To England's shore he came as bid:
High in the air Christ's banners shine
As pledge of life and peace divine.

4. The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
The healing words now forward go,
The king, though bred in heathenesse
Receives the Faith with prompt address.

5. The nation casts its gods aside,
And is baptised in river's tide;
New life it takes by this new birth
The day God's Son is born on earth.

6. O Loving Shepherd, from above
Tend Thou Thy sheep with care and love;
Lead back the flock long gone astray
To anxious Mother, now we pray.

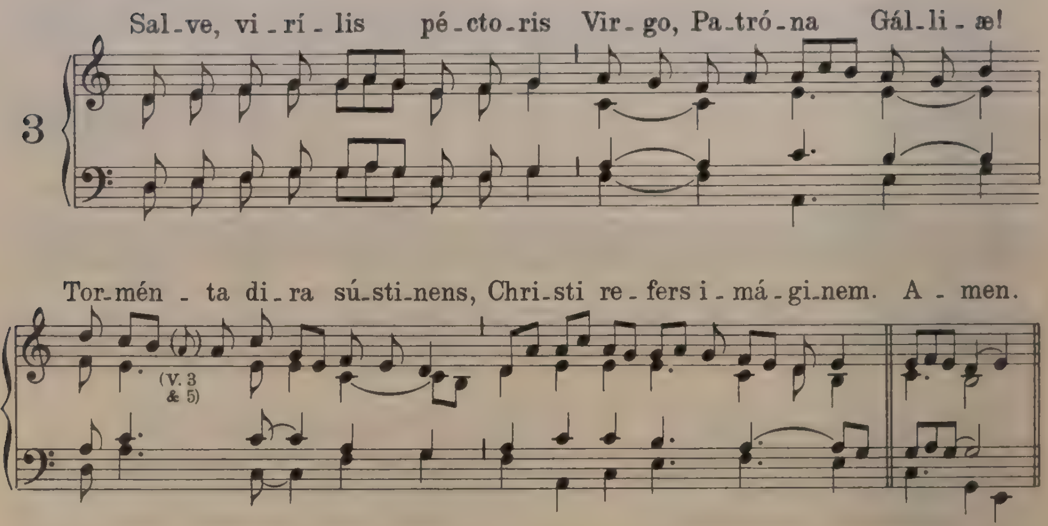
7. O Triune God, Who waterest e'er
With dew of grace Thy vine so fair,
Make flourish in our land once more
The Faith that was its life of yore.
Amen.

(Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.)

May 30
St. Joan of Arc

202

Salve, virilis pectoris Virgo


3
Sal-ve, vi-rí-lis pé-cto-ris Vir-go, Pa-tró-na Gál-li-æ!
Tor-mén-ta di-ra sú-sti-nens, Chri-sti re-fers i-má-gi-nem. A-men.
(V. 3 & 5)

1. Salve, virílis péctoris
Virgo, Patróna Gálliæ!
Torménta dira sústinens,
Christi refers imáginem.

2. Voces supérnas aúdiens,
Jesu repléta lúmine,
Dum fata pandis pátriæ,
Silent pavéntque júdices.

3. Oppréssa flammis, clámitas
Jesum, crucémque fórtiter
Ampléxa, ad ipsum, símplicis
Instar colúmbæ, pérvolas.

4. Choris beátis Vírginum
Ascrípta, cives ádjuva:
Te deprecánte, síngulis
Detur coróna glóriæ.

5. Sit laus Patri, sit Fílio:
Sancto decus Paráclito,
Qui corda amóre saúciat,
Vires et auget lánguidis.
Amen.

1. Hail, Maiden of the warrior soul,
Hail, France's guardian fair,
Whose frame, supporting torments dire,
Christ's image true doth bear.

2. By Heaven inspired, with Jesus filled,
Thy country's fate to come
Thou dost unseal; while judges grim
With silent fear are dumb.

3. 'Mid torturing flames, Cross bravely clasped,
While "Jesus" is thy cry,
Thy soul, like unto guileless dove
To Him doth soar on high.

4. Enrolled among the virgins blest,
Thy people's cause now aid,
And thro' thy prayer, the eternal crown
On each one's brow be laid.

5. Praise to the Father and the Son,
Unto the Spirit praise,
Who hearts with love's sweet wound doth pierce
And fainting souls upraise.
Amen.

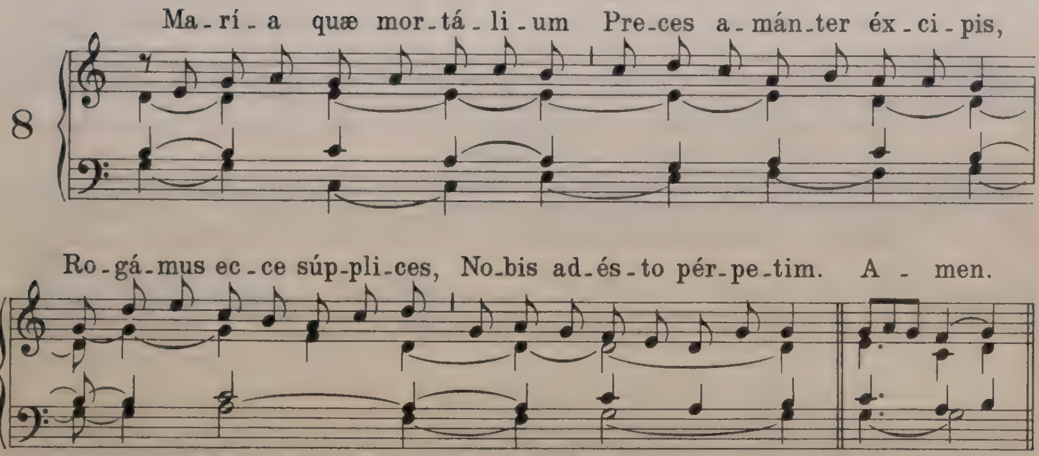
(Divine Office
Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook)

(Accpt. Fr. Lancelot Long. Mus.B.)

203

May 31
Our Lady Mediatrix
of all graces

Maria quæ mortalium


8
Ma-rí-a quæ mor-tá-li-um Pre-ces a-mán-ter éx-ci-pis,
Ro-gá-mus ec-ce súp-pli-ces, No-bis ad-és-to pér-pe-tim. A-men.

1. María quæ mortálium
Preces amánter éxcipis,
Rogámus ecce súpplices,
Nobis adésto pérpetim.

2. Adésto si nos críminum
Caténa stringit hórrida;
Cito resólve cómpedes,
Quæ corda culpis ílligant.

3. Succúrre, si nos sæculi
Fallax imágo péllicit,
Ne mens salútis trámitem,
Oblíta cæli, déserat.

4. Succúrre, si vel córpori
Advérsa sors impéndeat;
Fac sint quiéta témpora,
Ætérnitas dum lúceat.

5. Tuis et esto fíliis
Tutéla mortis témpore,
Ut, te juvánte, cónsequi
Perénne detur præmium.

6. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui natus es de Vírgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu,
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. O Mary, who to every sigh
Of prayer, thy loving ear dost bend,
Behold us suppliant, hear our cry
Be with us till our life's last end.

2. Be with us if the hateful chains
Of guilt our wretched souls should bind;
Break every fetter that retains
Enslaved to sin our heart or mind.

3. Ah, succour us if led away
By love of earth's seductive toys,
Lest from salvation's path we stray,
Forgetting heaven's unfading joys.

4. Ah, succour us if cares oppress,
If adverse fortune should impend;
With peace serene life's journey bless,
Till dawns the day that knows no end.

5. And when death's hour is near at hand
Protect thy children in the strife,
That, helped by thee, we faithful stand
And win the crown, eternal life.

6. O Jesu, Virgin's Son, to Thee
Be glory and eternal praise,
And to the Father equally
With Holy Ghost through endless days.
Amen.

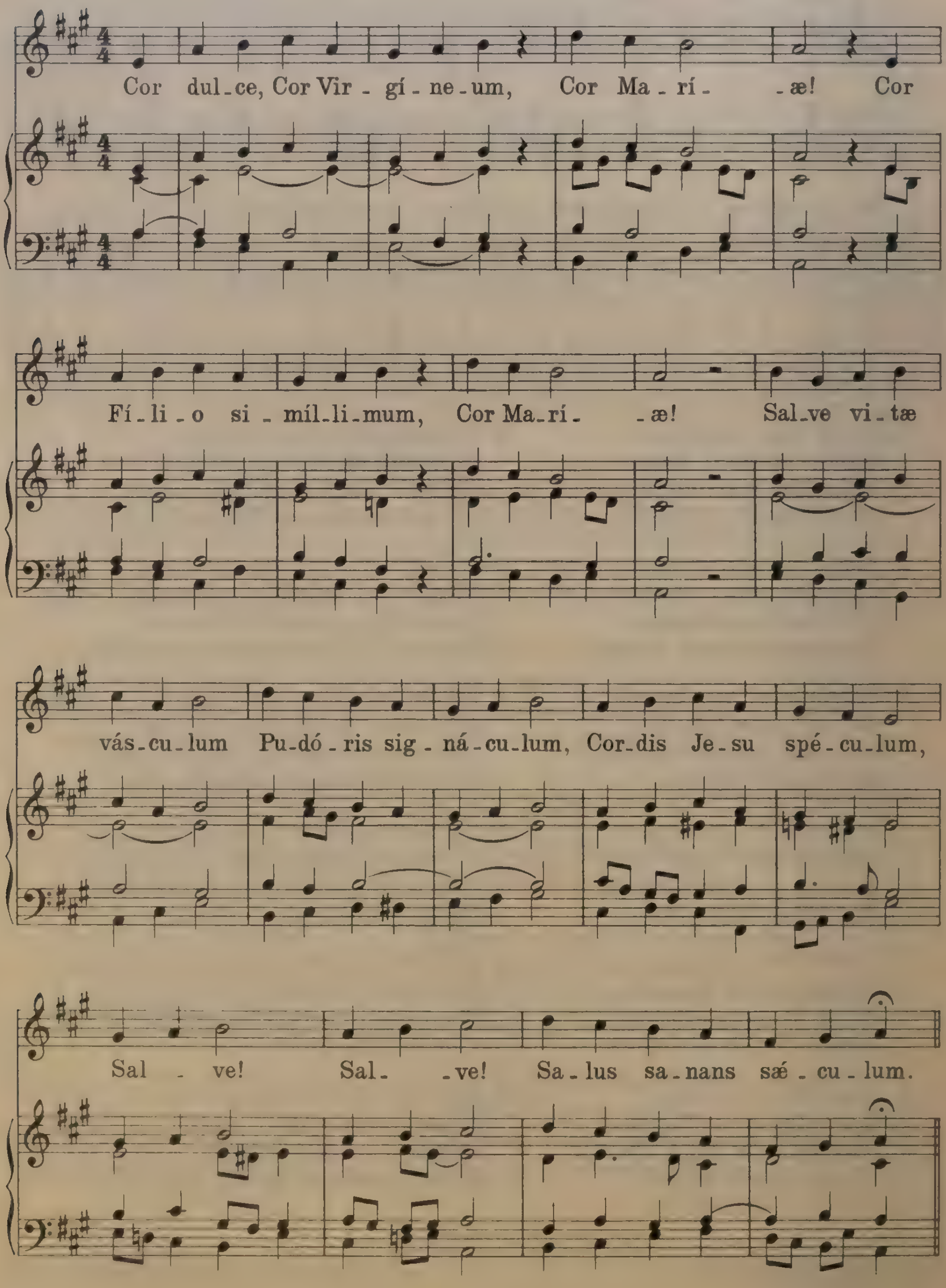
(From Manual of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour)

(Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O.S.B.)

May 31
Our Lady Mediatrix
of all graces

204

Cor dulce, Cor Virgineum


Cor dul-ce, Cor Vir-gí-ne-um, Cor Ma-rí-æ! Cor
Fí-li-o si-míl-li-mum, Cor Ma-rí-æ! Sal-ve vi-tæ
vás-cu-lum Pu-dó-ris sig-ná-cu-lum, Cor-dis Je-su spé-cu-lum,
Sal-ve! Sal-ve! Sa-lus sa-nans sǽ-cu-lum.

1. Cor dulce, Cor Virgíneum,
Cor Maríæ,
Cor Fílio simíllimum,
Cor Maríæ,
Salve vitæ vásculum,
Pudóris signáculum,
Cordis Jesu spéculum
Salve, salve,
Salus sanans sǽculum.

1. Heart of Mary, tender heart and pure,
Like thy Son, a refuge safe and sure,
Hail, thou source of life, to sin unknown,
Mirror clear, reflecting God alone;
Save and heal a world by sin o'erthrown.

2. Cor sole puro púrius,
Cor Maríæ,
Quid Dei templum dígnius?
Cor Maríæ,
Salve solis sólium
Salútis triclínium,
Vallis vernans Lílium,
Salve, salve,
Dei domicílium.

2. Heart of Mary, brighter than the sun,
Temple of God in which His will was done,
Throne of light whence Christ was pleased to reign,
Lily fair, untouched by spot or stain,
Ark prepared the Godhead to contain.

3. Cor dulce, Cor amábile,
Cor Maríæ,
Fac sis mihi placábile
Cor Maríæ,
Salve spes mortálium
Tu mæstórum córdium
Es solámen ómnium,
Salve, salve,
Placa tuum Fílium.

3. Heart of Mary, heart inspiring love,
Pity us and help from Heaven above.
Hope art thou of souls whose course is run,
Strength and comfort to each sorrowing one,
Pray for mercy! O beseech thy Son!

4. Cor ducens ab exílio
Cor Maríæ,
Comménda corda Fílio,
Cor Maríæ,
Salve vena véniæ,
Mater Regis glóriæ,
Pande cæli óstium
Salve, salve,
Mater, duc ad Fílium.

4. Heart of Mary, exiles' most sure guide,
Give our hearts to Him Who for us died;
Sinners' hope, the Word's first earthly shrine,
Open wide Heaven's gate and call us thine,
Mother, lead us to thy Son Divine.

(Tr. S.N.D.)

(German)

205

June 6
St. Norbert

Iste Confessor

See "Common of Saints" No. 304

206

June 10
St. Margaret of Scotland

Fortem virili

See "Common of Saints" No. 307

207

June 11
St. Barnabas, Apostle

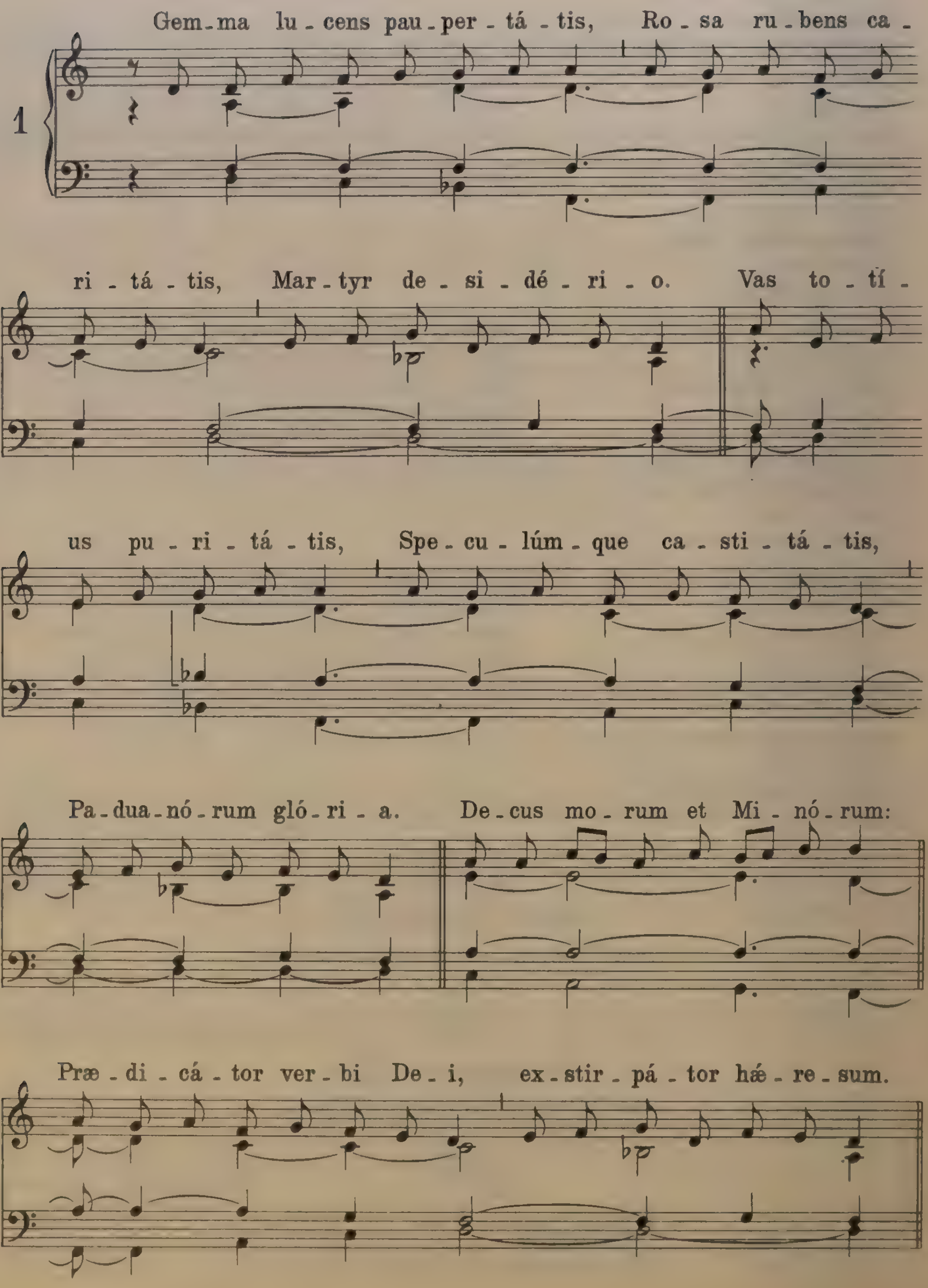
Exsultet orbis gaudiis

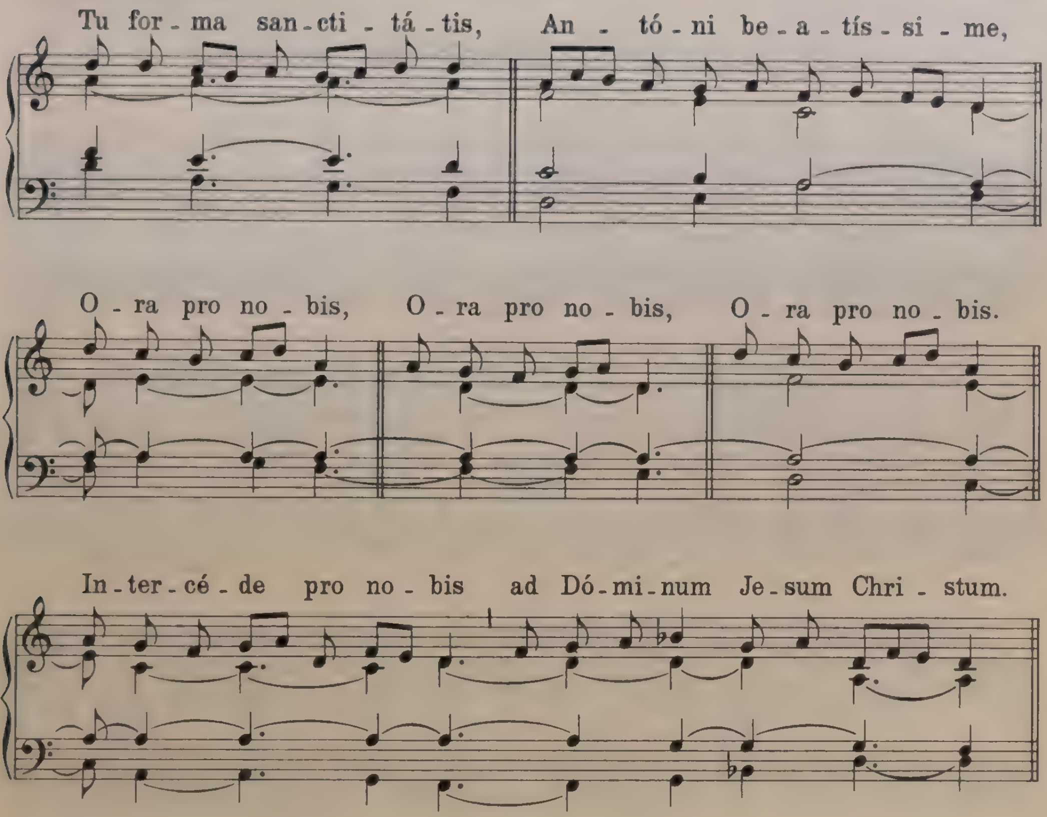
See "Common of Saints" No. 298

June 13
St. Anthony of Padua

208

Gemma lucens


1
Gem-ma lu-cens pau-per-tá-tis, Ro-sa ru-bens ca-
ri-tá-tis, Mar-tyr de-si-dé-ri-o. Vas to-tí-
us pu-ri-tá-tis, Spe-cu-lúm-que ca-sti-tá-tis,
Pa-dua-nó-rum gló-ri-a. De-cus mo-rum et Mi-nó-rum:
Præ-di-cá-tor ver-bi De-i, ex-stir-pá-tor hǽ-re-sum.


Tu for - ma san - cti - tá - tis, An - tó - ni be - a - tís - si - me,
O - ra pro no - bis, O - ra pro no - bis, O - ra pro no - bis.
In - ter - cé - de pro no - bis ad Dó - mi - num Je - sum Chri - stum.

Gemma lucens paupertátis,
Rosa rubens caritátis,
Martyr desidério.

Thou art a gem reflecting holy Poverty,
Thou art a rose full red with fire of Charity,
In all but death thou gain'dst a Martyr's crown.

Vas totíus puritátis,
Speculúmque castitátis,
Paduanórum glória.

In all thy deeds and words clear shone thy Purity,
Thy life so pure, reflection was of Chastity,
With Paduans then and now thou hast renown.

Decus morum et Minórum,
Prædicátor verbi Dei,
Exstirpátor hæresum.

Great model to all men and thy Fraternity,
Unto the world thou show'dst forth Christ's Divinity,
To heretics thou dealt'st a deadly blow.

Tu forma sanctitátis,
Antóni beatíssime,
Ora pro nobis,
Ora pro nobis,
Ora pro nobis.

When thou appearedst men loved thy Sanctity,
O dear and ever-blessed Anthony,
By prayer preserve us from each deadly foe.

Intercéde pro nobis ad
Dóminum Jesum Christum.
Amen.

For us who yet must live midst strife and sword,
In pity speak to Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

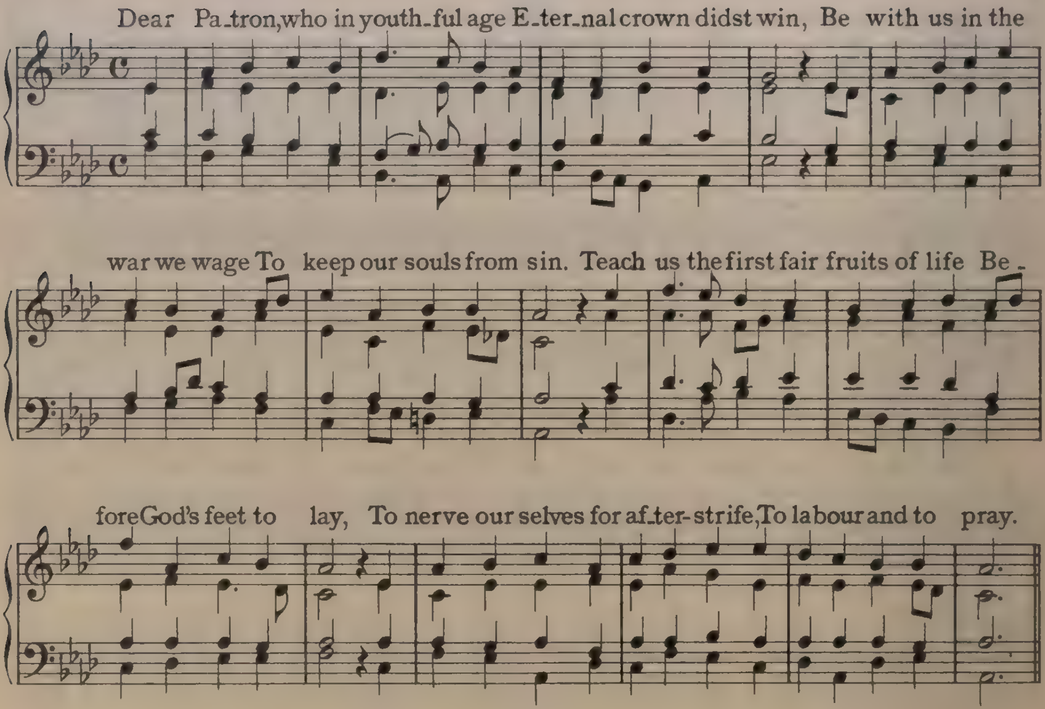
(Franciscan Office Tr. S. N. D.)

(Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O.S.B.)

209

June 21
St. Aloysius Conzaga

Dear Patron, who in youthful age


Dear Pa-tron, who in youth-ful age E-ter-nal crown didst win, Be with us in the war we wage To keep our souls from sin. Teach us the first fair fruits of life Be-fore God's feet to lay, To nerve our selves for af-ter-strife, To la-bour and to pray.

1. Dear Patron, who in youthful age
Eternal crown didst win,
Be with us in the war we wage
To keep our souls from sin.
Teach us the first fair fruits of life
Before God's feet to lay,
To nerve ourselves for after-strife,
To labour and to pray.

2. As thou didst bear in mortal clay
A soul as Angel's white,
Unspotted in the lightening ray
Of God's all-holy sight:
Our wayward hearts, to folly prone,
Preserve for ever pure,
And lead us to the judgment-throne,
In sinlessness secure.

3. The purple flowers of penance twine
Amid thy lilies' snow,
And tears of deep remorse were thine
For sins thou didst not know;
Though greater far be our offence,
Thou biddest us to be
By worthy fruits of penitence,
Sweet Saint, still like to thee.

4. Thou in the dust didst trample down
The splendours of the earth,
Intent upon a nobler crown
Of everlasting worth;
The world's vain joys may we condemn,
By thy example wise,
Nor barter in exchange for them
Our birthright in the skies.

(S.J.)

(German)

209^{a}

June 23 or May 4
Blessed John Fisher

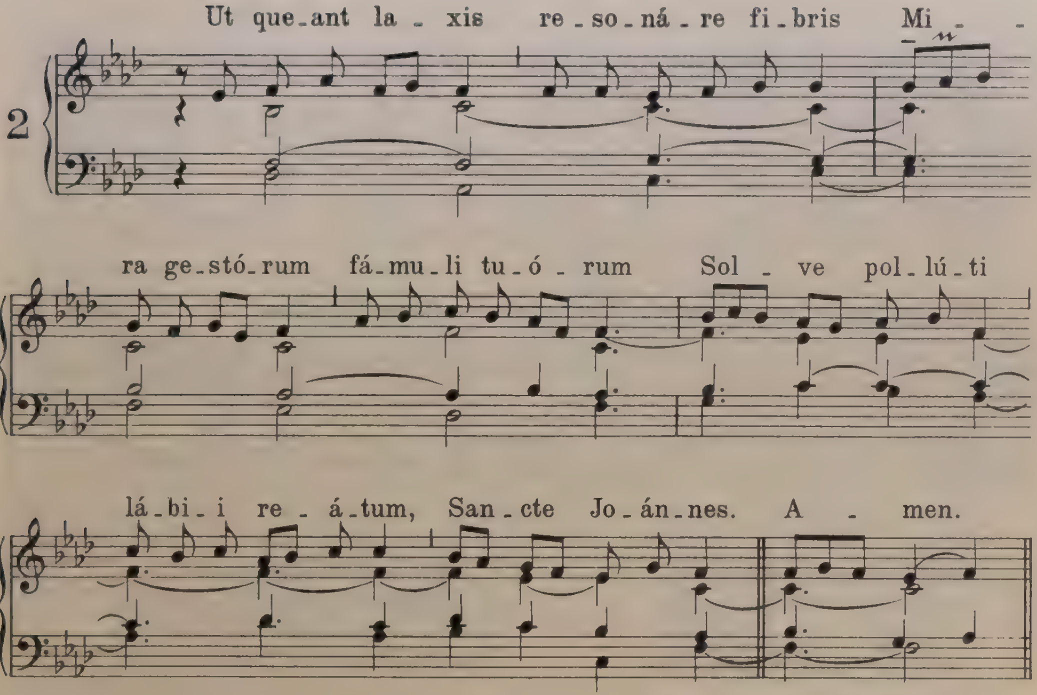
O Lord, behold the suppliant band

See No. 195

210

June 24
St. John the Baptist

Ut queant laxis


2
Ut que-ant la-xis re-so-ná-re fi-bris Mi-
ra ge-stó-rum fá-mu-li tu-ó-rum Sol-ve pol-lú-ti
lá-bi-i re-á-tum, San-cte Jo-án-nes. A-men.

1. Ut queant laxis resonáre fibris,
Mira gestórum fámuli túorum,
Solve pollúti lábii reátum
Sancte Joánnes:

2. Núntius celso véniens Olýmpo
Te patri magnum fore nascitúrum,
Nomen et vitæ sériem geréndæ
Ordine promit.

3. Ille promíssi dúbius supérni,
Pérdidit promptæ módulos loquélæ:
Sed reformásti génitus perémptæ
Organa vocis.

4. Ventris obstrúso récubans cubíli,
Sénseras Regem thálamo manéntem:
Hinc parens, nati méritis, utérque,
Abdita pandit.

5. Sit decus Patri, genitǽque Proli,
Et tibi, compar utriúsque Virtus
Spíritus semper, Deus unus, omni
Témporis ævo. Amen.

1. Unloose, great Baptist, our sinfetter'd lips,
That with enfranchised voice we may proclaim
The miracles of thy transcendent life,
Thy deeds of matchless fame.

2. O lot sublime! An angel quits the skies,
Thy birth, thy name, thy glory to declare
Unto thy priestly sire; while to the Lord
He offers Israel's prayer.

3. Mistrustful of the promise from on high,
His speech forsakes him at the angel's word;
But thou on thine eighth day dost re-attune
For him the vocal chord.

4. No marvel; since, yet cloister'd in the womb,
The presence of thy King had thee inspired;
What time Elizabeth and Mary sang,
With joy prophetic fir'd.

5. Immortal glory to the Father be,
With His almighty, sole-begotten Son,
And Thee, co-equal Spirit, One in Three,
While endless ages run. Amen.

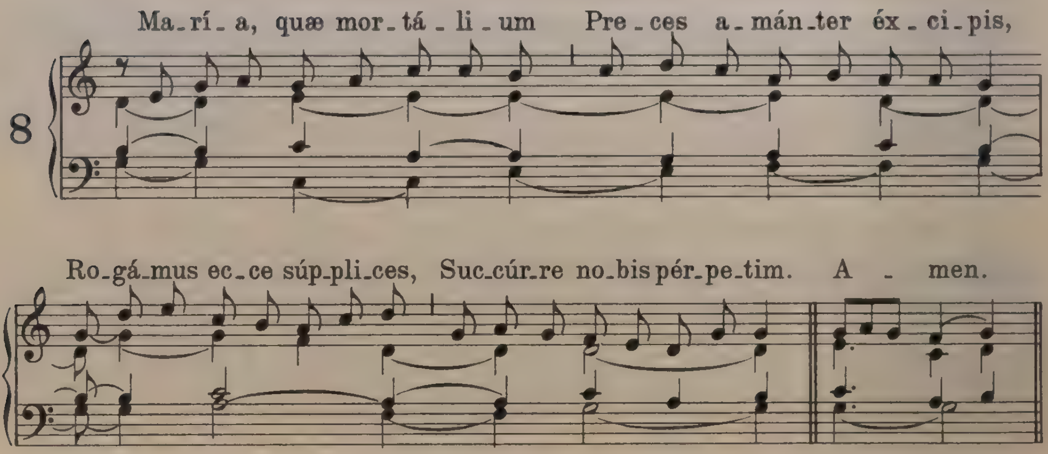
(Paul Warnefrid †797
Tr. Fr Caswall)

(Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.)

211

June 27
Our Lady of
Perpetual Succour

Maria, quæ mortalium


Ma-rí-a, quæ mor-tá-li-um Pre-ces a-mán-ter éx-ci-pis,
8
Ro-gá-mus ec-ce súp-pli-ces, Suc-cúr-re no-bis pér-pe-tim. A - men.

1. María, quæ mortálium
Preces amánter éxcipis,
Rogámus ecce súpplices,
Succúrre nobis pérpetim.

2. Succúrre, si nos críminum
Caténa stringit hórrida;
Cito resólve cómpedes
Quæ corda culpis ílligant.

3. Succúrre, si nos sǽculi
Fallax imágo péllicit;
Ne mens salútis trámitem
Oblíta cæli, déserat.

4. Succúrre, si vel córpori
Advérsa sors impéndeat;
Fac sint quiéta témpora,
Ætérnitas dum lúceat.

5. Succúrre demum fíliis
Instántes mortis prǽlio,
Ut, te juvánte, cónsequi
Perénne detur prǽmium.

6. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui natus es de Vírgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. O Mary, who to every sigh
Of prayer, thy loving ear dost bend,
Behold us suppliant, hear our cry,
And thy Perpetual Succour send.

2. Ah, succour us if hateful chains
Of guilt our wretched souls should bind;
Break every fetter that retains
Enslaved to sin our heart or mind.

3. Ah, succour us if led away
By love of earth's seductive toys;
Lest from salvation's path we stray,
Forgetting heaven's unfading joys.

4. Ah, succour us if cares oppress,
If adverse fortune should impend;
With peace serene life's journey bless,
Till dawns the day that knows no end.

5. And when death's battle is at hand,
Thy children succour in the strife,
That, helped by thee, we faithful stand,
And win the crown, eternal life.

6. O Jesu, Virgin's Son, to Thee
Be glory and eternal praise,
And to the Father equally
With Holy Ghost through endless days.
Amen.

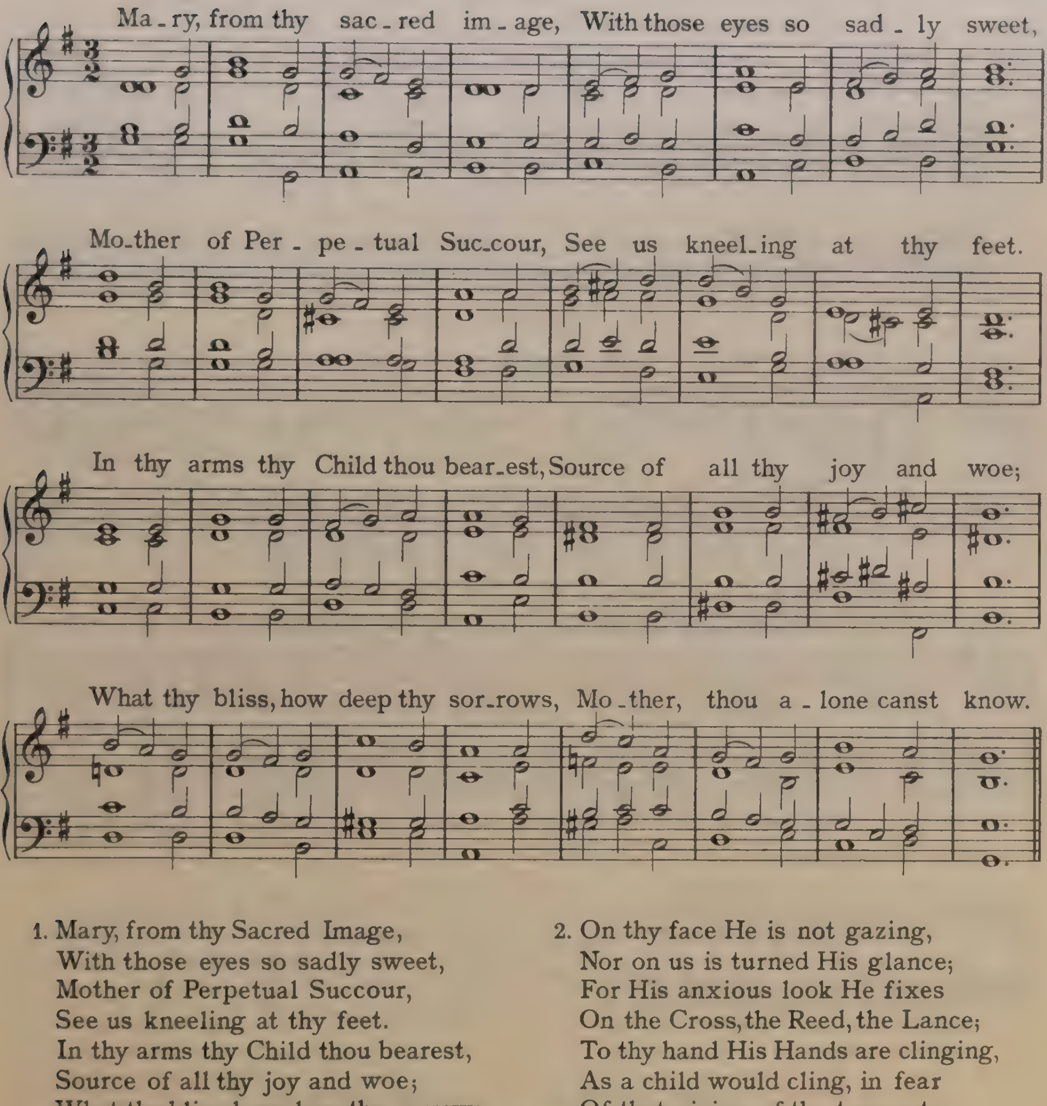
(*From Manual of O. Lady of Perpetual Succour*)

(*Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O.S.B.*)

212

Mary from thy Sacred Image

June 27
Our Lady of
Perpetual Succour


Ma-ry, from thy sac-red im-age, With those eyes so sad-ly sweet,
Mo-ther of Per-pe-tual Suc-cour, See us kneel-ing at thy feet.
In thy arms thy Child thou bear-est, Source of all thy joy and woe;
What thy bliss, how deep thy sor-rows, Mo-ther, thou a-lone canst know.

1. Mary, from thy Sacred Image,
With those eyes so sadly sweet,
Mother of Perpetual Succour,
See us kneeling at thy feet.
In thy arms thy Child thou bearest,
Source of all thy joy and woe;
What thy bliss, how deep thy sorrows,
Mother, thou alone canst know.

2. On thy face He is not gazing,
Nor on us is turned His glance;
For His anxious look He fixes
On the Cross, the Reed, the Lance;
To thy hand His Hands are clinging,
As a child would cling, in fear
Of that vision of the torments,
Of His Passion drawing near.

3. And for Him thine eyes are pleading,
While to us they look, and cry:
"Sinners, spare my Child, your Saviour,
Seek not still to crucify!"
Yes, we hear thy words, sweet Mother,
But, poor sinners, we are weak,
At thy feet thy helpless children
Thy Perpetual Succour seek.

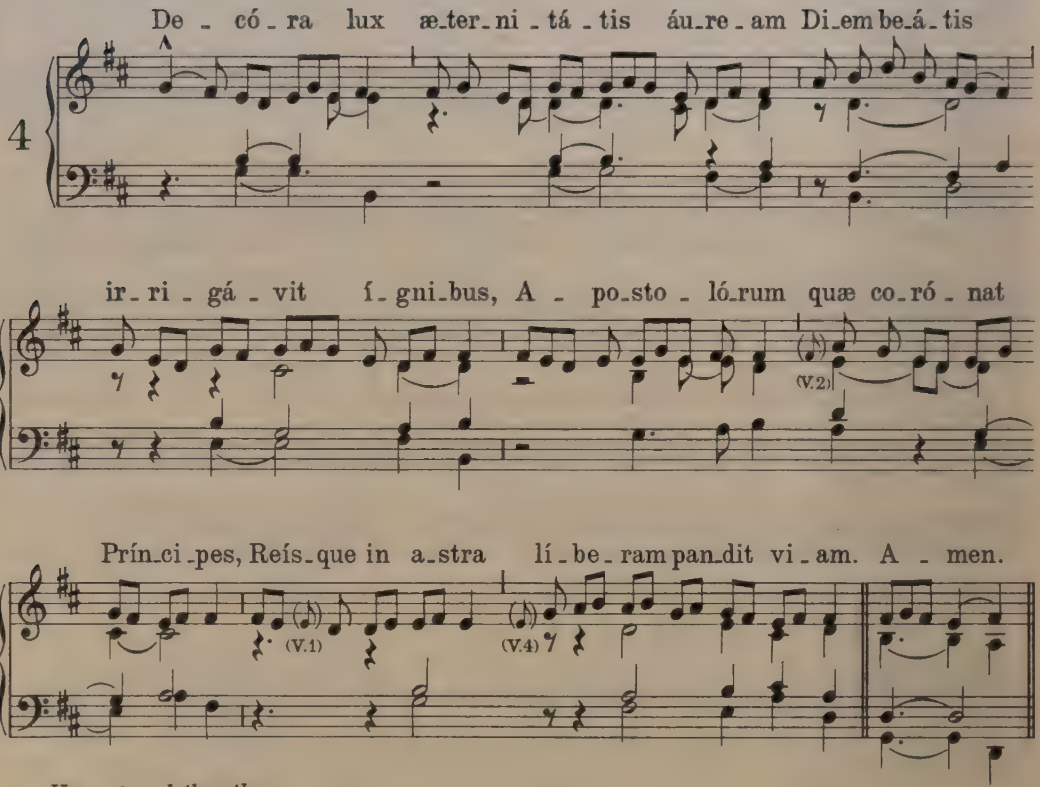
(From Manual of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour)

(F. Westlake)

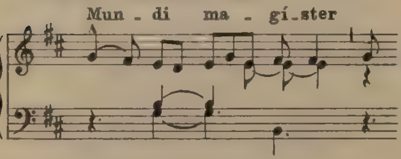
213

June 29
Sts. Peter and Paul

Decora lux


De - có - ra lux æ-ter-ni - tá - tis áu-re - am Di-em be-á - tis
4
ir - ri - gá - vit í - gni-bus, A - po-sto - ló-rum quæ co-ró - nat
(V.2)
Prín-ci -pes, Reís-que in a-stra lí - be - ram pan-dit vi - am. A - men.
(V.1)
(V.4)

Verse 2 and the others


Mun - di ma - gí-ster

1. Decóra lux æternitátis áuream
Diem beátis irrigávit ígnibus,
Apostolórum quæ corónat Príncipes,
Reísque in astra líberam pandit viam.

2. Mundi Magíster atque cæli Jánitor,
Romæ paréntes, arbitríque géntium,
Per ensis ille, hic per crucis victor necem
Vitæ senátum laureáti póssident.

3. O Roma felix, quæ duórum Príncipum
Es consecráta glorióso sánguine:
Horum cruóre purpuráta céteras
Excéllis orbis una pulchritúdines.

4. Sit Trinitáti sempitérna glória,
Honor, potéstas atque jubilátio,
In unitáte, quæ gubérnat ómnia,
Per univérsa æternitátis sǽcula.
Amen.

1. The beauteous light of God's eternal majesty
Streams down in golden rays to grace this holy day,
Which crowned the Princes of the Apostles' glorious choir,
And unto guilty mortals showed the heavenward way.

2. The teacher of the world and keeper of heaven's gate,
Rome's founders twain, and rulers, too of every land,
Triumphant over death by sword and shameful cross,
With laurel crowned are gathered to the eternal band.

3. O happy Rome, who in thy martyr Princes' blood,
A twofold stream, art washed and doubly sanctified:
All earthly beauty thou alone outshinest far,
Empurpled by their out-poured life-blood's glorious tide.

4. All honour, power and everlasting jubilee
To Him who all things made and governs here below,
To God, in essence One, and yet in Persons Three,
Both now and ever, while unending ages flow.
Amen.

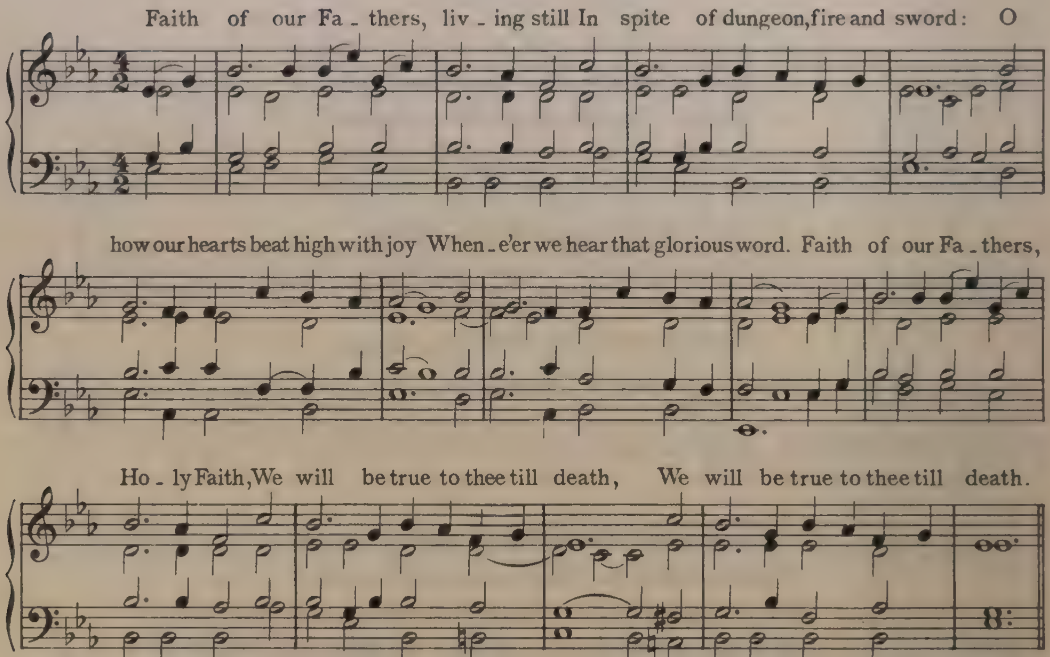
(Elpis, wife of Boethius 5th Century
Tr. Mgr. Canon L. Hall)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

214

June 29
Sts. Peter and Paul
App.

Faith of our Fathers


Faith of our Fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword: O
how our hearts beat high with joy When - e'er we hear that glorious word. Faith of our Fa - thers,
Ho - ly Faith, We will be true to thee till death, We will be true to thee till death.

1. Faith of our Fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.
Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

2. Our Fathers, chained in prison dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee.
Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

3. Faith of our Fathers, Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee:
And through the truth that comes from God
England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

4. Faith of our Fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

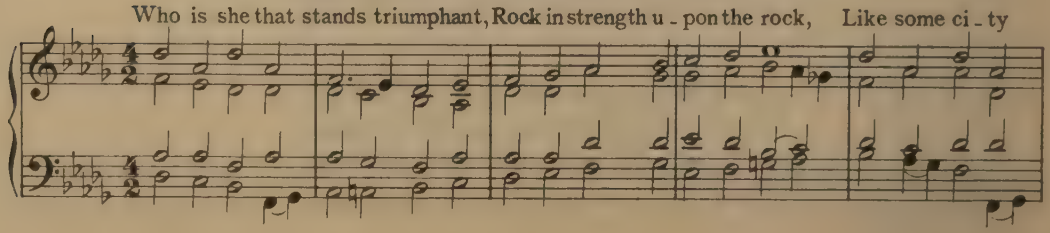
(*Fr. Faber* † 1863)

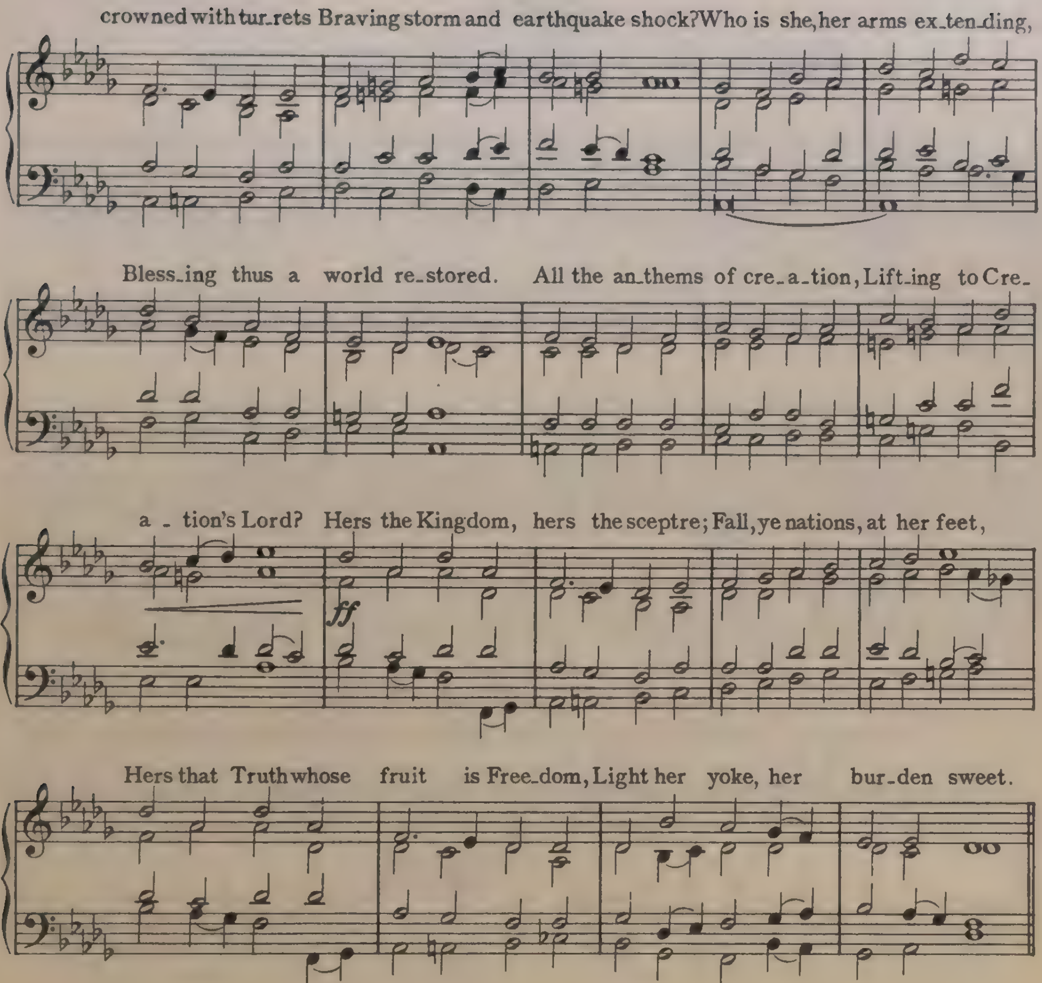
(*Traditional*
Harmonized by Editor)

215

June 29
Sts. Peter and Paul

Who is she that stands triumphant


Who is she that stands triumphant, Rock in strength u - pon the rock, Like some ci - ty


crowned with tur-rets Braving storm and earthquake shock? Who is she, her arms ex-ten-ding,
Bless-ing thus a world re-stored. All the an-thems of cre-a-tion, Lift-ing to Cre-
a - tion's Lord? Hers the Kingdom, hers the sceptre; Fall, ye nations, at her feet,
ff
Hers that Truth whose fruit is Free-dom, Light her yoke, her bur-den sweet.

1. Who is she that stands triumphant,
Rock in strength, upon the Rock,
Like some city crowned with turrets,
Braving storm and earthquake shock?
Who is she her arms extending,
Blessing thus a world restored,
All the anthems of creation
Lifting to creation's Lord?
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre,
Fall, ye nations, at her feet,
Hers that Truth whose fruit is Freedom,
Light her yoke, her burden sweet.

2. As the moon its splendour borrows
From a sun unseen all night,
So from Christ, the Sun of Justice,
Evermore she draws her light.
Touched by His, her hands have healing,
Bread of Life, absolving Key:
Christ Incarnate is her Bridegroom,
God is hers, His Temple she.
Hers the kingdom, *etc.*

3. Empires rise and sink like billows,
Vanish, and are seen no more;
Glorious as the star of morning
She o'erlooks the wild uproar.
Hers the Household all-embracing;
Hers the Vine that shadows earth:
Blest thy children, mighty Mother,
Safe the stranger at thy hearth.
Hers the kingdom, *etc.*

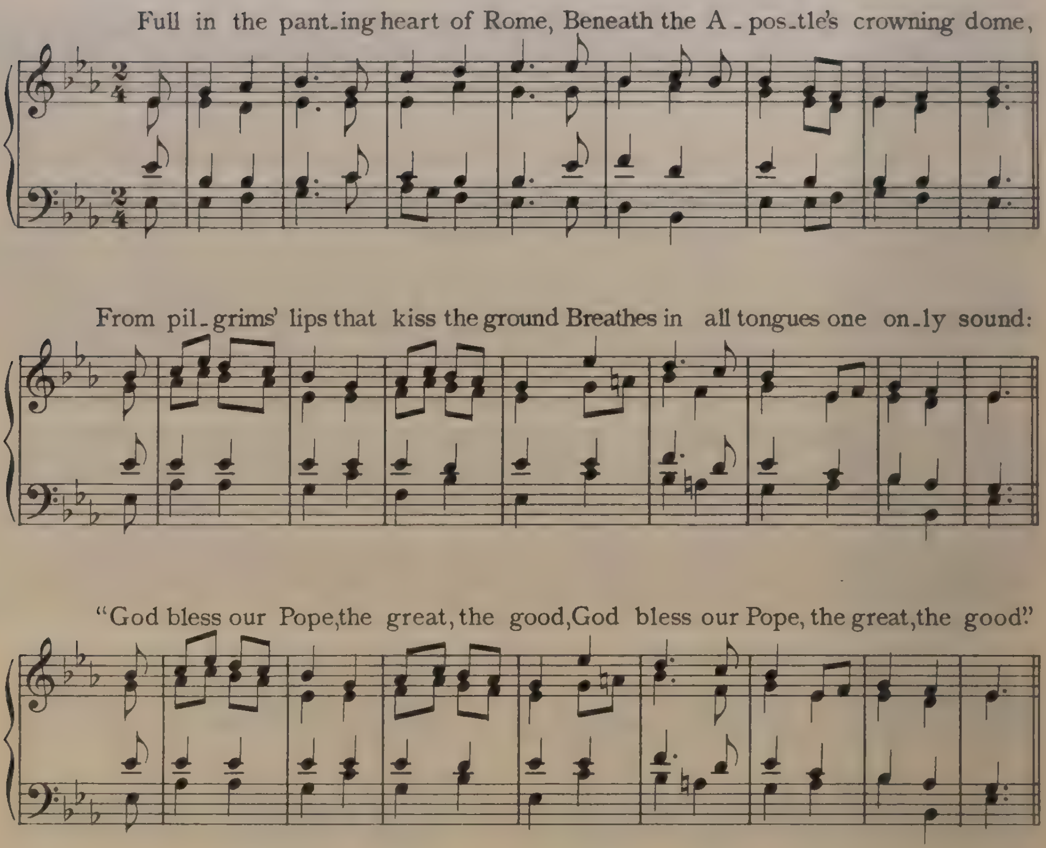
(*Aubrey de Vere*)

(*Sir Richard Terry*)

216ᵃ

June 29
Sts. Peter and Paul

Full in the panting heart of Rome


Full in the pant-ing heart of Rome, Beneath the A-pos-tle's crowning dome,
From pil-grims' lips that kiss the ground Breathes in all tongues one on-ly sound:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good, God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

1. Full in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostle's crowning dome,
From pilgrims' lips that kiss the ground
Breathes in all tongues one only sound:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

2. The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redouble, till it fills
With echoes sweet the seven hills.
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

3. Then, surging through each hallowed gate,
Where Martyr Saints in peace await,
It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,
Peals over Alps across the main:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

4. From torrid south to frozen north
That wave harmonious stretches forth,
Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's
Than rings within our hearts and homes:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

5. For like the sparks of unseen fire
That speak along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to heart,
These words of countless children dart:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

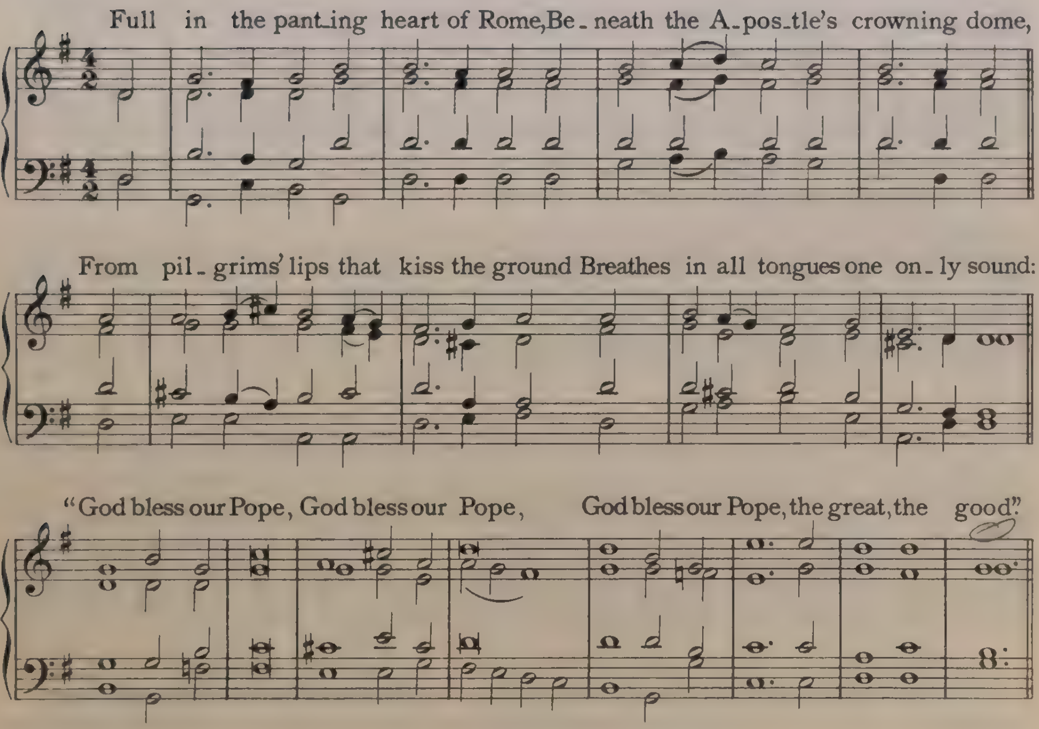
(*Cardinal Wiseman* † 1865)

(*Old Melody harmonized by Editor*)

216b

June 29
Sts. Peter and Paul

Full in the panting heart of Rome


Full in the pant_ing heart of Rome, Be_neath the A_pos_tle's crowning dome,
From pil_grims' lips that kiss the ground Breathes in all tongues one on_ly sound:
"God bless our Pope, God bless our Pope, God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

1. Full in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostle's crowning dome,
From pilgrims' lips that kiss the ground
Breathes in all tongues one only sound:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

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The Vatican's majestic halls,
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That speak along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to heart,
These words of countless children dart:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

(*Cardinal Wiseman* † 1865) (*Fr. C. A. Cox*)

217

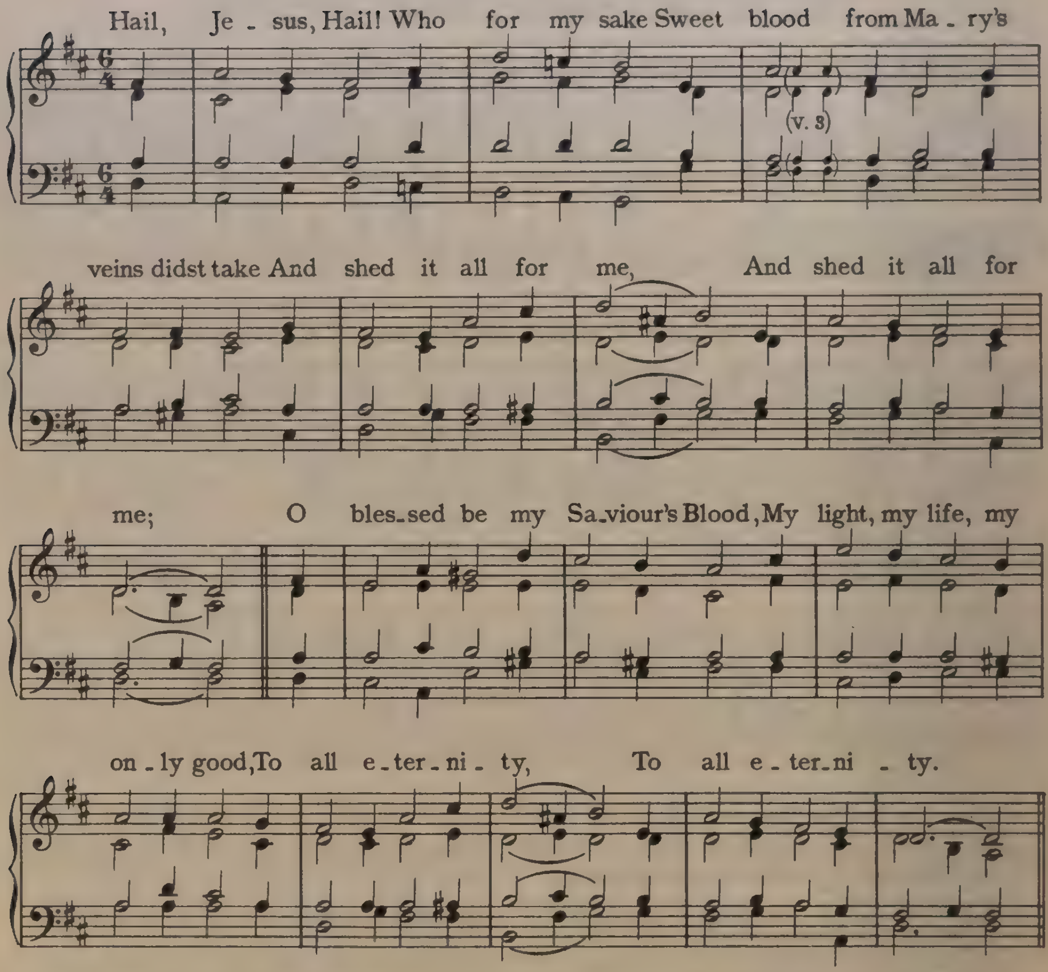
July 1
The Precious Blood

Festivis resonent

See No. 60

218

Hail, Jesus, hail!


Hail, Je - sus, Hail! Who for my sake Sweet blood from Ma - ry's
(v. 3)
veins didst take And shed it all for me, And shed it all for
me; O bles-sed be my Sa-viour's Blood, My light, my life, my
on - ly good, To all e - ter - ni - ty, To all e - ter - ni - ty.

1. Hail, Jesus, Hail! Who for my sake
Sweet blood from Mary's veins didst take
And shed it all for me;
O blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
My light, my life, my only good,
To all eternity.

2. To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

3. O sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and Heaven restore,
The Heaven which sin had lost;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

4. O to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss;
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His.

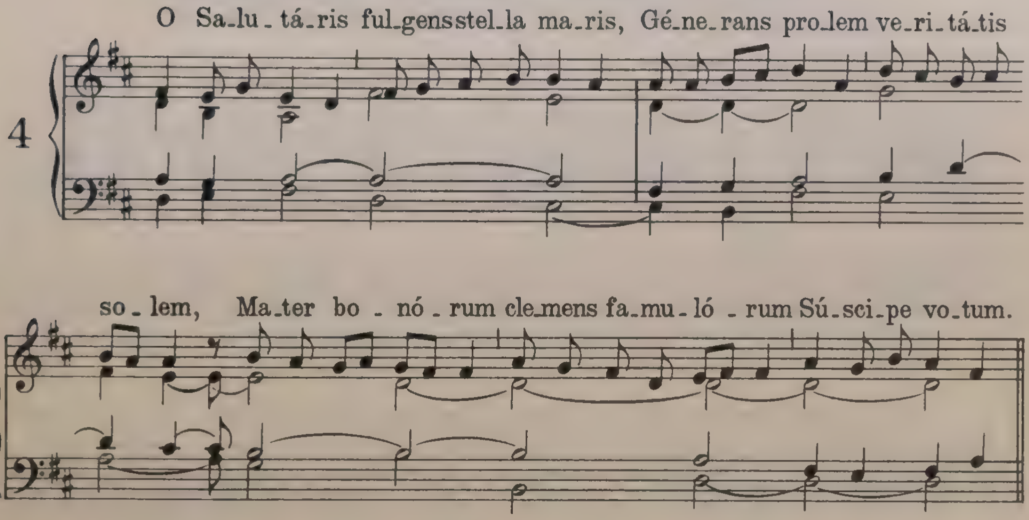
5. Ah, there is joy amid the saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise:
O louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise.

(*Fr. Faber* + 1863) (*Vincent Novello*)

219

July 2
The Visitation

O Salutaris fulgens stella maris


O Sa-lu-tá-ris ful-gens stel-la ma-ris, Gé-ne-rans pro-lem ve-ri-tá-tis
4
so-lem, Ma-ter bo-nó-rum cle-mens fa-mu-ló-rum Sú-sci-pe vo-tum.

1. O Salutáris fulgens stella maris,
Génerans prolem veritátis solem,
Mater bonórum clemens famulórum
Súscipe votum.

2. Congratulámur, ut tuas conámur
Cánere laudes, quæ Deo congaúdes,
Sed non condígnis prævalémus hymnis
Dícere totum.

3. Quam veterána traxit in montána
Gressu festínam rosam matutínam,
Tibi jubilámus et concelebrámus
Hæc tua festa.

4. Vocem Rachélis exaúdi de cælis,
Quæ te nunc orat filiósque plorat
Potens regína grátia divína
Péllere mæsta.

5. O mediátrix, orbis reparátrix,
Laus angelórum, salus infirmórum,
Flos feminárum, hostem animárum
Réprime sævum.

6. Sit benedícta Trínitas invícta
Per quam beáta virgo coronáta
Méruit frui fructum ventris sui
Nunc et in ævum.

1. Star of the sea that shinest for our healing,
Bearing the Sun of very truth for Off-spring,
Mother of all good things, in mercy hear us
Praying before thee.

2. We in thy joy partake, and strive to sing thee
Meet songs of praise, who with thy God rejoicest:
Yet our poor lips no worthy hymns may utter
Summing thy glory.

3. Thee, Rose of morning, whom of old thy Maker
Led with glad step across the hills of Juda,
Sing we with gladsome songs, who this day holdest
Glorious festals.

4. Hear out of Heaven Rachel's voice of sorrow
Who now implores thee, weeping for her children,
Queen who by God's great grace art rendered mighty
Sadness to banish.

5. Thou the world's hope and reconciliation,
Praise of the Angels, health of all the ailing,
Blossom of women, drive our souls' cruel foeman
Down into darkness.

6. Blest be the Triune God of power all-quelling,
Through whom the Maiden, blest and ever crownèd,
Merited gladness in her own sweet Off-spring
Now and for ever.

(*From "The Inner Court"*)

(*Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.*)

220

July 2
The Visitation

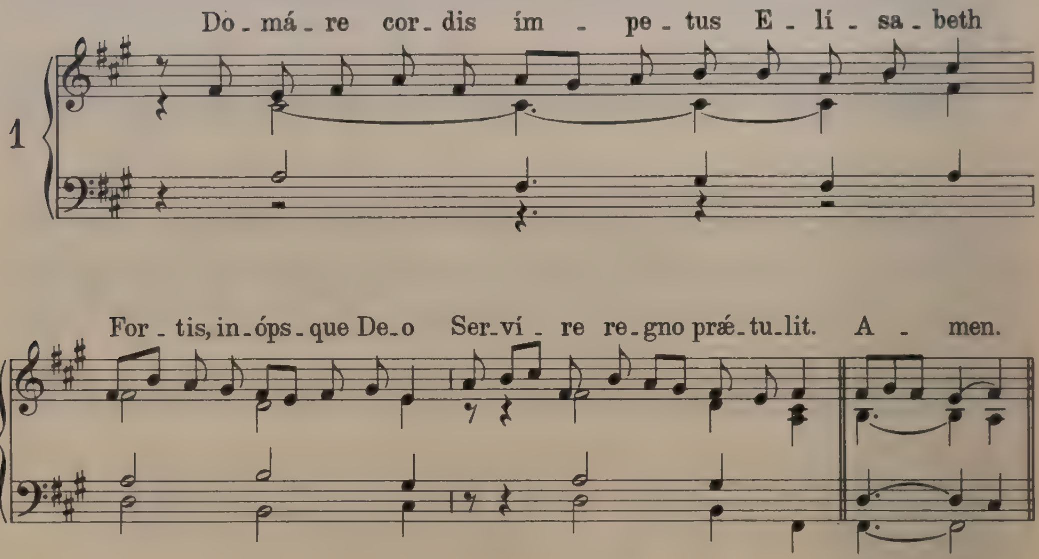
Magnificat

See No. 7

221

July 8
St. Elizabeth of Portugal

Domare cordis impetus Elisabeth

1

Do-má-re cor-dis ím-pe-tus E-lí-sa-beth
For-tis, in-óps-que De-o Ser-ví-re re-gno præ-tu-lit. A-men.

1. Domáre cordis ímpetus Elísabeth
Fortis, inópsque Deo
Servíre, regno prætulit.

2. En fúlgidis recépta cæli sédibus,
Sidereǽque domus
Ditáta sanctis gaúdiis:

3. Nunc regnat inter Cǽlites beátior,
Et premit astra, docens
Quæ vera sint regni bona.

4. Patri potéstas, Filióque glória,
Perpetuúmque decus
Tibi sit, alme Spíritus.
Amen.

1. Pure, meek, with soul serene,
Sweeter to her it was to serve unseen
Her God, than reign a queen.

2. Now far above our sight,
Enthroned upon the star-paved azure height,
She reigns in realms of light:

3. So long as time shall flow,
Teaching to all who sit on thrones below,
The good that power can do.

4. To God, the Sire and Son
And Paraclete, be glory, Trine in One,
While endless ages run.
Amen.

(Pope Urban VIII † 1644
Tr. Fr Caswall)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

222

July 9
B. Adrian Fortescue

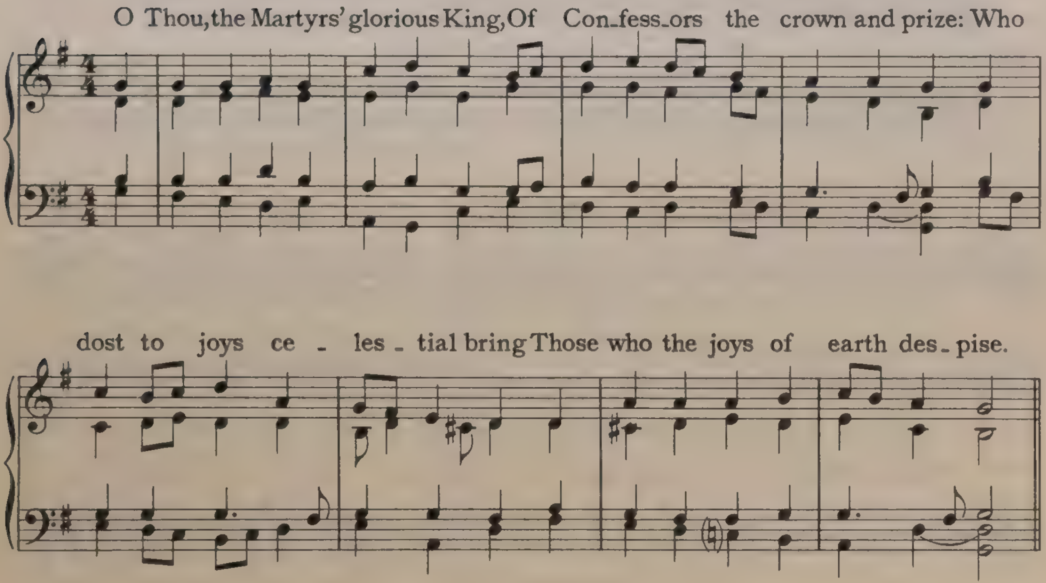
Rex gloriose Martyrum

See "Common of Saints" No. 302

223

July 9
Bl. Thomas More

O Thou, the Martyrs' glorious King


O Thou, the Martyrs' glorious King, Of Con-fess-ors the crown and prize: Who
dost to joys ce - les - tial bring Those who the joys of earth des - pise.

1. O Thou, the Martyrs' glorious King,
Of Confessors the crown and prize:
Who dost to joys celestial bring
Those who the joys of earth despise.

2. By all the praise Thy Saints have won;
By all their pains in days gone by;
By all the deeds which they have done;
Hear Thou Thy suppliant people's cry.

3. Thou dost amid Thy Martyrs fight;
By Confessors thou dost forgive;
May we find mercy in Thy sight,
And in thy sacred presence live.

4. To God the Father glory be,
And to His sole-begotten Son;
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee.
While everlasting ages run.

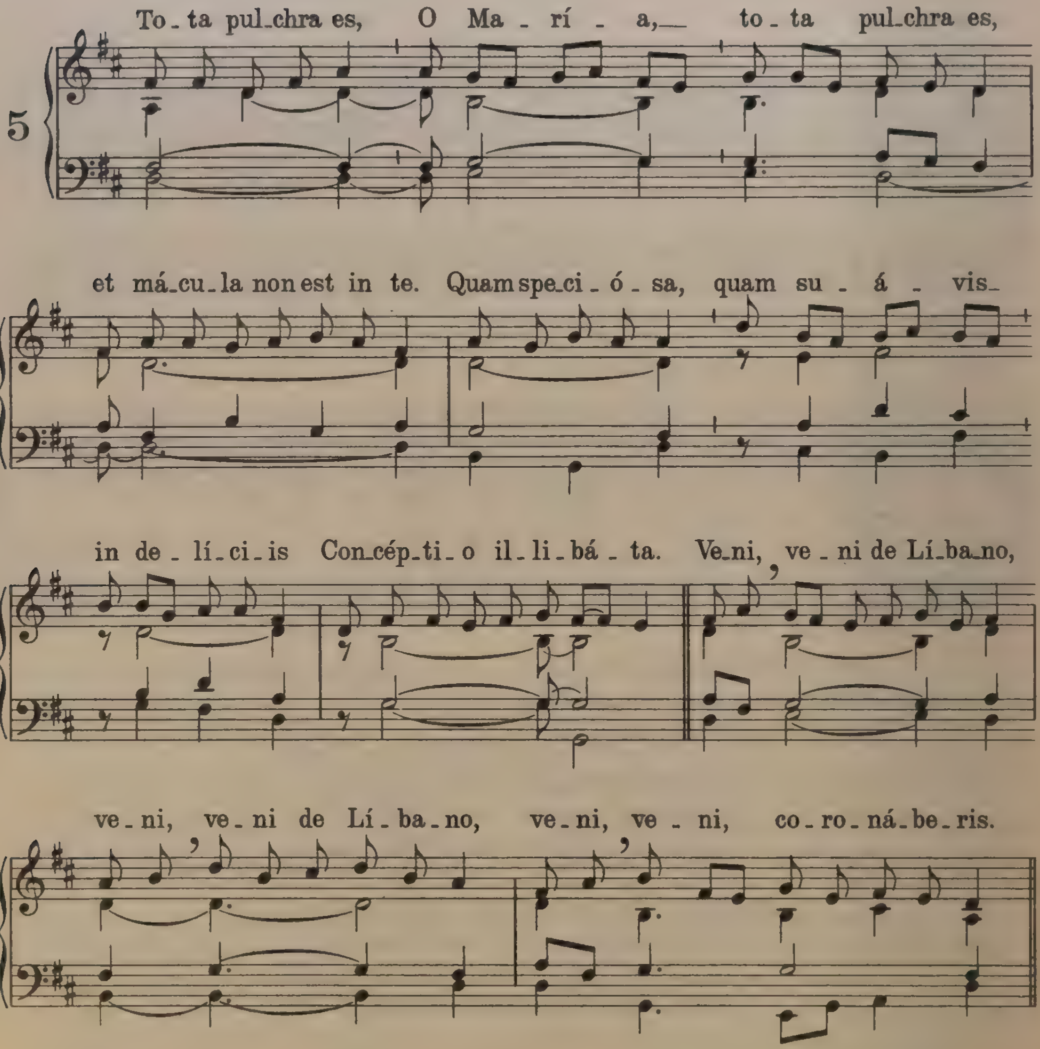
(Fr. Caswall) *(French)*

(See also No. 195)

224

July 16
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel

Tota pulchra es, O Maria


To- ta pul-chra es, O Ma - rí - a,_ to - ta pul-chra es,
5
et má-cu-la non est in te. Quam spe-ci - ó - sa, quam su - á - vis-
in de - lí-ci-is Con-cép-ti-o il-li-bá - ta. Ve-ni, ve - ni de Lí-ba-no,
ve - ni, ve - ni de Lí - ba - no, ve-ni, ve - ni, co - ro - ná-be - ris.

1. Tota pulchra es, O María, tota pulchra es, et mácula non est in te.
Quam speciósa, quam suávis in delíciis Concéptio illibáta.
Veni, veni de Líbano, veni, veni de Líbano,
Veni, veni, coronáberis.

2. Tu progréderis ut auróra valde rútilans, affers gáudia salútis.
Per te ortus est Christus Deus, sol justítiæ, O fúlgida porta lucis.
Veni, veni de Líbano, *etc.*

3. Sicut lílium inter spinas: inter fílias sic tu Virgo benedícta.
Tuum refúlget vestiméntum ut nix cándidum; sicut sol fácies tua.
Veni, veni de Líbano, *etc.*

4. In te spes vitæ et virtútis, omnis grátia et viæ et veritátis.
Post te currémus in odórem suavíssimum trahéntium unguentórum.
Veni, veni de Líbano, *etc.*

5. Hortus conclúsus, fons signátus, Dei Génitrix, et grátiæ paradísus.
Imber ábiit et recéssit, hiems tránsiit, jam flores apparuérunt.
Veni, veni de Líbano, *etc.*

6. In terra nostra vox audíta, vox dulcíssima: vox túrturis, vox colúmbæ.
Assúme pennas, O colúmba formosíssima. Surge, própera et veni.
Veni, veni de Líbano, *etc.*

1. Thou art all fair, O Mary, thou art all fair, and the original stain is not in thee. How beautiful thou art, what sweetness of delight in thy Immaculate Conception.
Come, come from Libanus; Come, come from Libanus.
Come, come, thou shalt be crowned.

2. Thou didst come forth radiant as the morning star, bearing with thee the joyful tidings of salvation. Through thee, O shining portal of light, arose the Sun of Justice, even Christ our God.
Come, come from Libanus, etc.

3. As the lily among the thorns, so art thou, O Blessed Virgin, among the daughters of Adam. Thy raiment is resplendent as the dazzling snow; thy face beauteous as the sun.
Come, come from Libanus, etc.

4. In thee is all hope of life and of virtue; in thee is all grace of the way and of the truth. After thee do we run in the sweet attraction of thy virtues.
Come, come from Libanus, etc.

5. Thou art a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed, the Mother of God, the source of grace. The rain is over and gone, the winter is now past, flowers have appeared again.
Come, come from Libanus, etc.

6. In our land a voice has been heard, a most sweet voice: the voice of the turtle, the voice of the dove. Take wing, O most beautiful dove, arise, make haste and come.
Come, come from Libanus, etc.

(Tr. S. N. D.) *(Dom J. Pothier O. S. B.)*

July 19
St. Vincent of Paul

225

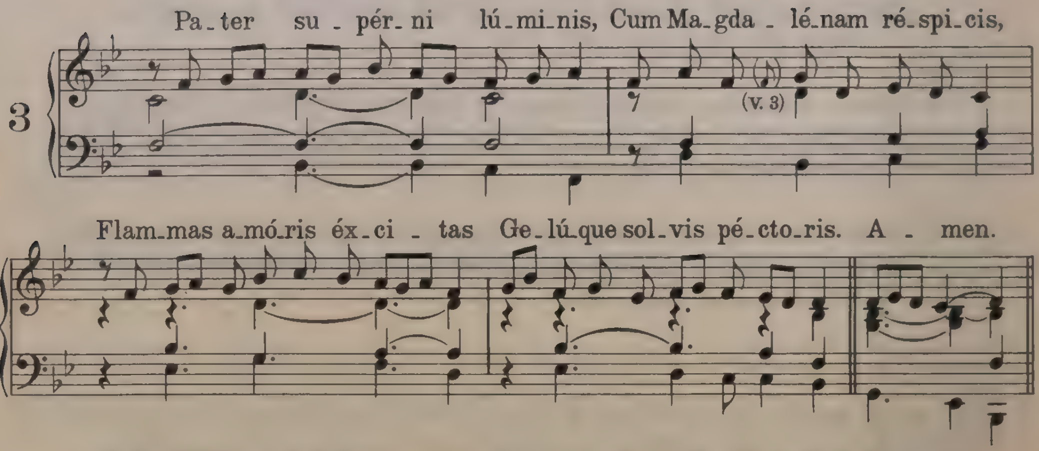
Iste Confessor

See "Common of Saints." No. 305

226

July 22
St. Mary Magdalen

Pater superni luminis


3
Pa_ter su_pér_ni lú_mi_nis, Cum Ma_gda_lé_nam ré_spi_cis,
(v. 3)
Flam_mas a_mó_ris éx_ci_tas Ge_lú_que sol_vis pé_cto_ris. A_men.

1. Pater supérni lúminis,
Cum Magdalénam réspicis,
Flammas amóris éxcitas
Gelúque solvis péctoris.

2. Amóre currit saúcia
Pedes beátos úngere,
Laváre fletu, térgere
Comis, et ore lámbere.

3. Adstáre non timet Cruci
Sepúlchro inhǽret ánxia,
Truces nec horret mílites:
Pellit timórem cáritas.

4. O vera, Christe, cáritas,
Tu nostra purga crímina,
Tu corda reple grátia,
Tu redde cæli prǽmia.

5. Patri, simúlque Fílio,
Tibíque, Sancte Spíritus,
Sicut fuit, sit júgiter
Sæclum per omne glória.
Amen.

1. Father of lights, one glance of Thine,
Whose eyes the universe control,
Fills Magdalen with holy love,
And melts the ice within her soul.

2. Her precious ointment forth she brings,
Upon those sacred Feet to pour;
She washes them with burning tears,
And with her hair she wipes them o'er.

3. Impassioned, to the Cross she clings,
Nor fears beside the Tomb to stay;
Nought of its ruffian guard she recks,
For love has cast all fear away.

4. O Christ, Thou very Love itself,
Blest hope of man through Thee forgiven,
So touch our spirits from above,
So purify our souls for heaven.

5. To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Paraclete, with Thee,
As evermore hath been before,
Be glory through eternity.
Amen.

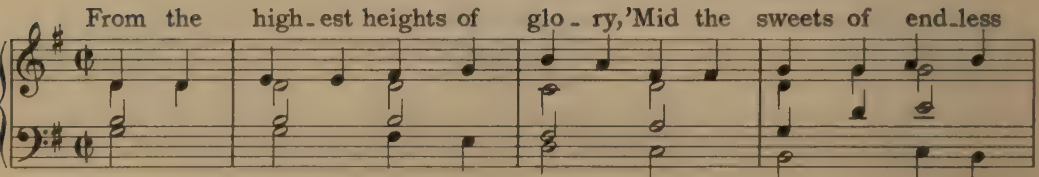
(*St. R. Bellarmine S.J.*
Cardinal † 1621
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

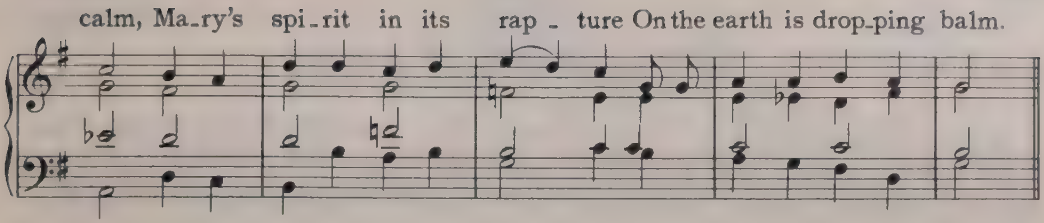
(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

227

July 22
St. Mary Magdalen

From the highest heights of glory


From the high_est heights of glo_ry,'Mid the sweets of end_less


calm, Ma-ry's spi-rit in its rap - ture On the earth is drop-ping balm.

1. From the highest heights of glory,
'Mid the sweets of endless calm,
Mary's spirit in its rapture,
On the earth is dropping balm.

2. On the bosom of the Saviour
Like a flower of stainless white,
Lies the trophy of His mercy
In a blaze of heavenly light.

3. Pardoned Sinner, wondrous Convert,
Was there ever home like thine?
Midst the splendour of the Angels
How thy fervent graces shine!

4. Thou didst fly unto thy Saviour
And thine eyes were fixed on His,
While thy loving lips were printing
On His Feet full many a kiss.

5. And then, wonder of compassion,
In one moment thou wert free,
And a gift of love unequalled,
From His Heart came into thee.

6. Like the rising of the ocean
Was the tide of glorious grace,
Like the beauty of the morning
Grew the beauty of thy face.

7. Like the glory of an Angel
Was the purity within,
Like the whiteness of thy namesake,
Of the Mary without sin.

8. Queen of Penance, Queen of Fervour,
Thou art Martyr, too, of Love,
And thy likeness to the Saviour
Makes the Angels glad above.

9. O how wisely hast thou chosen
For thyself the better part,
To be braided like a jewel
On thy Saviour's Sacred Heart.

(Fr. Faber + 1863) *(Editor)*

228

July 25
St. James the Greater
Apostle

Exsultet orbis gaudiis

See "Common of Saints" No. 298

229

July 26
St. Anne

Fortem virili

See "Common of Saints" No. 307

230

July 29
St. Martha

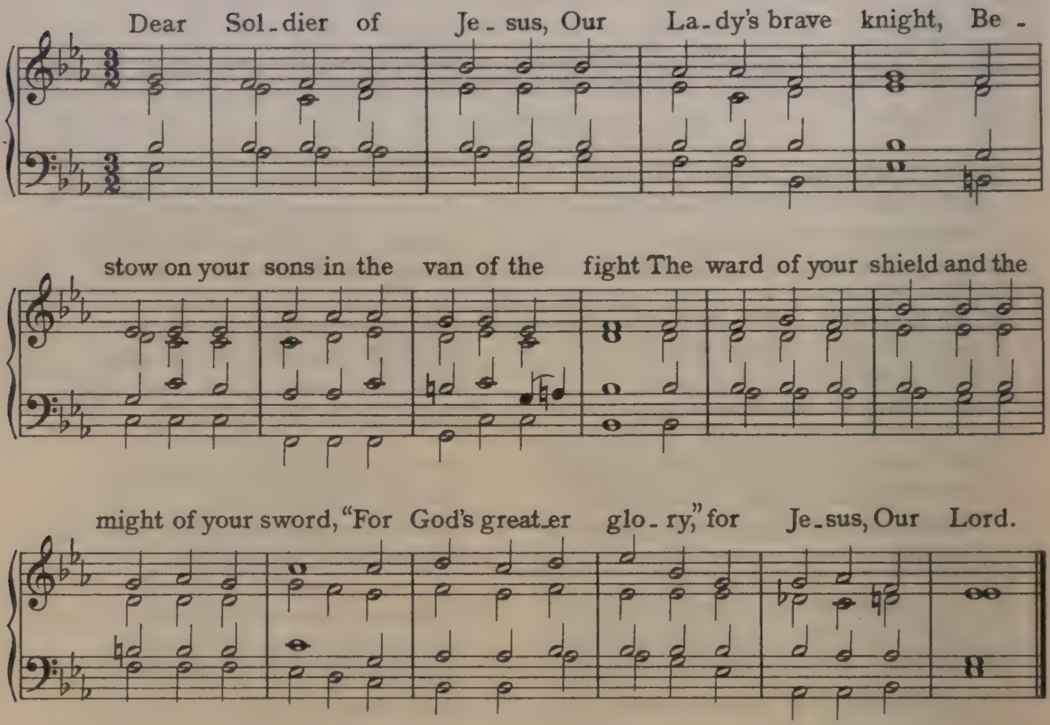
Jesu Corona Virginum

See "Common of Saints" No. 306

231

July 31
St. Ignatius

Dear Soldier of Jesus


Dear Sol-dier of Je-sus, Our La-dy's brave knight, Be-stow on your sons in the van of the fight The ward of your shield and the might of your sword, "For God's great-er glo-ry," for Je-sus, Our Lord.

1. Dear Soldier of Jesus, Our Lady's brave knight,
Bestow on your sons in the van of the fight
The ward of your shield and the might of your sword,
"For God's Greater Glory," for Jesus, Our Lord.

2. His Cross was your beacon, and Heaven your goal,
In fasting, and watching, and searching of soul
You fought at Manresa until you had won,
And Mary accepted the vows of her son.

3. Great Captain turned schoolboy, and tasting defeats,
Proud noble turned beggar in cold London streets,
Most gallant of worldlings whom Christ's love o'erthrew
Had we half your courage, what could not we do?

4. When faith was grown cold and men's hearts gone astray,
And nations and kingdoms were falling away,
You gathered your Company, fired with your flame,
To dare and to die for Christ's glorious name.

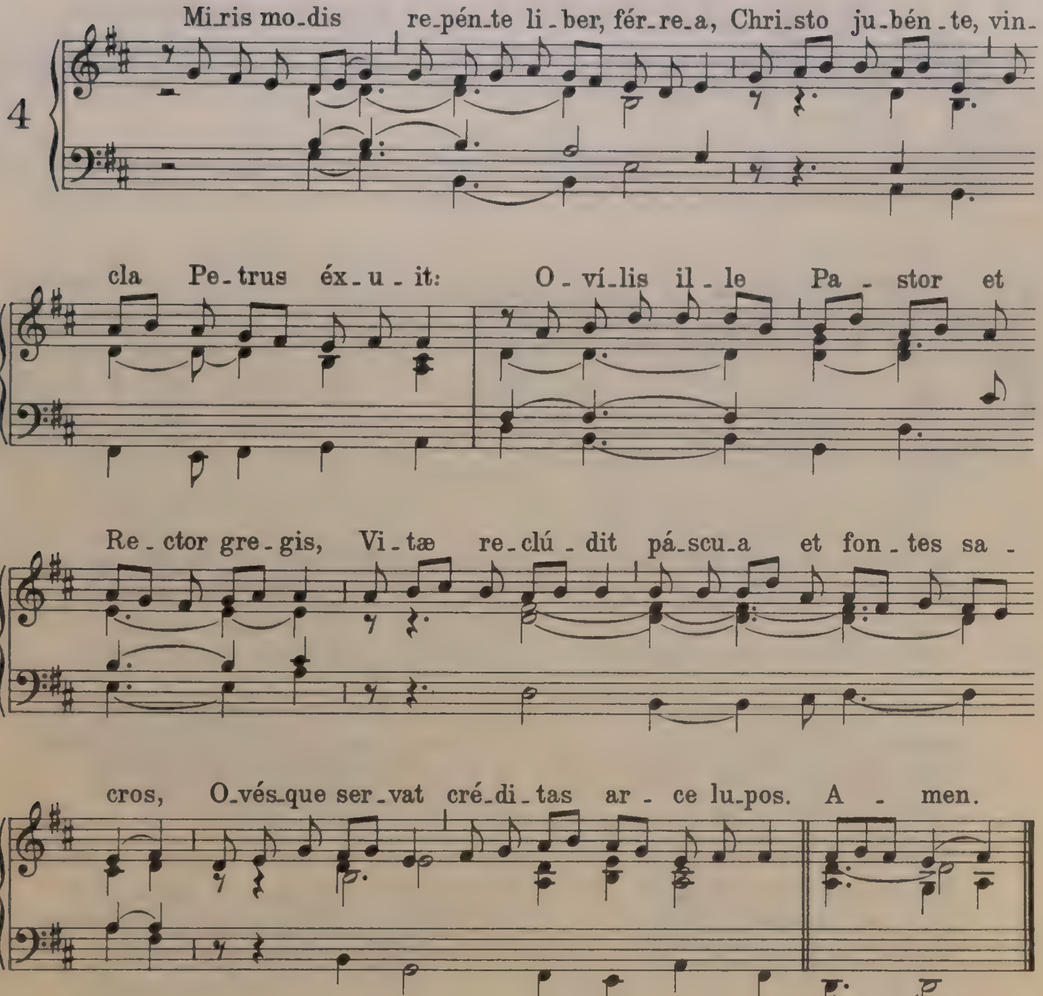
5. North, South, East and West has God's flag been unfurled,
The blood of your soldiers has crimsoned the world,
Who sweeter than Xavier, than Campion more true?
Yet, dearest of Fathers, they owed all to you.

(*S.J.*) (*Editor*)

232

Miris modis repente liber

Aug. 1
St. Peter's Chains


4
Mi-ris mo-dis re-pén-te li-ber, fér-re-a, Chri-sto ju-bén-te, vin-
cla Pe-trus éx-u-it: O-ví-lis il-le Pa-stor et
Re-ctor gre-gis, Vi-tæ re-clú-dit pá-scu-a et fon-tes sa-
cros, O-vés-que ser-vat cré-di-tas ar-ce lu-pos. A-men.

1. Miris modis repénte liber, férrea,
Christo jubénte, vincla Petrus éxuit:
Ovílis ille, Pastor, et Rector gregis,
Vitæ reclúdit páscua, et fontes sacros,
Ovésque servat créditas, arcet lupos.

2. Patri perénne sit per ævum glória,
Tibíque laudes concinámus inclytas,
Ætérne Nate: sit, supérne Spíritus,
Honor tibi decúsque: sancta júgiter
Laudétur omne Trínitas per sæculum.
Amen.

1. The Lord commands; and lo, his iron chains,
Falling from Peter, the behest obey;
Peter, blest Shepherd, who to verdant plains,
And life's immortal springs from day to day
Leads on his tender charge, driving all wolves away.

2. Praise to the Father through all ages be;
Praise, blessing to the Co-Eternal Son,
And Holy Ghost, one glorious Trinity;
To Whom all majesty and might belong:
So sing we now, and such be our eternal song.
Amen.

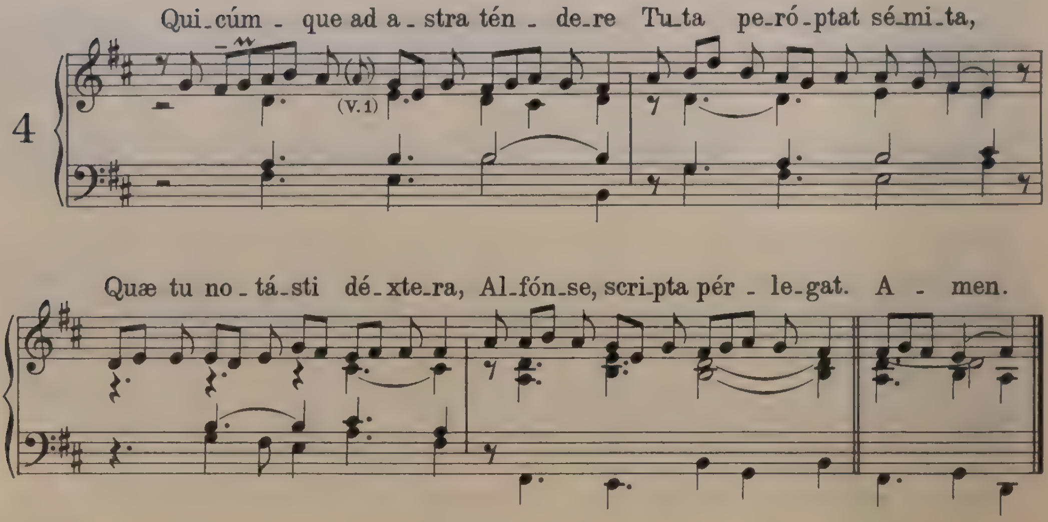
(Elpis, wife of Boethius 5th Century)
(Tr. Fr Caswall)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

233

August 2
St. Alphonsus Liguori

Quicumque ad astra tendere


4
Qui_cúm - que ad a - stra tén - de_re Tu_ta pe_ró_ptat sé_mi_ta,
(V.1)
Quæ tu no - tá_sti dé_xte_ra, Al_fón_se, scri_pta pér - le_gat. A - men.

1. Quicúmque ad astra téndere
Tuta peróptat sémita,
Quæ tu notásti déxtera,
Alfónse, scripta pérlegat.

2. Hæc melle sparsa cælico
Mentes refórmant ánxias,
Sanctíque passim córdibus
Amóris ignes íngerunt.

3. Quis pinxit umquam dúlcius
Doléntis Christi vúlnera?
Quis ore laudes Vírginis
Magis disérto pródidit?

4. Veníte cuncti: pábulum
Hic est parátum síngulis:
Mensa reféctus nóbili
Hac quisque abíbit réctior.

5. Pudor per illum flóruit,
Stetére mores íntegri:
Illum ruéntis sæculi
Fecit Redémptor víndicem.

6. Patri simúlque Fílio,
Tibíque, Sancte Spíritus,
Sicut fuit, sit júgiter
Sæclum per omne glória.
Amen.

1. Whoe'er to Heaven safe path desires,
What thou hast written let him read,
Alphonsus. Help he there will find
Where thou dost point in every need.

2. His words, with heavenly sweetness fraught,
To anxious mind bring strength and light;
And far and wide in faithful hearts
The fire of holy love excite.

3. Where find of wounds of suffering Christ
With greater unction ever writ?
What mouth the Virgin's praise has sung
In canticles of love more fit?

4. Then come ye all, and now partake,
For here prepared has been a feast,
And well refreshed, ye shall depart
With stronger life in you increased.

5. Through him fair modesty has reigned,
And Christian life stands high:
Our Saviour sets him as a guard
The world's fall to defy.

6. To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
As ever hath been done
Be given praise and homage due
While everlasting ages run.
Amen.

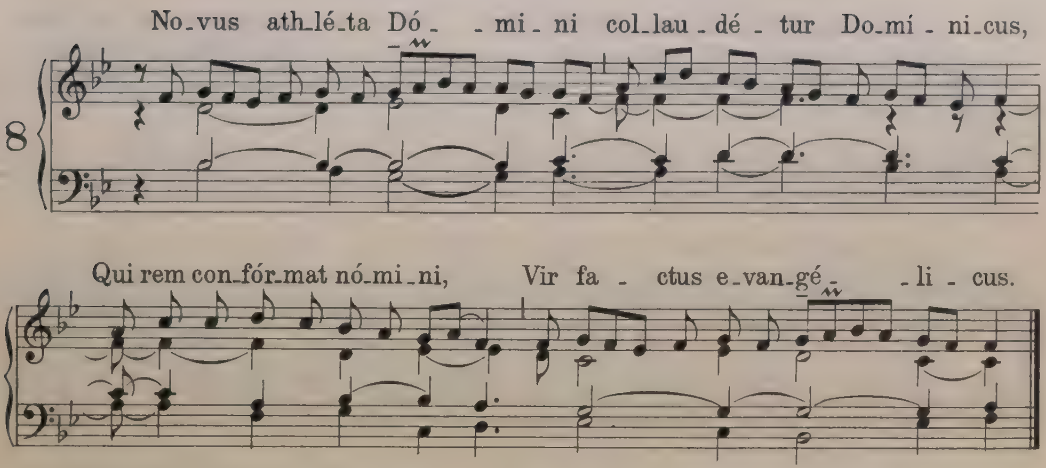
(*Redemptorist Office Tr. S. N. D.*)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

234

Novus athleta Domini

Aug. 4
St. Dominic


8
No_vus ath_lé_ta Dó_ _mi_ni col_lau_dé_tur Do_mí_ni_cus,
Qui rem con_fór_mat nó_mi_ni, Vir fa_ctus e_van_gé_ _li_cus.

1. Novus athléta Dómini
Collaudétur Domínicus,
Qui rem confórmat nómini,
Vir factus evangélicus.

2. Consérvans sine mácula
Virginitátis lílium,
Ardébat quasi fácula
Pro zelo pereúntium.

3. Mundum calcans sub pédibus,
Manum misit ad fórtia:
Nudus occúrrens hóstibus,
Christi suffúltus grátia.

4. Pugnat verbo, miráculis,
Missis per orbem frátribus:
Crebros adjúngens sédulis
Fletus oratiónibus.

5. Trino Deo et símplici
Laus, honor, virtus, glória,
Qui nos prece Domínici
Ducat ad cæli gáudia.
Amen.

1. Sound the mighty champion's praises
Raise the song for him who came
Charged to tell the Gospel tidings,
Charged to spread the Gospel flame-
Lordly errand
Suiting well his lordly name.

2. Stainless as a virgin lily,
Fervent as a flaming brand,
Lo, he flies, still onward speeding,
Flies to do his Lord's command.
Flies to rescue
Captive souls from Satan's hand.

3. Treading down this world of evil,
To his mighty task he goes:
Stript of all, he seeks the conflict,
Turns him to Christ's banded foes,
Grace sustaining
With the fire that inward glows.

4. Lo, his arms, of heavenly temper,
Words and signs of wondrous power,
Prayers of love and tears of pity,
Whilst his warrior children bore
His commission
Onward still from shore to shore.

5. Sing we to the Triune Godhead,
Honour, glory, power and praise;
May he at our Father's pleading
Deign his children's souls to raise
Cleansed and perfect,
To His reign of endless days.

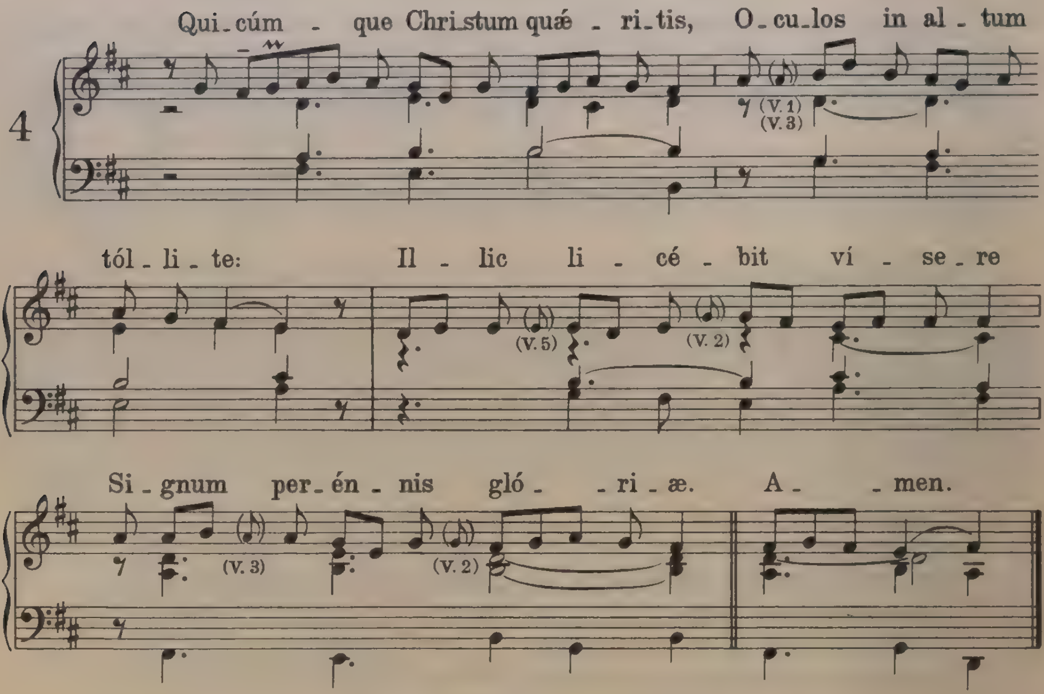
(*Divine Office*)
(*Tr. Fr. Aylward O. P.*)

(*Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.*)

235^a

Aug. 6
The Transfiguration

Quicumque Christum quæritis


4
Qui-cúm-que Christum quǽ-ri-tis, O-cu-los in al-tum
(V. 1)
(V. 3)
tól-li-te: Il-lic li-cé-bit ví-se-re
(V. 5)
(V. 2)
Si-gnum per-én-nis gló-ri-æ. A-men.
(V. 3)
(V. 2)

1. Quicúmque Christum quǽritis,
Oculos in altum tóllite:
Illic licébit vísere
Signum perénnis glóriæ.

2. Illústre quiddam cérnimus,
Quod nésciat finem pati,
Sublíme, celsum, intérminum,
Antíquius cælo et chao.

3. Hic ille Rex est géntium,
Populíque Rex Judáici
Promíssus Abrahæ patri,
Ejúsque in ævum sémini.

4. Hunc et prophétis téstibus,
Iisdémque signatóribus,
Testátor et Pater jubet
Audíre nos, et crédere.

5. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui te revélas párvulis
Cum Patre, et almo Spíritu,
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. All ye who seek, in hope and love,
For Christ our Lord, look up above.
Where, traced upon the azure sky,
Faith may a glorious form descry.

2. Lo, on the trembling verge of light
A something all divinely bright!
Immortal, infinite, sublime!
Older than chaos, space, or time!

3. Hail, Thou, the Gentiles' mighty Lord!
All hail, O Israel's King adored!
To Abraham sworn in ages past
And to his seed while earth shall last.

4. To Thee the prophets witness bear;
Of Thee the Father doth declare,
That all who would His glory see,
Must hear and must believe in Thee.

5. To Jesus, from the proud conceal'd,
But evermore to babes reveal'd,
All glory with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally.
Amen.

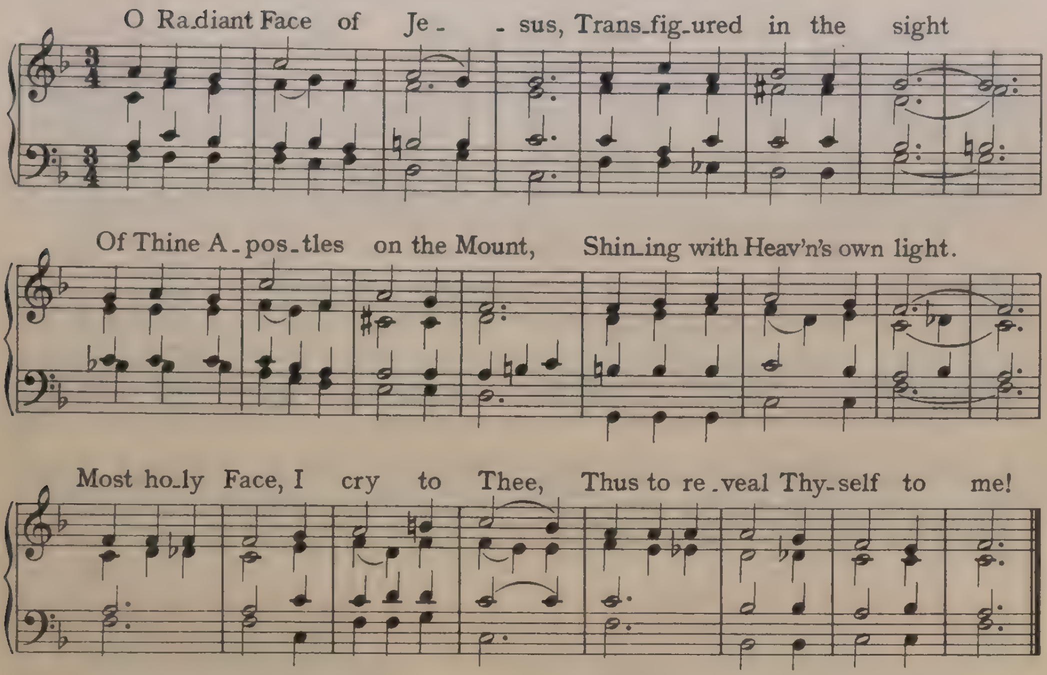
(*Prudentius* † 405)
(*Tr. Fr Caswall*)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

235b

Aug. 6
The Transfiguration

O Radiant Face of Jesus


O Radiant Face of Je - - sus, Trans-fig-ured in the sight
Of Thine A-pos-tles on the Mount, Shin-ing with Heav'n's own light.
Most ho-ly Face, I cry to Thee, Thus to re-veal Thy-self to me!

1. O Radiant Face of Jesus,
Transfigured in the sight
Of Thy Apostles on the Mount,
Shining with Heav'n's own light.
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
Thus to reveal Thyself to me!

2. O Pitying Face of Jesus,
Thine eyes on Peter rest,
And bitter tears the Apostle sheds,
Contrite and sore distressed.
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
Whene'er I sin look so on me.

3. O Suffering Face of Jesus,
Bleeding, and soiled, and torn;
Thy Temple and Thy Brow transpierced
With many a cruel thorn.
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
Offer Thy Wounds to God for me.

4. O Face Benign of Jesus,
The thief with sorrowing eyes
Gazed upon Thee, and repentant went
With Christ to Paradise.
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
In loving kindness, look on me.

5. O Dying Face of Jesus,
On the accursèd tree,
Crying aloud: "Ah! why, my God,
Hast Thou abandoned me?"
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
Plead by Thine Agony for me.

6. O Risen Face of Jesus,
Never was Face like Thine,
Where Godhead joins with Manhood
In Unity Divine.
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
Turn not away Thy gaze from me.

(?) (?)

236

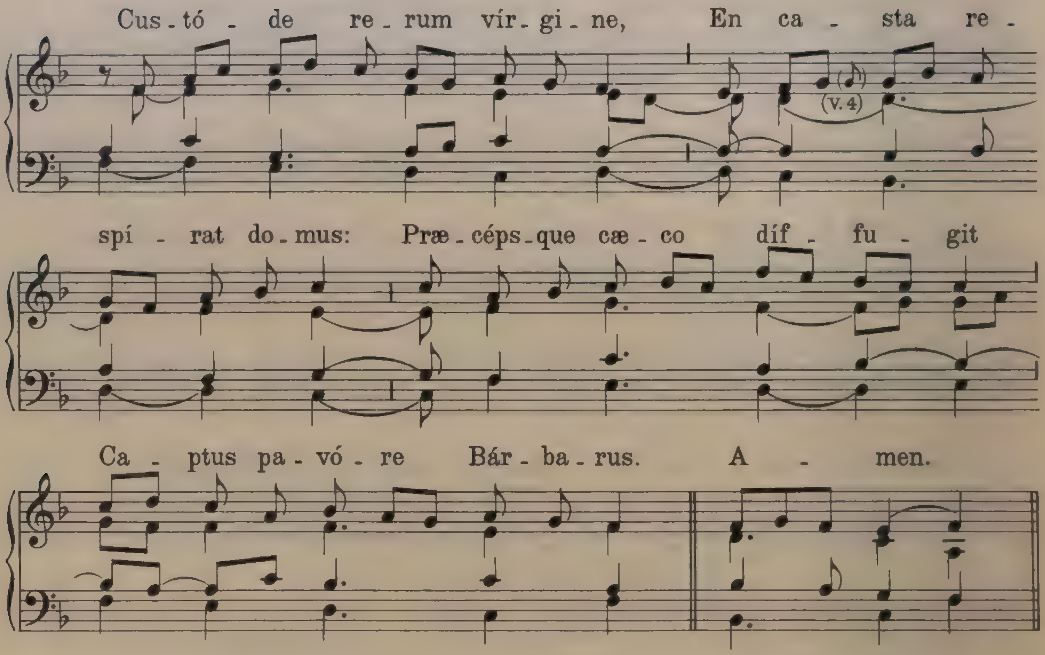
Aug. 9
St. John B. Vianney

Iste Confessor

See Common of Saints No. 305

237

Custode rerum Virgine


Cus - tó - de re - rum vír - gi - ne, En ca - sta re - spí - rat do - mus: Præ - céps - que cæ - co díf - fu - git Ca - ptus pa - vó - re Bár - ba - rus. A - men.
(v. 4)

1. Custóde rerum vírgine,
En casta respírat domus:
Præcépsque cæco díffugit
Captus pavóre Bárbarus.

2. Muros timéndo obséderat
Miles tumúlto; Nóricus
Ut ungue formidántibus
Vultur colúmbis ímminet.

3. Sed Clara cælésti dape
Tutéla præsens ádfuit:
Hoc ense victrix ímpios
Detúrbat altis póstibus.

4. Adsis beáto désuper,
Virgo, ex olýmpi vértice,
Ut sempitérnis gáudiis
Victis fruámur hóstibus.

5. Sit Trinitáti glória,
Ubíque semper sit decus,
Et cum frequénti cántico
Laudis coróna in sæculum.
Amen.

1. O Clare, thou virgin powerful,
In chastity defender strong,
At sight of thee, Barbarian chief
In terror fled and did no wrong.

2. With frightening clang thy sacred walls
By soldiers fierce one time were sacked,
As timid doves in shrinking fear
By swooping vultures are attacked.

3. But Clara, guardian ever near,
A Sword Divine within her hand
Aloft now held the Sacred Host
And vanquished quite the impious band.

4. O Virgin now in Heaven above
Where joy and glory crown thy love,
Obtain that we may victors be
And reign in bliss eternally.

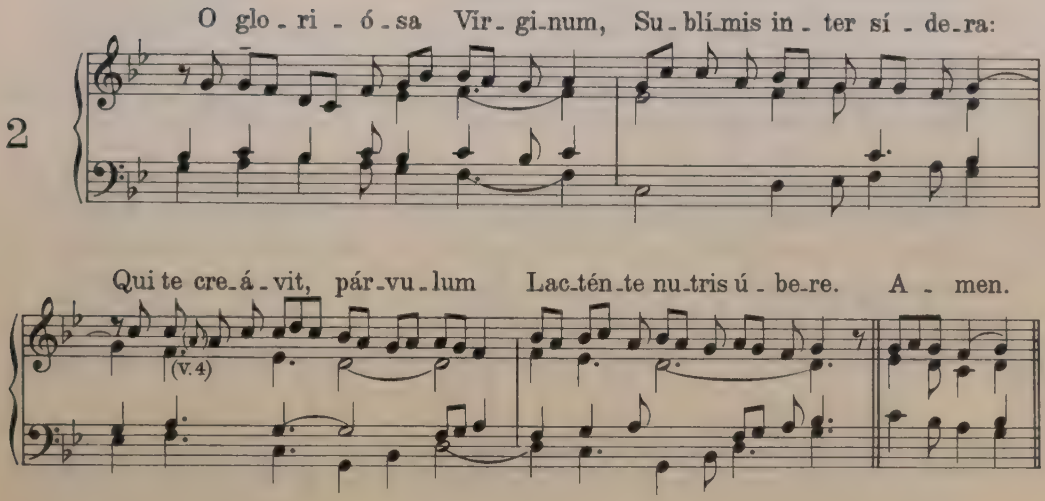
5. All glory to the Triune God,
Always and everywhere be praise;
In never-ending chant and song
His Name extolled for endless days.
Amen.

(Franciscan Office
Tr. S. N. D.)

238

Aug. 15
The Assumption

O gloriosa Virginum


2
O glo - ri - ó - sa Vir - gi - num, Su - blí - mis in - ter sí - de - ra:
Qui te cre - á - vit, pár - vu - lum Lac - tén - te nu - tris ú - be - re. A - men.
(V. 4)

1. O Gloriósa Vírginum,
Sublímis inter sídera,
Qui te creávit, párvulum
Lacténte nutris úbere.

2. Quod Heva tristis ábstulit
Tu reddis almo gérmine:
Intrent ut astra flébiles,
Cæli reclúdis cárdines.

3. Tu Regis alti jánua,
Et aula lucis fúlgida:
Vitam datam per Vírginem,
Gentes redémptæ, plaúdite.

4. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui natus es de Vírgine,
Cum Patre, et almo Spíritu,
In sempitérna sǽcula.

1. O Queen of all the virgin choir,
Enthroned above the starry sky,
Who with thy bosom's milk didst feed
Thy own Creator, Lord most high.

2. What man had lost in hapless Eve
Thy sacred womb to man restores;
Thou to the wretched here beneath
Hast opened heaven's eternal doors.

3. Hail, O refulgent Hall of light.
Hail, Gate august of heaven's high King.
Through thee redeemed to endless life,
Thy praise let all the nations sing.

4. O Jesu born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to thee;
Praise to the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

(*Venantius Fortunatus*
Bp. of Poitiers † 600
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

239

Aug. 16
St. Joachim

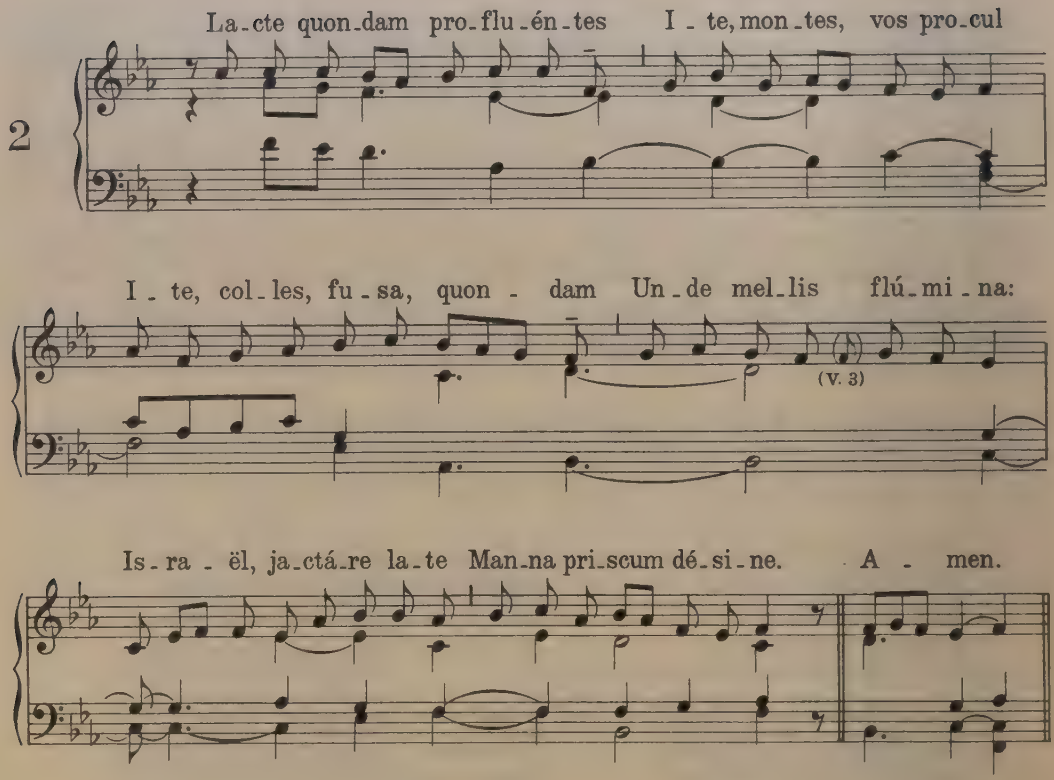
Iste Confessor

See "Common of Saints" No. 305

Aug. 20
St. Bernard

240

Lacte quondam profluentes


2
La-cte quon-dam pro-flu-én-tes I-te, mon-tes, vos pro-cul
I-te, col-les, fu-sa, quon-dam Un-de mel-lis flú-mi-na:
(V. 3)
Is-ra-ël, ja-ctá-re la-te Man-na pri-scum dé-si-ne. A-men.

1. Lacte quondam profluéntes
Ite, montes, vos procul,
Ite, colles, fusa quondam
Unde mellis flúmina;
Israël, jactáre late
Manna priscum désine.

2. Ecce cujus corde sudant,
Cujus ore prófluunt,
Dulcióres lacte fontes,
Mellis amnes æmuli:
Ore tanto, corde tanto
Manna nullum dúlcius.

3. Quæris, unde duxit ortum
Tanta lactis cópia;
Unde favus, unde prompta
Tanta mellis suávitas;
Unde tantum manna fluxit,
Unde tot dulcédines.

1. O promised land, so longed for and so dear,
Ye mountains and ye hills whence flowed of old
Abundant streams of milk and honey clear,
Retire, nor seek your fame to be retold.
O Israel, land famed in Hebrew lore,
Your sacred manna cease to scatter more.

2. Behold one here whose heart a doctrine holds
Than love more sweet, whose tongue with eloquence,
Like stream of more than honeyed sweetness moulds
The minds of men to supernatural sense.
Than love like his, than words with sweeter ring
To feed man's soul no man could ever bring.

3. You ask what source was found which might produce
Such vast supply of gentlest charity:
Whence eloquence and sweetness so profuse
Of honeyed words of love and amity?
Whence food for souls of counsel wondrous strong
Containing sweetness winning men from wrong?

4. Lactis imbres Virgo fudit
Cǽlitus puérpera:
Mellis amnes os leónis
Excitávit mórtui:
Manna silvæ, cælitúmque
Solitúdo próxima.

4. The Virgin-Mother, well-beloved and kind,
Into his heart a stream of kindness poured;
In God's own strength a sweetness he did find
As Samson found in lion's mouth once stored.
The bread of mystic truth with love as leaven,
In prayer he found in solitude near Heaven.

5. Doctor O Bernárde, tantis
Aucte cæli dótibus,
Lactis hujus, mellis hujus,
Funde rores désuper;
Funde stillas plenióre
Jam potítus gúrgite.

5. O Bernard, Doctor of God's truth and light,
Enriched with gifts from Heaven so great and rare,
Send help to us poor exiles from your height,
In this your love and sweetness let us share;
Possessed of plenteous streams of heavenly light,
O give to us some beams from sun so bright.

6. Summa summo laus Parénti,
Summa laus et Fílio:
Par tibi sit, Sancte manans
Ex utróque, Spíritus;
Ut fuit, nunc et per ævum
Compar semper glória.
Amen.

6. To God the Father praise and glory be,
Alike be equal praise to His own Son;
And Holy Spirit likewise unto Thee
Proceeding from them both; to Three in One
All glory was and is and yet shall be
While endless ages run eternally.
Amen.

(*Divine Office*
Tr. S. N. D.)

241

Aug. 20
St. Bernard

Jesus the only thought of Thee

See No. 44

242

Aug. 21
St. Jane Frances de Chantal

Fortem virili pectore

See "Common of Saints" No. 307

243

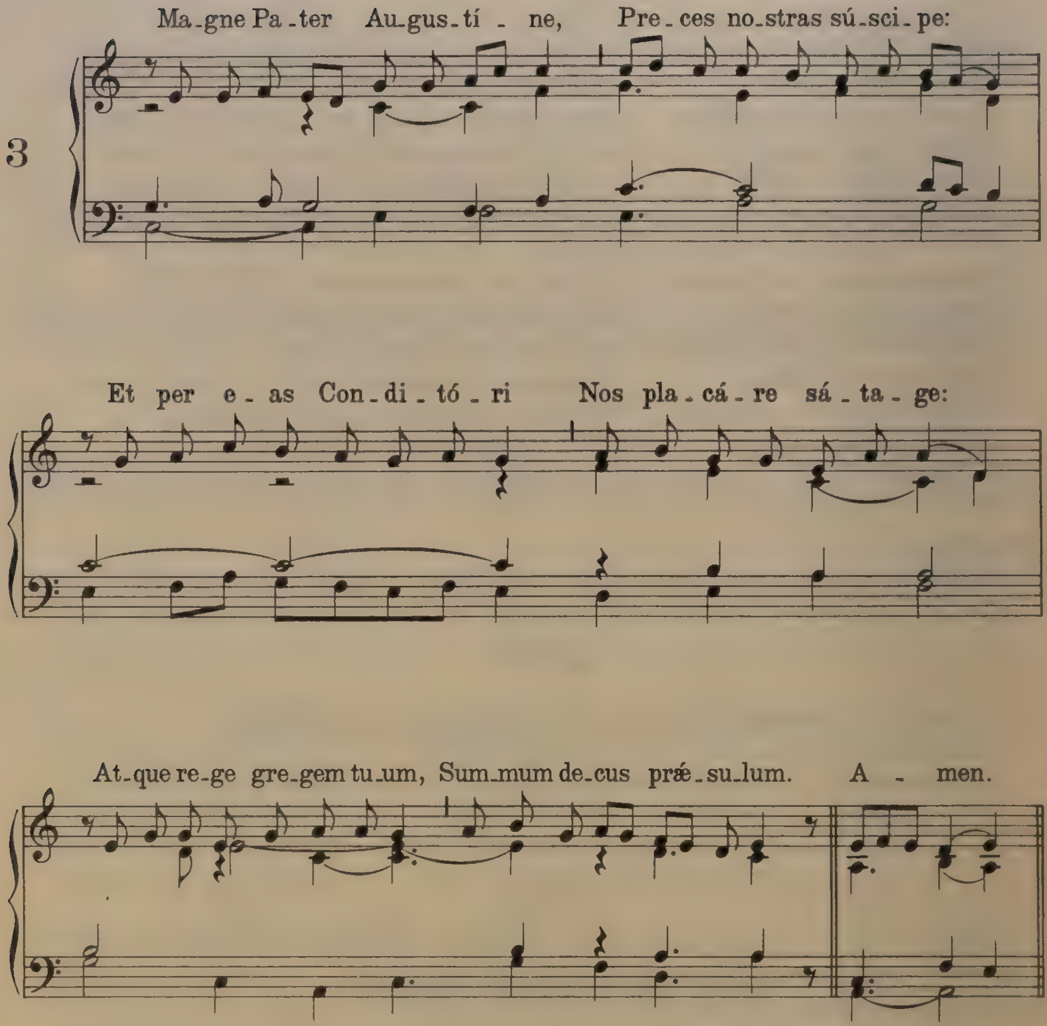
Aug. 24
St. Bartholomew
Ap.

Exsultet orbis gaudiis

See "Common of Saints" No. 298

244

Magne Pater Augustine


3
Ma-gne Pa-ter Au-gus-tí-ne, Pre-ces no-stras sú-sci-pe:
Et per e-as Con-di-tó-ri Nos pla-cá-re sá-ta-ge:
At-que re-ge gre-gem tu-um, Sum-mum de-cus prǽ-su-lum. A-men.

1. Magne Pater Augustíne,
Preces nostras súscipe:
Et per eas Conditóri
Nos placáre sátage:
Atque rege gregem tuum,
Summum decus præsulum,

1. O great Augustine, Father of the Church,
Be gracious towards thy children, hear our prayer,
Our cause embrace and reconcile to God
Us sinners who our sin would fain repair;
And govern still thy flock that we may be
A shining glory to posterity.

2. Amatórem paupertátis
Te colláudant páuperes:
Assertórem veritátis
Amant veri júdices:
Frangis nobis favos mellis
De Scriptúris dísserens.

2. True lover thou of holy poverty,
The poor in spirit all acclaim thy praise.
Defender dauntless of God's verity,
Well loved art thou by those who love truth's ways.
In sweet and strengthening words thou still dost preach,
From God's inspired Word the law dost teach.

3. Quæ obscúra prius erant
Nobis plana fáciens,
Tu de verbis Salvatóris
Dulcem panem cónficis:
Et propínas potum vitæ
De psalmórum néctare.

3. O wondrous Doctor, making plain and clear
What erstwhile dark had been, in sense obscure,
A Shepherd true of souls whom thou dost cheer
With food of Christ's own words both sweet and pure;
A life-infusing drink thou dost prepare
From treasures of the Psalms like nectar rare.

4. Tu de vita clericórum
Sanctam scribis régulam,
Quam qui amant et sequúntur
Viam tenant régiam:
Atque tuo sancto ductu
Redeunt ad pátriam.

4. Full zealous thou dost write a rule of life
To holiness for clerics a safe guide;
Who love and follow it, mid dangers rife,
A royal pathwey keep, nor turn aside.
By thee their holy Patron ever led,
The road to Heaven they in safety tread.

5. Regi Regum salus, vita,
Decus et impérium:
Trinitáti laus et honor
Sit per omne sǽculum:
Quæ concíves nos adscríbat
Supernórum cívium.
Amen.

5. All honour to the King of kings, God's Son,
With glory, domination, might and praise;
To Trinity thrice blest, the Three in One
Be honour, glory through all endless days,
Who deigns in love our names now to enrol
As fellow citizens of Saints, in Heaven our goal.
Amen.

(Tr. S. N. D.)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas.*)

245

Jesu Corona Virginum

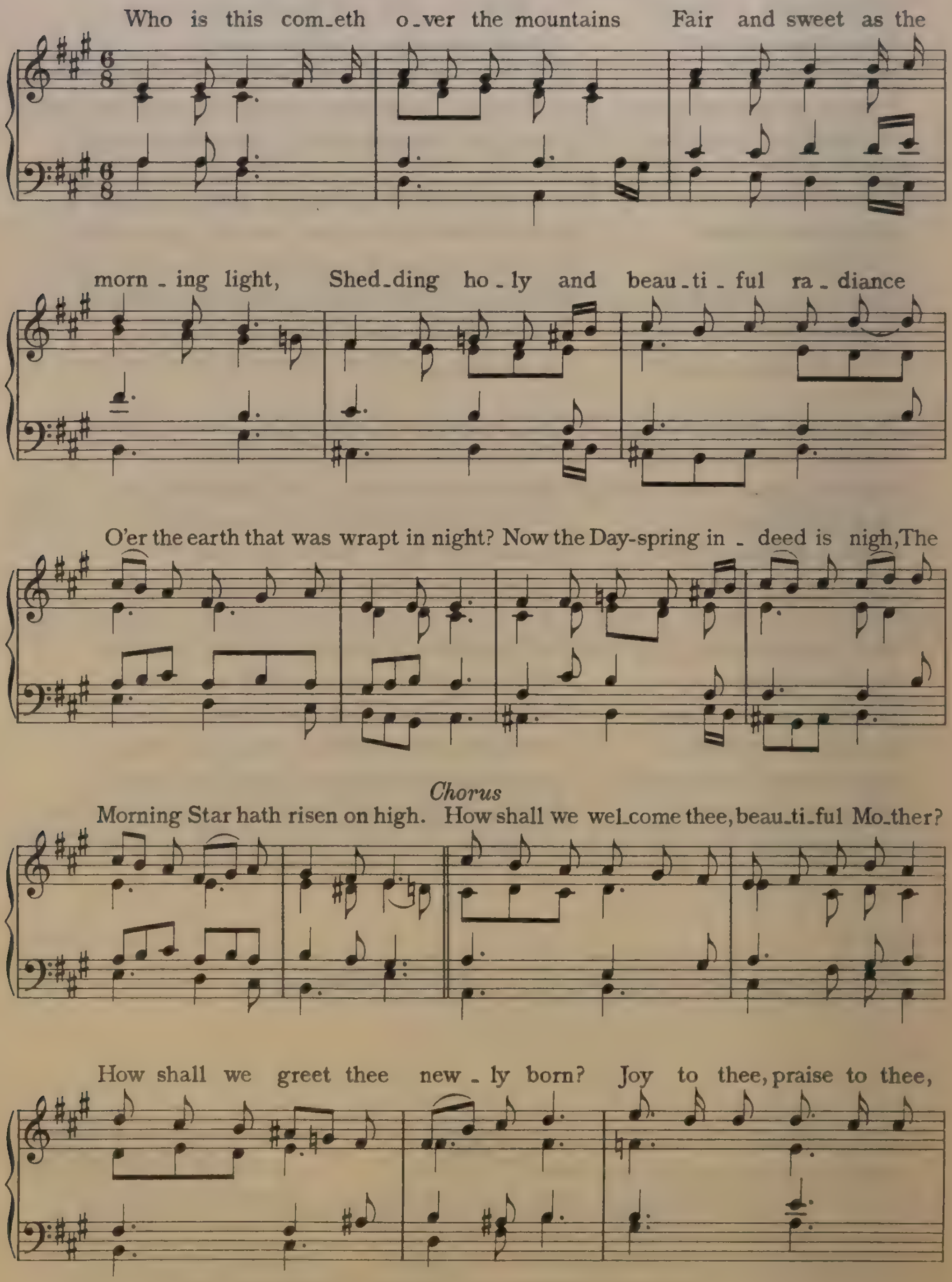
Aug. 30
St. Rose of Lima

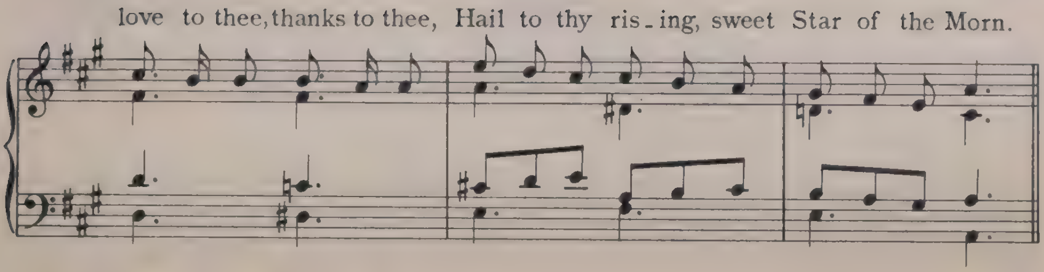
See "Common of Saints" No. 306

Sept. 8
The Nativity
of Our Lady

246

Who is this cometh over the mountains


Who is this com_eth o_ver the mountains Fair and sweet as the
morn - ing light, Shed_ding ho - ly and beau - ti - ful ra - diance
O'er the earth that was wrapt in night? Now the Day-spring in - deed is nigh, The
Morning Star hath risen on high.
Chorus
How shall we wel_come thee, beau_ti_ful Mo_ther?
How shall we greet thee new - ly born? Joy to thee, praise to thee,


love to thee, thanks to thee, Hail to thy ris - ing, sweet Star of the Morn.

1. Who is this cometh over the mountains
Fair and sweet as the morning light,
Shedding holy and beautiful radiance,
O'er the earth that was wrapt in night?
Now the Day-spring indeed is nigh,
The Morning Star hath risen on high.
How shall we welcome thee, beautiful Mother?
How shall we greet thee newly born?
Joy to thee, praise to thee, love to thee, thanks to thee,
Hail to thy rising, sweet Star of the Morn.

2. Wild and waste lay our desolate garden,
Stripped of blossom and leaf and fruit,
Lo, at last, in the golden Autumn
Sprang the Lily from Jesse's root.
Hope and beauty came back to earth
Once again in Our Lady's birth.
How shall we *etc.*

3. Angels cluster around thy cradle
Smiling into thy little face,
Whispering now as they whisper later,
"The Lord is with thee, O full of grace."
We, too, Mary, would hail thee thus,
More than to Angels thou art to us.
How shall we *etc.*

4. Spotless Daughter of God the Father,
Future Mother of God the Son,
Fairest Bride of the Holy Spirit,
Beautiful Shrine of the Three-in-One:
O we thank Him that He has given
So dear a Queen unto Earth and Heaven.
How shall we *etc.*

5. All the Church is glad in thy coming,
None more glad, O Mary, than we,
Who by more than a common title
Now and ever belong to thee;
Light our pathway where'er we are,
We will follow, dear Morning Star.
How shall we *etc.*

6. O we cannot go empty-handed
On her birthday to Babe so sweet,
Yet we have but our love to offer,
Printing a kiss on her little feet.
Open thy baby hand, and take
Our heart at least for thy Birthday's sake.
How shall we *etc.*

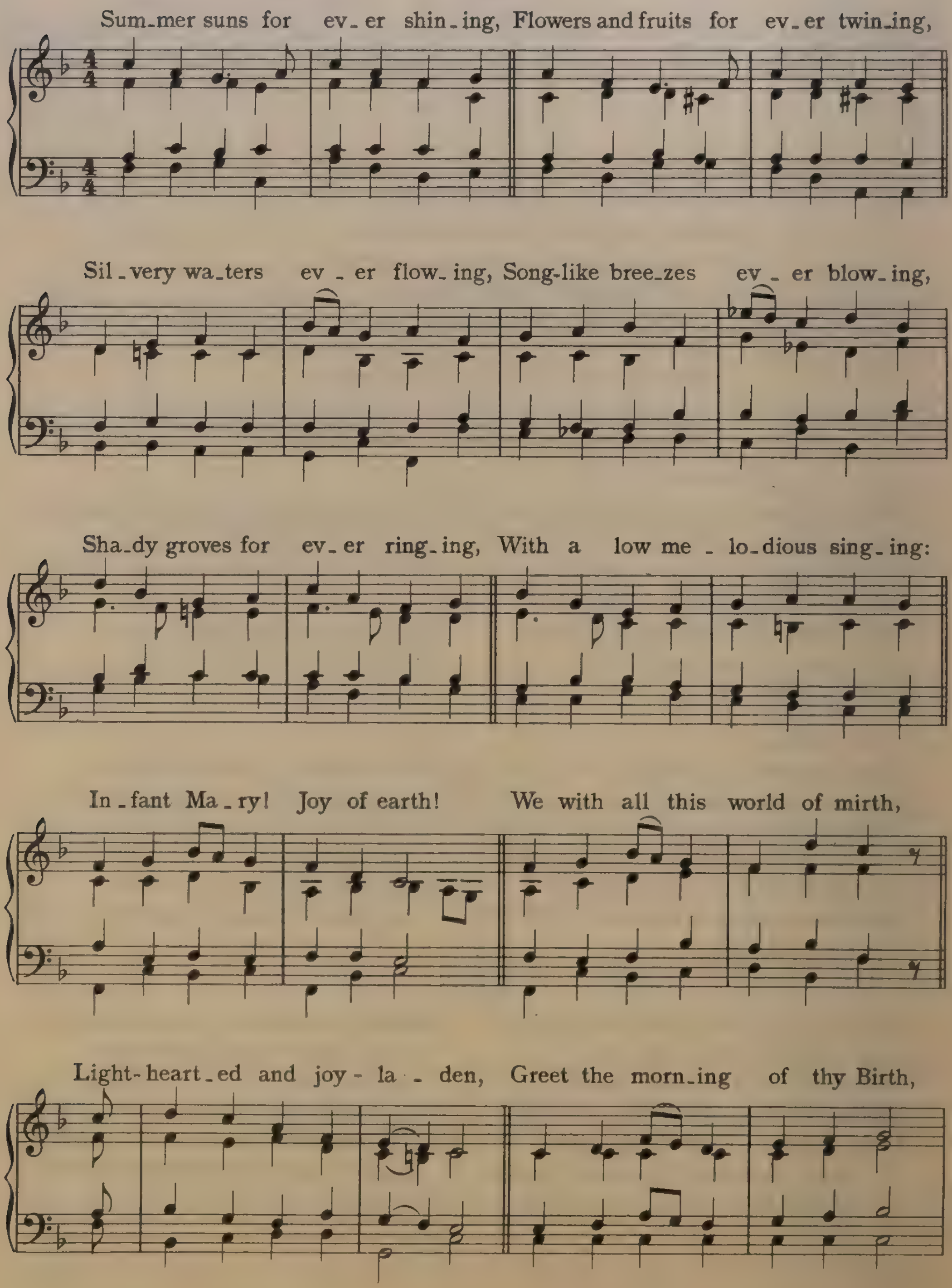
7. Bless us all with thy Birthday blessing
As we gather around thy throne,
Lay thy hand with a tenderer pressure
On this home which is all thine own,
While we are here, and when we are far,
Light up our way, dear Morning Star.
How shall we *etc.*

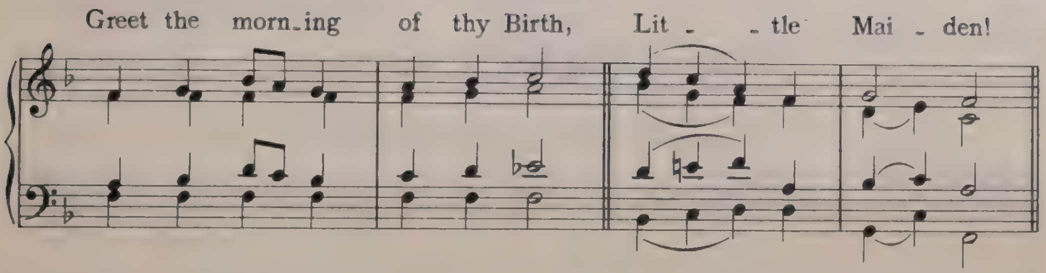
(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

Sept. 8
The Nativity
of Our Lady

247

Summer suns for ever shining


Sum-mer suns for ev-er shin-ing, Flowers and fruits for ev-er twin-ing,
Sil-very wa-ters ev-er flow-ing, Song-like bree-zes ev-er blow-ing,
Sha-dy groves for ev-er ring-ing, With a low me-lo-dious sing-ing:
In-fant Ma-ry! Joy of earth! We with all this world of mirth,
Light-heart-ed and joy-la-den, Greet the morn-ing of thy Birth,



1. Summer suns for ever shining,
Flowers and fruits for ever twining,
Silvery waters ever flowing,
Song-like breezes ever blowing,
Shady groves for ever ringing
With a low melodious singing:
Infant Mary, Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Light-hearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy Birth,
Greet the morning of thy Birth,
Little Maiden!

2. Thou thyself a world of brightness,
Flower of more than Angel's whiteness,
Ravished now with gladder heaven
Than to Angels hath been given,
Grandest worship in creation
Is thine infant jubilation:
Infant Mary, *etc.*

3. Babe of Anna! Little Maiden!
We with transports over-laden,
Spirits full, hearts almost broken,
Joy which cannot be outspoken,
We thy birthday greet, the dawning
Of salvation's happy morning.
Infant Mary, *etc.*

(Fr. Faber †1863) *(Waddington)*

248

Sept. 8
The Nativity of Our Lady

Ave Maris Stella

See No. 159

249

Sept. 14
Exaltation of the Holy Cross

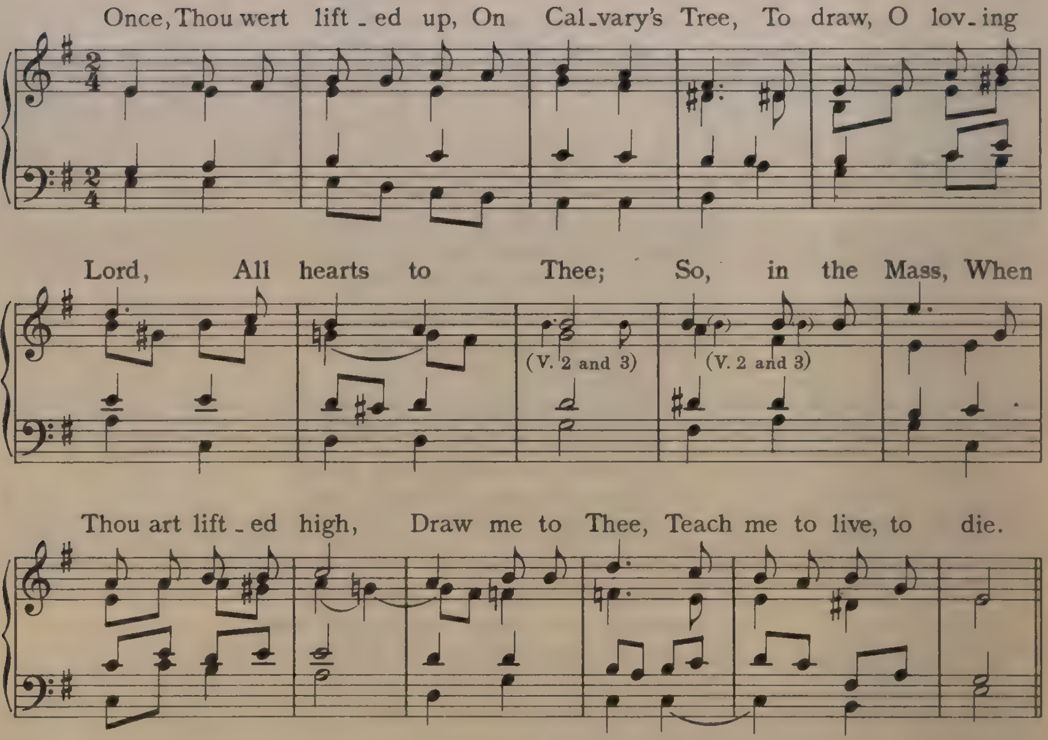
Vexilla Regis

See No. 86

250

Sept. 14
Exaltation of the Holy Gross

Once Thou wert lifted up


Once, Thou wert lift - ed up, On Cal - vary's Tree, To draw, O lov - ing Lord, All hearts to Thee; So, in the Mass, When Thou art lift - ed high, Draw me to Thee, Teach me to live, to die.
(V. 2 and 3)
(V. 2 and 3)

1. Once, Thou wert lifted up
On Calvary's Tree,
To draw, O loving Lord,
All hearts to Thee;
So, in the Mass,
When Thou art lifted high,
Draw me to Thee,
Teach me to live, to die.

2. Teach me to live for Thee
Who art my Life;
Teach me to walk Thy way
In peace and strife;
From things of earth
Lift up my heart to Thee,
Draw me, O Lord,
For I would nearer be.

3. When Thou art lifted up
That all may see,
Look down, O loving Lord,
With love on me;
My Lord, my God,
Thy Presence I adore,
Draw me to Thee,
That I may love Thee more.

(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

251

Sept. 15

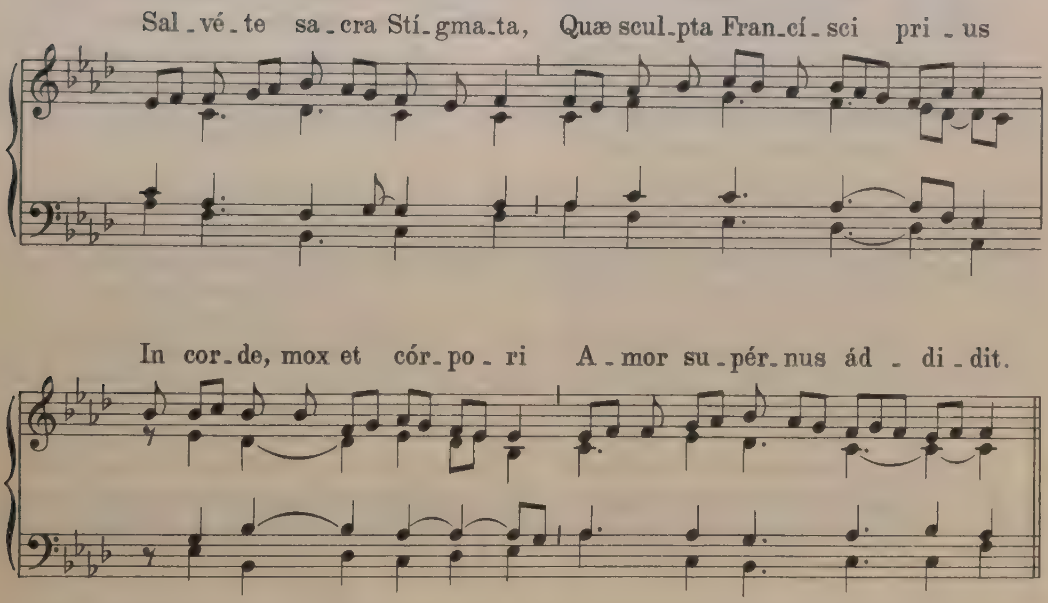
The Seven Dolours of Our Lady

See Friday after Passion Sunday Nos. 61-64

Sept. 17
Stigmata of St. Francis

252

Salvete sacra Stigmata


Sal-vé-te sa-cra Stí-gma-ta, Quæ scul-pta Fran-cí-sci pri-us
In cor-de, mox et cór-po-ri A-mor su-pér-nus ád-di-dit.

1. Salvéte sacra Stígmata,
Quæ sculpta Francísci prius
In corde, mox et córpori
Amor supérnus áddidit.

2. Vos Christi amórem fígite,
Nostrísque plagas córdibus:
Illi beáta júngite
Deínde nos in pátria.

3. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui te revélas párvulis,
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu,
In sempitérna sæcula.
Amen.

1. O hail, most Sacred Wounds of Christ,
In Francis' heart by love engraved,
Ere long e'en in his flesh transfixed,
When to that love he was enslaved.

2. Ye Sacred, Precious Wounds of Christ,
Within our hearts imprint His love,
And may Ye be our surety
That we shall reign with Him above.

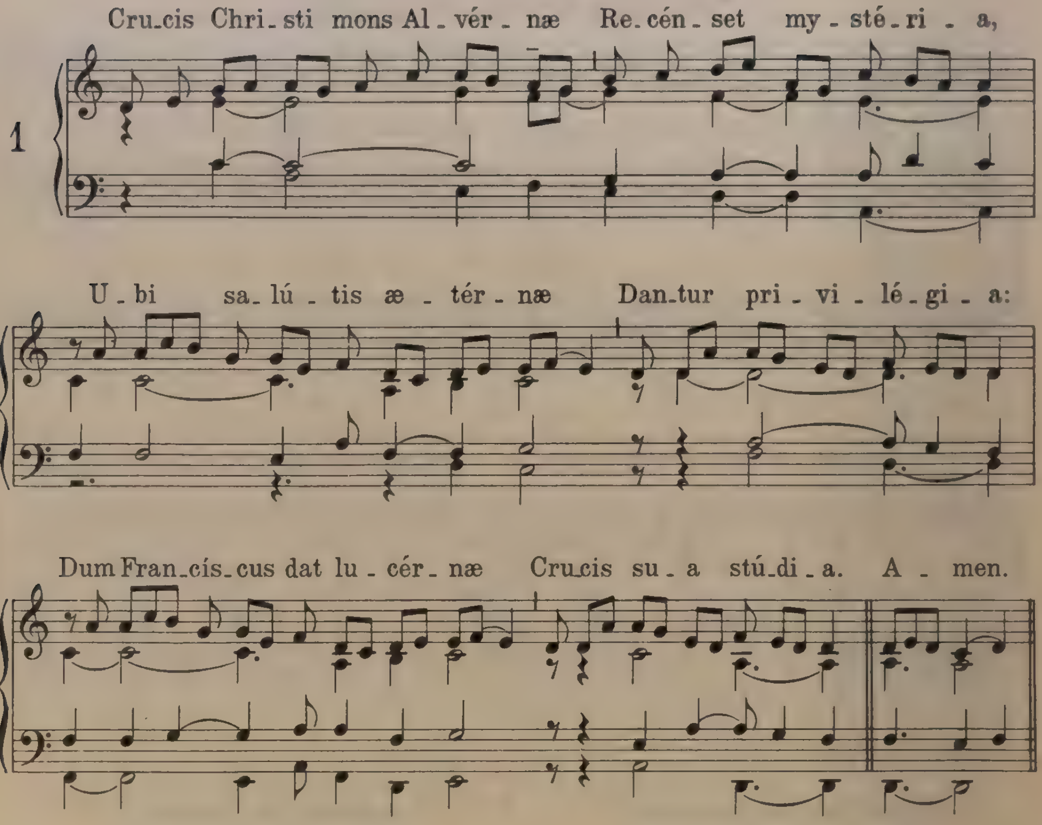
3. Jesus, Who makest little ones
The secrets of Thy love to see,
To Thee be glory with Thy Father blest,
And Holy Ghost eternally.
Amen.

(Franciscan Office
Tr. S. N. D.)

253

September 17
Stigmata of St. Francis

Crucis Christi


1
Cru-cis Chri-sti mons Al-vér-næ Re-cén-set my-sté-ri-a,
U-bi sa-lú-tis æ-tér-næ Dan-tur pri-vi-lé-gi-a:
Dum Fran-cís-cus dat lu-cér-næ Cru-cis su-a stú-di-a. A-men.

1. Crucis Christi mons Alvérnæ Recénset mystéria, Ubi salútis ætérnæ Dantur privilégia: Dum Francíscus dat lucérnæ Crucis sua stúdia.	*1. Let Alverna's holy mountain* *That high mystery proclaim* *Of the stamps of life eternal* *Which on Blessed Francis came;* *While he sobbed, and while he sighed,* *Grieving for the Crucified.*
2. Hoc in monte vir devótus Specu solitária, Pauper, a mundo remótus, Condénsat jejúnia: Vigil, nudus, ardens totus Crebra dat suspíria.	*2. There, within a lonely cavern,* *Far from all the world withdrawn,* *As the Saint his watch was keeping,* *With incessant scourgings torn;* *Ever musing more and more* *On the wounds that Jesus bore.*
3. Solus ergo clausus orans Mente sursum ágitur; Super gestis Crucis plorans, Mæróre confícitur: Crucísque fructum implórans, Animo resólvitur.	*3. As he prayed in cold and hunger;* *As he poured his glowing tears;* *In his fervent spirit mounting* *Far above terrestrial spheres:* *Every earthly thing forgot* *In his Saviour's bitter lot.*

4. Ad quem venit Rex e cælo
Amíctu Seráphico,
Sex alárum tectus velo
Aspéctu pacífico:
Affixúsque Crucis telo
Porténto mirífico.

5. Cernit servus Redemptórem,
Passum impassíbilem:
Lumen Patris et splendórem,
Tam pium, tam húmilem:
Verbórum audit tenórem
Viro non effábilem.

6. Vertex montis inflammátur,
Vicinis cernéntibus:
Cor Francísci transformátur
Amoris ardóribus:
Corpus vero mox ornátur
Mirándis Stigmátibus.

7. Collaudétur Crucifíxus,
Tollens mundi scélera,
Quem laudat concrucifíxus,
Crucis ferens vúlnera:
Franciscus prorsus inníxus
Super mundi fœdera.
Amen.

(Gerardus Odonis
Patriarch of Antioch + 1349
Tr. F.r Caswall)

4. Lo to him, in form seraphic,
Borne upon a cross on high,
Six irradiant wings expanding,
Came the King of Glory nigh,
Gazing on him with a face
Of benignity and grace.

5. He, that tender glance returning,
Saw the Incarnate Light of Light:
Saw his gracious, meek Redeemer
Robed in glory infinite;
Drank the words that from Him fell,
Words divine, unspeakable.

6. Straightway all the sacred summit
Kindles like a flaming pyre;
Holy Francis sinks enraptured,
Fainting with ecstatic fire;
And upon his flesh appear
Christ's immortal Stigmata.

7. Honour to the High Redeemer,
Who for us in torments died;
In whose image Blessed Francis
Suffered and was sanctified,
Counting everything but loss
For the glory of the Cross.
Amen.

254

Sept. 21
St. Matthew. Ap.

Exsultet orbis gaudiis

See "Common of Saints" No. 298

255

Sept. 24
Our Lady of Ransom

Ave plena gratiæ

See No. 352

256

Sept. 29
Dedication of St. Michael

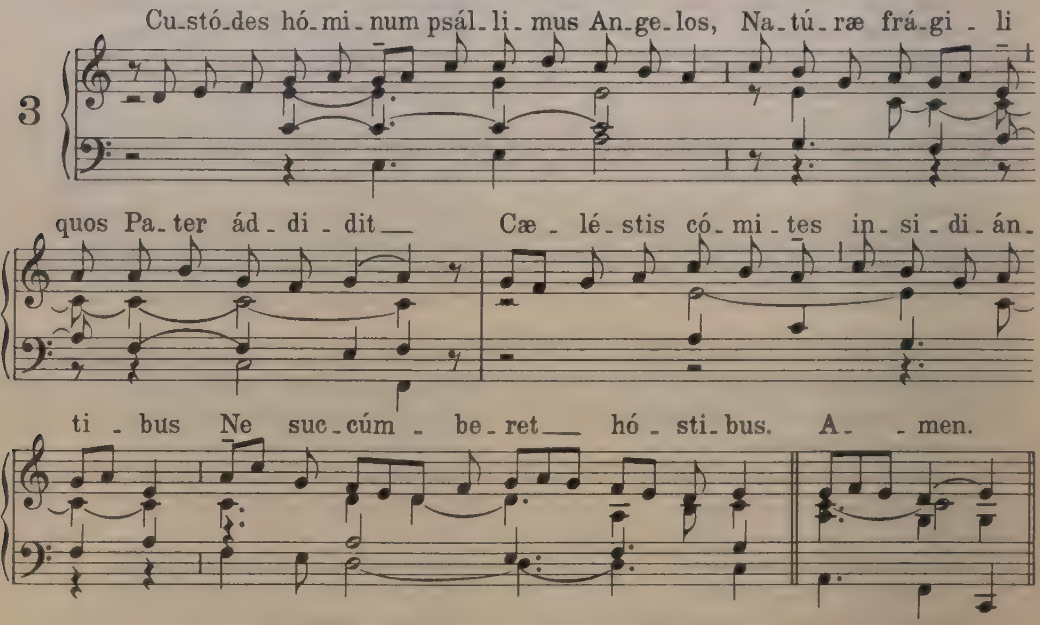
Te splendor et virtus Patris

See No. 197

257

Oct. 2
Holy Guardian Angels

Custodes hominum psallimus Angelos


3
Cu-stó-des hó-mi-num psál-li-mus An-ge-los, Na-tú-ræ frá-gi-li
quos Pa-ter ád-di-dit Cæ-lé-stis có-mi-tes in-si-di-án-
ti-bus Ne suc-cúm-be-ret hó-sti-bus. A-men.

1. Custódes hóminum psállimus Angelos,
Natúræ frágili quos Pater áddidit
Cæléstis cómites, insidiántibus
Ne succúmberet hóstibus.

2. Nam quod corrúerit próditor Angelus,
Concéssis mérito pulsus honóribus,
Ardens invídia, péllere nítitur
Quos cælo Deus ádvocat.

3. Huc, Custos, ígitur pérvigil ádvola,
Avértens pátria de tibi crédita
Tam morbos ánimi, quam requiéscere
Quidquid non sinit íncolas.

4. Sanctæ sit Tríadi laus pia júgiter,
Cujus perpétuo númine máchina
Triplex hæc régitur, cujus in ómnia
Regnat glória sæcula.
Amen.

1. Praise we those ministers celestial
Whom the dread Father chose
To be the guardians of our nature frail
Against our scheming foes.

2. For since that from his glory in the skies
The apostate Angel fell,
Burning with envy, evermore he tries
To drown our souls in hell.

3. Then, hither, watchful Spirit, bend thy wing,
Our country's guardian blest,
Avert her threatening ills, expel each thing
That hindereth her rest.

4. Praise to the glorious Trinity, whose strength
This mighty fabric sways,
Whose glory spreads beyond the utmost length
Of everlasting days.
Amen.

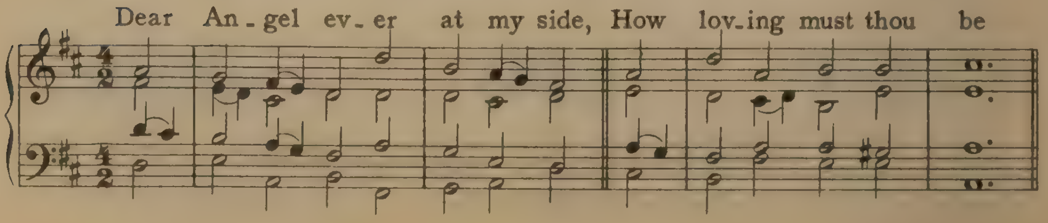
(*St. R. Bellarmine S. J.*
Cardinal †1621
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

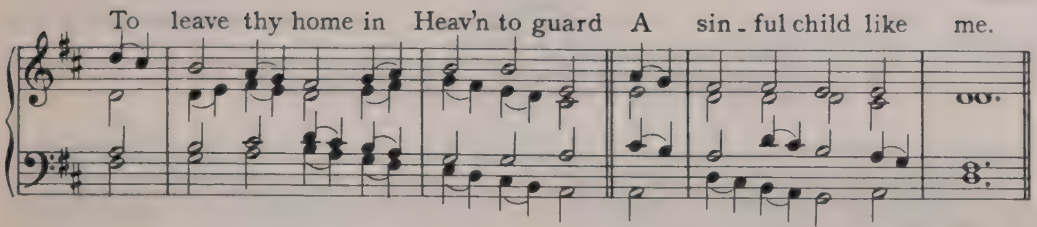
(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

258

Oct. 2

Dear Angel ever at my side


Dear An-gel ev-er at my side, How lov-ing must thou be


To leave thy home in Heav'n to guard A sin-ful child like me.

1. Dear Angel ever at my side,
How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in Heaven to guard
A sinful child like me.

2. Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

3. But when, dear Spirit, I kneel down
At morn and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

4. Yes, when I pray thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

5. Ah me, how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified,
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
Is ever at my side.

6. Then love me, love me, Angel dear,
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

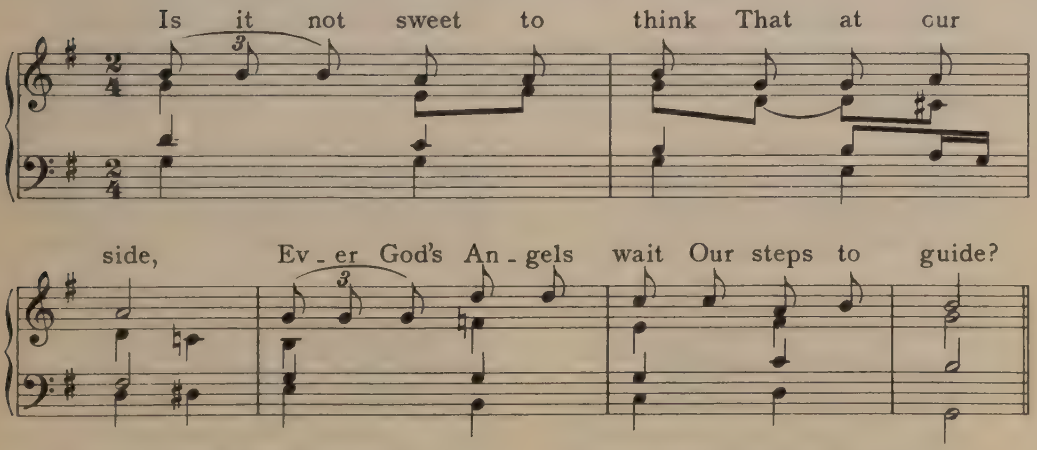
(Fr. Faber † 1863)

(R. L. de Pearsall)

259

Oct. 2
Guardian Angels

Is it not sweet to think


Is it not sweet to think That at our side, Ev-er God's An-gels wait Our steps to guide?
3
3

1. Is it not sweet to think
That at our side
Ever God's Angels wait
Our steps to guide?

2. Angels who see His Face
By night and day,
Angels who sing His praise
E'en while they pray.

3. Dear Angels, fair and bright,
Proven and tried,
By His sweet love Whose Will
Made you our guide,

4. Lead us with loving hand
Ever to Him,
Who on Mount Calvary died
Meekly, for sin.

5. Lead us, O Angels fair,
And help us on,
That we may reach at last
Our God and Home.

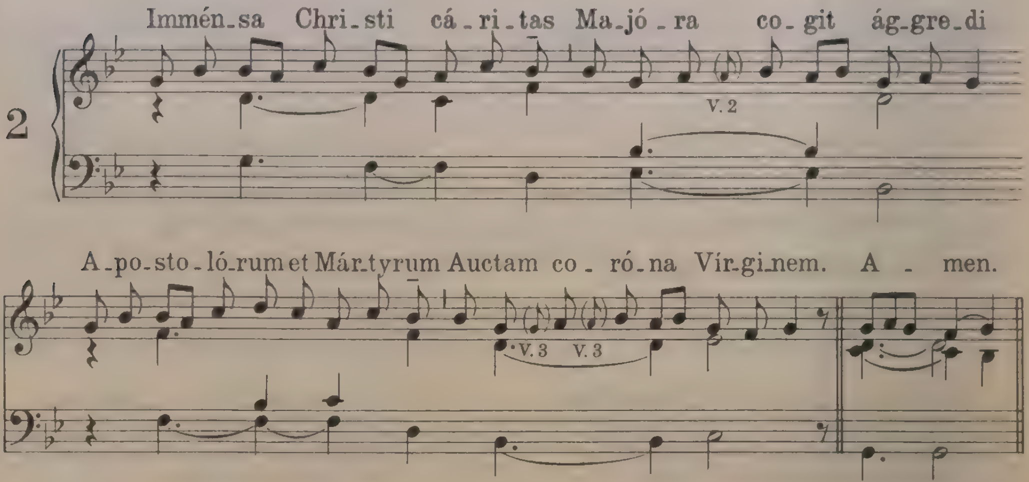
(Anon.)

(Editor)

260

October 3
St. Teresa of Lisieux

Immensa Christi caritas


2
Immén-sa Chri-sti cá-ri-tas Ma-jó-ra co-git ág-gre-di
V. 2
A-po-sto-ló-rum et Már-tyrum Auctam co-ró-na Vír-gi-nem. A-men.
V. 3
V. 3

1. Imménsa Christi cáritas
Majóra cogit ággredi
Apostolórum et Mártyrum
Auctam coróna vírginem.

2. Optans amóris víctima
Ex igne adúri mýstico,
Sponsum precátur últimas
Flammas vorántes éxcitet.

3. Æternitátis núntia
Optáta mors jam pérvenit:
Hæc íngemens: Te díligo!
Terésia ad Christum émigrat.

4. Cæléstibus nunc gáudiis,
Fruens ab arce síderum,
Quas lárgiter promíseras,
Rosas meménto spárgere.

5. Tu, corde Rex mitíssime,
Qui párvulis regnum paras,
Nos hanc secútos íngredi
Præsta beáta límina.

6. Virtus, honor, laus, glória
Deo Patri cum Fílio,
Sancto simul Paráclito,
In sæculórum sæcula.
Amen.

(*Divine Office*
Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook)

1. The boundless love of Christ invites
Teresa to the greatest heights;
The Martyrs' and Apostles' crown
She adds to lilies of her own.

2. To be consumed by mystic fire,
Love's victim, is her heart's desire.
Its last consuming flames she prays
Her Spouse to kindle into blaze.

3. The herald of the eternal day,
E'en death, for her is life for aye.
Teresa sighs: "Thee, Thee, I love!"
And wings her flight to Christ above.

4. In highest heaven thou dost enjoy
A happiness that ne'er can cloy;
Be mindful of thy words of yore,
And showers of roses on us pour.

5. O heart-meek King! Who dost prepare
For little ones demesnes most fair,
O grant us to Thy courts to tread
Who by this child are thither led.

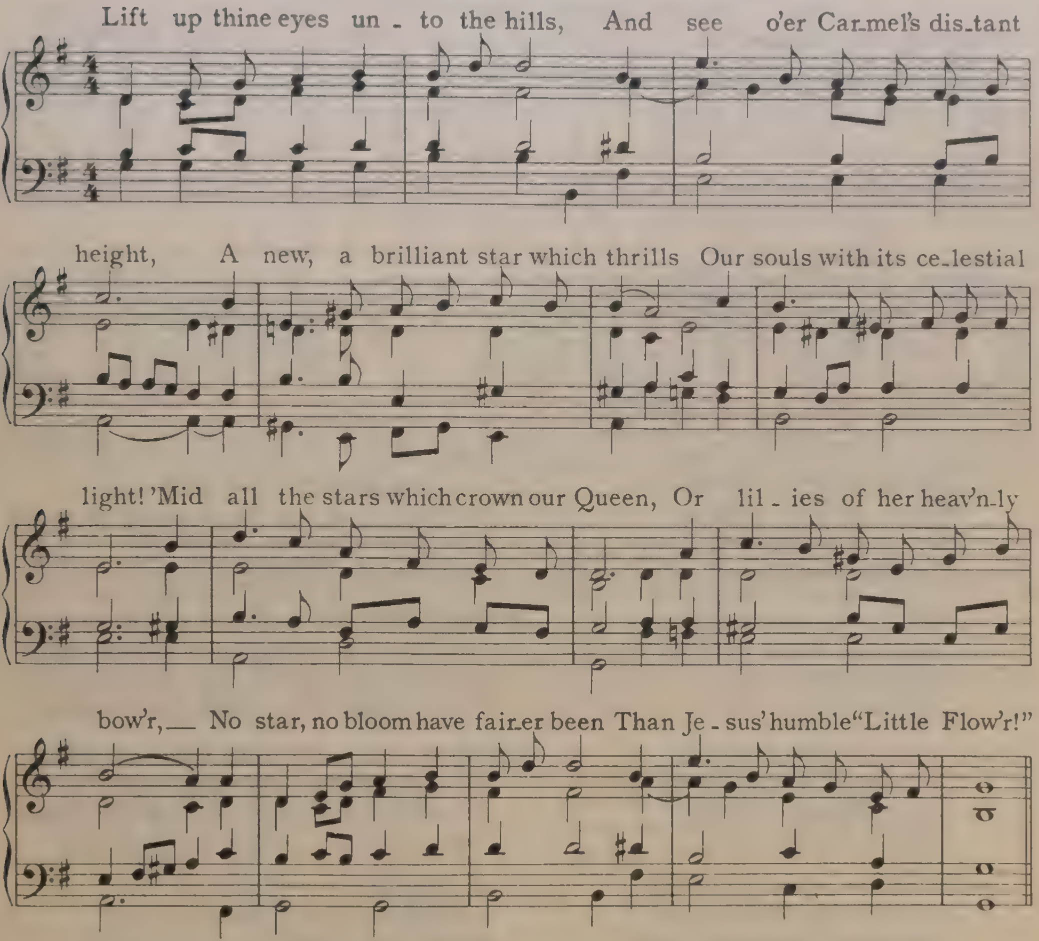
6. All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete.
Amen.

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

261

Oct. 3
St. Teresa of Lisieux

Lift up thine eyes unto the hills


Lift up thine eyes un - to the hills, And see o'er Car-mel's dis-tant
height, A new, a brilliant star which thrills Our souls with its ce-lestial
light! 'Mid all the stars which crown our Queen, Or lil - ies of her heav'n-ly
bow'r,— No star, no bloom have fair-er been Than Je - sus' humble "Little Flow'r!"

1. Lift up thine eyes unto the hills,
And see o'er Carmel's distant height,
A new, a brilliant star which thrills
Our souls with its celestial light.
'Mid all the stars which crown our Queen,
Or lilies of her heav'nly bow'r,
No star, no bloom have fairer been
Than Jesus' humble "Little Flow'r."

2. Hers was no life to gain renown,
Or move the world her praise to sing:
She won no martyr's ruby crown,
No message bore to Pope or King:
Then why the bright unearthly glow,
Which crowns that brow so sweet and mild?
It mirrors forth for us below
Christ's words:— "Be as a little child."

3. Hidden by Carmel's cloister-wall,
But e'en more "hid with Christ in God,"
Love's victim, who, in giving all,
Her "Little Way" unswerving trod.
No earthly cloud e'er came between
Teresa and her only Love,
While all unnoticed and unseen
She lived as Angels live above.

4. And still her prayers make sick men whole,
To anguished minds bring peace and rest,
More wondrous still, those healed in soul
By thousands rise and call her blest.
Teresa of the Child Divine,
Styled "Saint" by Holy Church's power,
The sacred aureole is thine,—
But still, thou'rt Jesus' "Little Flow'r."

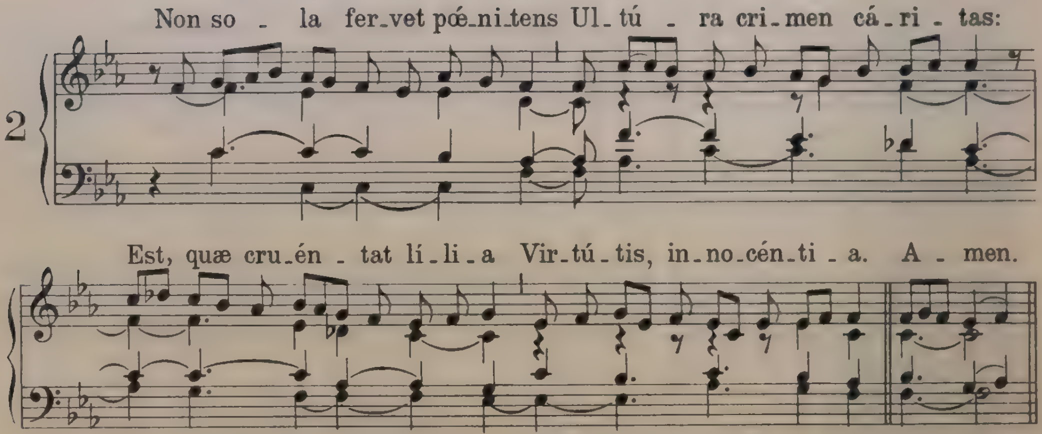
(A Carmelite nun)

(Editor)

262

Oct. 4
St. Francis of Assisi

Non sola fervet pœnitens


2
Non so - la fer-vet pœ́-ni-tens Ul-tú - ra cri-men cá-ri - tas:
Est, quæ cru-én - tat lí-li-a Vir-tú-tis, in-no-cén-ti - a. A - men.

1. Non sola fervet pœ́nitens
Ultúra crimen cáritas:
Est, quæ cruéntat lília
Virtútis, innocéntia.

2. Franciscus, ut vestígiis
Christi docéntis hǽreat,
Intaminátum víndice
Corpus dolóre sáuciat.

3. Per saxa dumis óbsita
Densásque nudus per nives
Sese volútans vúlnerat,
Patíque discit fórtia.

4. Pulvínar ægris ártubus
Excísa rupes cómmodat,
Largísque mixta flétibus
Mensam parant jejúnia.

5. Suspénsus hæret hic tamen,
Dum cógitat mystéria,
Sacrísque se dignum negans,
Absístit aræ límine.

6. Nec, qui nitóre vírginem
Præíret undam, júdicat
Purum satis: nam púrior
Ut sit sacérdos, prǽdicat.

7. Da, summa nobis Trínitas,
Divína puris méntibus,
Tibíque sancta júgiter
Sanctis litáre córdibus.
Amen.

(*Franciscan Office*
Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook)

1. It is not contrite love alone
That holds for sin the avenging scourge,
But lilies' sheen of innocence
Alike to penitence doth urge.

2. Saint Francis, that he may the more
In Christ, His Master's footsteps tread,
With penance sharp and discipline
His guiltless blood doth seek to shed.

3. Where snow lies thick upon the rocks
Amid the thickets growing there,
He rolls himself, and wounds his flesh,
Thus learning greater pains to bear.

4. A cavity in live rock cut
Affords his weary limbs a rest;
While fasts prepare his daily meal,
With tears his food is always blest.

5. In contemplation rapt on high
On mysteries deep he often gazed,
Yet deemed himself unfit to be
Unto the sacred priesthood raised.

6. Now were a man more pure, thought he,
Than even purest, glistening wave,
Yet purer still the priest should be-
This was the answer Francis gave.

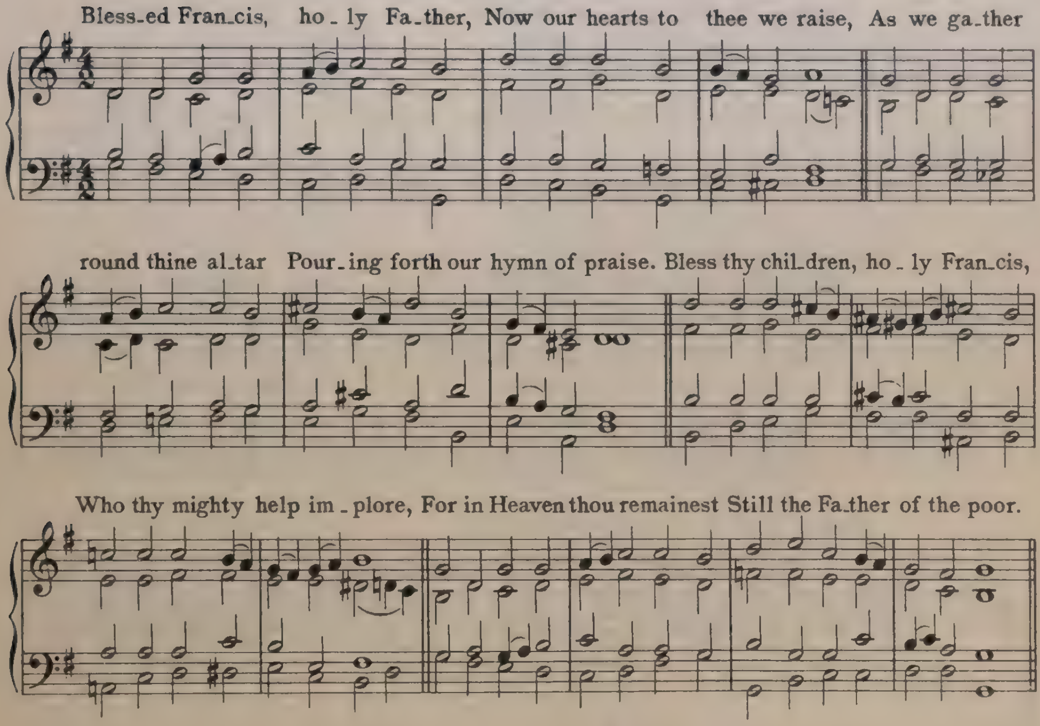
7. Grant, O Thou Blessed Trinity,
That we Thy Mysteries' holy rite
May offer, clean in mind and heart,
And be e'er pleasing in Thy sight.
Amen.

(Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.)

263

Oct. 4
St. Francis of Assisi

Blessed Francis, Holy Father


Bless-ed Fran-cis, ho - ly Fa-ther, Now our hearts to thee we raise, As we ga-ther
round thine al-tar Pour-ing forth our hymn of praise. Bless thy chil-dren, ho - ly Fran-cis,
Who thy mighty help im - plore, For in Heaven thou remainest Still the Fa-ther of the poor.

1. Blessed Francis, holy Father,
Now our hearts to thee we raise,
As we gather round thine altar
Pouring forth our hymn of praise.
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
Who thy mighty help implore,
For in heaven thou remainest
Still the Father of the poor.

2. By thy love so deep and burning
For thy Saviour crucified;
By the tokens which He gave thee
On thy hands, and feet, and side:
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
With those wounded hands of thine,
From thy glorious throne in heaven,
Where resplendently they shine.

3. Humble follower of Jesus,
Likened to Him in thy birth,
From thy tender youth despising,
For His sake, the goods of earth.
Make us love the priceless virtue
By our hidden God esteemed;
Make it valued, holy Francis,
By the souls of the redeemed.

4. In thine own belov'd Assisi
Thou didst stir men's hearts to love,
Teaching them that holy penance
Was the road to heaven above.
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
Who thy mighty help implore,
For in Heaven thou remainest
Still the father of the poor.

5. Teach us also, dear Saint Francis,
How to mourn for every sin;
May we walk in thy dear footsteps
Till the crown of life we win.
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
With those wounded hands of thine,
From thy glorious throne in Heaven,
Where resplendently they shine.

(Fr. Martin O. S. F. C.)

(Fr. Leo O. S. F. C. Mus. B.)

264

Oct. 6
St. Bruno

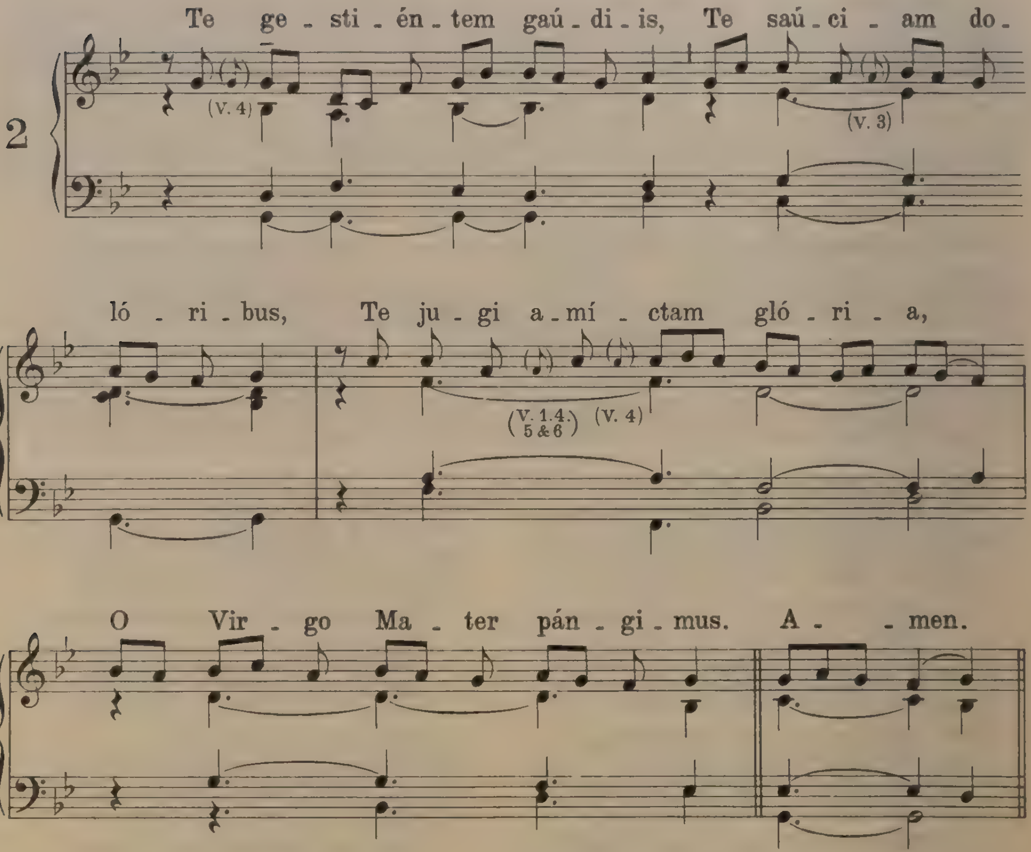
Iste Confessor

See "Common of Saints" No. 305

265

Oct. 7
The Holy Rosary

Te gestientem gaudiis


2
Te ge - sti - én - tem gaú - di - is, Te saú - ci - am do - ló - ri - bus, Te ju - gi a - mí - ctam gló - ri - a, O Vir - go Ma - ter pán - gi - mus. A - men.
(V. 4)
(V. 3)
(V. 1.4. 5 & 6)
(V. 4)

1. Te gestiéntem gaúdiis,
Te saúciam dolóribus,
Te jugi amíctam glória,
O Virgo Mater pángimus.

1. Exulting with exceeding joy,
Or pierced with sorrow's wound,
O Virgin Mother, thee we sing,
In glory clothed around.

2. Ave, redúndans gáudio
Dum cóncipis, dum vísitas,
Et edis, offers, ínvenis,
Mater beáta, Fílium.

2. Conception, Visitation, Birth,
The offering of thy Child,
The Finding-these thy joys we hail,
O Virgin Mother mild.

3. Ave, dolens, et íntimo In corde agónem, vérbera, Spinas, crucémque Fílii Perpéssa, princeps mártyrum.	*3. Hail in thy share of agony-* *Stripes, thorny crown, yea most* *When 'neath the Cross thou dauntless stood,* *O Queen of martyrs' host.*
4. Ave, in triúmphis Fílii, In ígnibus Paráclyti, In regni honóre et lúmine, Regína fulgens glória.	*4. Then in the triumph of thy Son,* *The fire of Paraclete,* *O Queen, refulgent in His light,* *We hail thy crown complete.*
5. Veníte gentes, cárpite Ex his rosas mystériis, Et pulchri amóris ínclytæ Matri córonas néctite.	*5. O come, ye nations, gather here* *These mystic roses fair,* *And weave a garland for the Queen* *Of love beyond compare.*
6. Jesu, tibi sit glória, Qui natus es de Vírgine, Cum Patre et almo Spíritu In sempitérna sæcula. Amen.	*6. O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,* *All glory be to Thee,* *With Father and with Paraclete,* *Through all eternity.* *Amen.*

(Augustine Ricchini
Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook)

Oct. 10
St. Francis Borgia

266

Iste Confessor

See "Common of Saints" No. 305

Oct. 13
St. Edward
King and Confessor

267

Iste Confessor

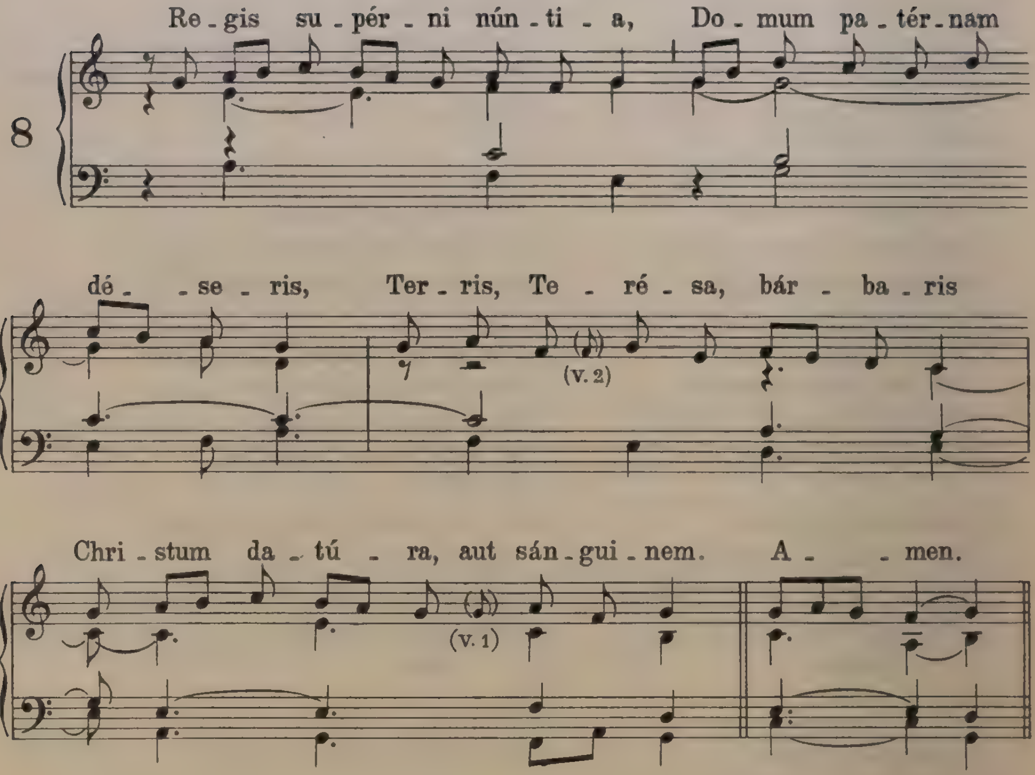
See "Common of Saints" No. 305

268

Oct. 15
St. Teresa

Regis superni nuntia

8


Re-gis su-pér-ni nún-ti-a, Do-mum pa-tér-nam dé-se-ris, Ter-ris, Te-ré-sa, bár-ba-ris Chri-stum da-tú-ra, aut sán-gui-nem. A-men.
(v. 2)
(v. 1)

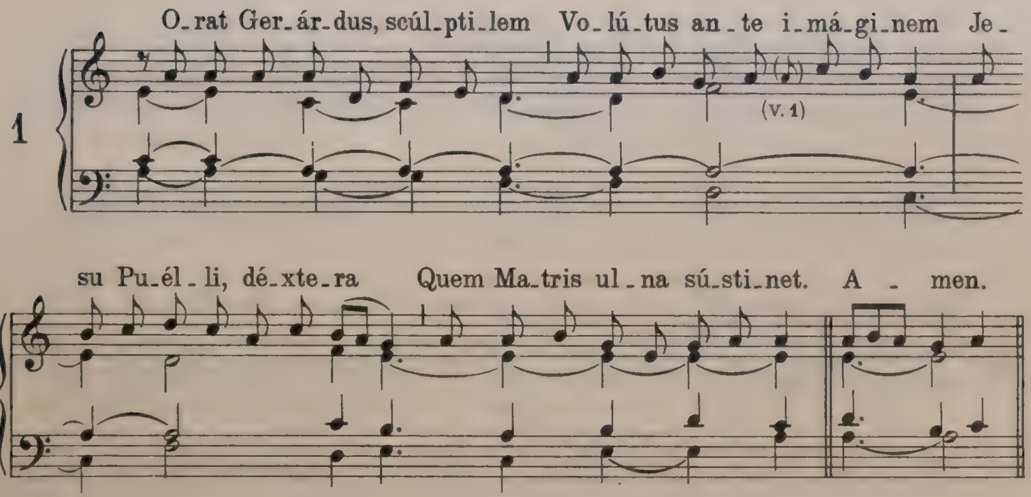
1. Regis supérni núntia, Domum patérnam déseris, Terris, Terésa, bárbaris Christum datúra, aut sánguinem.	*1. Dear herald of our King, thou didst* *Thy home in childhood leave,* *Intending to barbaric lands* *Christ or thy blood to give.*
2. Sed te manet suávior Mors, pœna poscit dúlcior, Divíni amóris cúspide In vulnus icta cóncides.	*2. But thee a sweeter death awaits;* *A nobler fate is thine;* *Pierced with a thousand heavenly darts,* *To die of love divine.*
3. O caritátis víctima, Tu corda nostra cóncrema, Tibíque gentes créditas Avérni ab igne líbera.	*3. Virgin of perfect charity,* *Our souls with love inspire,* *And save the nations of thy charge* *From everlasting fire.*
4. Sit laus Patri cum Fílio, Et Spíritu Paráclito, Tibíque, sancta Trínitas, Nunc, et per omne sæculum. Amen.	*4. Praise to the Father, with the Son,* *And Holy Spirit, be;* *Praise to the blessed Three in One,* *Through all eternity.* *Amen.*

(*Pope Urban VIII* † 1644
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

269

Oct. 16
St. Gerard Majella

Orat Gerardus, sculptilem


1
O_rat Ger_ár_dus, scúl_pti_lem Vo_lú_tus an_te i_má_gi_nem Je_
(V. 1)
su Pu_él_li, dé_xte_ra Quem Ma_tris ul_na sú_sti_net. A_men.

1. Orat Gerárdus, scúlptilem
Volútus ante imáginem
Jesu Puélli, déxtera
Quem Matris ulna sústinet.

2. Sexénnis orat, lítteras
Non doctus ullas, Spíritu
Sed plenus almo, símplices
Qui sponte mentes érudit.

3. Supplex quid innocéntia
Non ímpetrat? Jam bráchia
Matérna Jesus déserens,
Comes Gerárdo júngitur.

4. Et qui sinébat párvulos
Ad se veníre, párvulum
Lætus Gerárdum súscipit,
Jussum redíre sæpius.

5. Quem pane donat cándido,
Donec, minístris Angelis,
Cælestióre pábulo
Sui beábit Córporis.

6. Deo Patri sit glória
Ejúsque soli Fílio,
Cum Spíritu Paráclito
Nunc et per omne sæculum.
Amen.

1. St. Gerard to the Church oft strayed
And near a statue often prayed,
For, on the arm of Mary fair,
The Baby Jesus nestled there.

2. But six years old he was, and small,
Of learning had he none at all;
But full he was of God's own lore;
To simple souls He gives a store.

3. His prayer so pure, so innocent
No limit knows. O thing undreamt!
Sweet Jesus leaves His Mother's hands
And on the ground with Gerard stands.

4. The Friend of little ones on earth,
St. Gerard now with holy mirth
He welcomes with a glad embrace,
And tells him to return apace.

5. A gift He gives, a loaf of bread,
Until such time as he be fed
By Angels' hands with heavenly meal,
When Christ's own Flesh his joy shall seal.

6. All glory to the Father be,
The same, His only Son, to Thee,
And Holy Ghost; the One in Three
Be glorified eternally.
Amen.

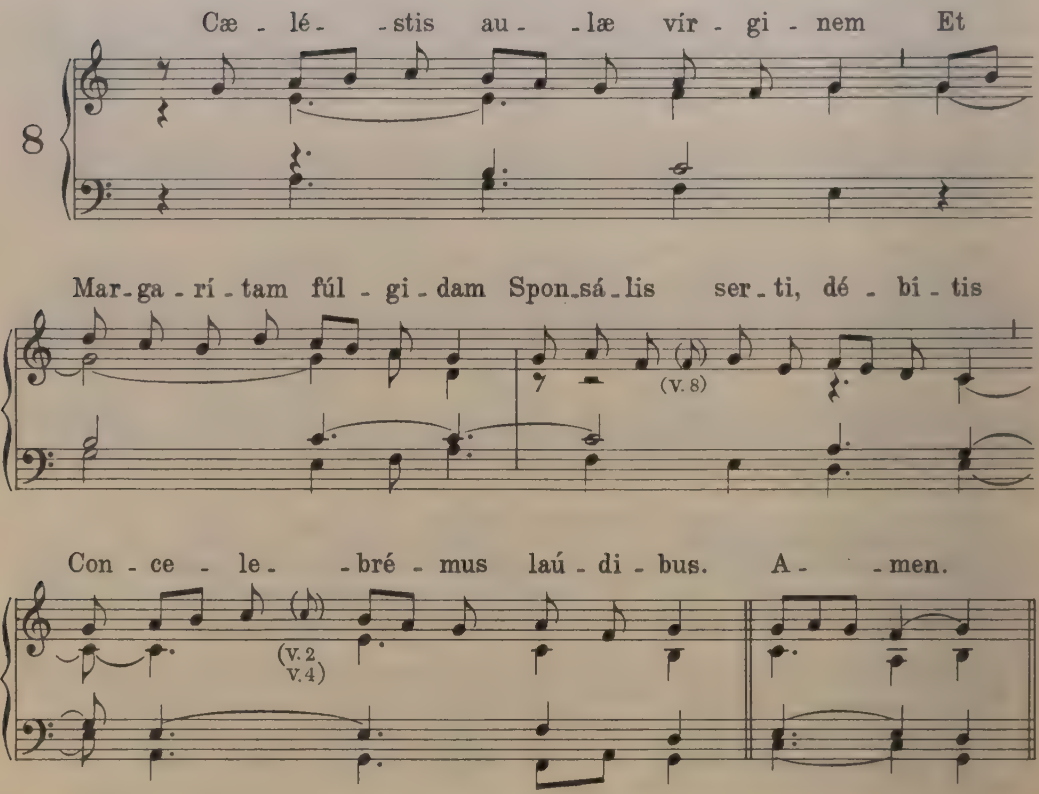
(Redemptorist Office
Tr. S. N. D.)

(Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.)

October 17
St. Margaret Mary Alacoque

270

Cælestis aulæ virginem


8
Cæ - lé - stis au - læ vír - gi - nem Et
Mar - ga - rí - tam fúl - gi - dam Spon - sá - lis ser - ti, dé - bi - tis
(V. 8)
Con - ce - le - bré - mus laú - di - bus. A - men.
(V. 2 V. 4)

1. Cæléstis aulæ vírginem
Et Margarítam fúlgidam
Sponsális serti, débitis
Concelebrémus laúdibus.

2. Fugáci spreto sæculo,
Ruptísque mundi láqueis,
Ad claustri pacem cónvolat,
Francísci attrácta spíritu.

3. O mira Sponsi cháritas
Amíce sponsæ cólloquens,
Flagrántis sui mýsticos,
Thesaúros Cordis áperit.

4. Procéde, Verbi núntia,
Gertrúdis hæres ínclytæ
Redémpto pande géneri
Divíni amóris múnera.

1. Come let us now our voices raise
St. Margaret Mary let us praise,
Of Heavenly court the virgin famed,
The spouse of Christ with love inflamed.

2. The world's allurements she disdained,
Nor earth's attachments one retained,
The peaceful cloister she then sought:
By Francis' spirit was she caught.

3. O wondrous love of Spouse Divine
Was ever love of friend like Thine?
As sign of love Thou didst impart
The mystic treasures of Thy Heart.

4. O Messenger of God's own Word,
By love of Christ, like Gertrude, stirred,
To ransomed souls the joys define,
Surpassing joys of love divine.

5. De throno tuæ glóriæ
Qua fulges inter cǽlites,
Exémplis atque précibus
Ad Jesum trahe péctora.

5. From height of heavenly home so bright
Where shinest thou midst endless light,
By precept draw us, and by prayer,
Draw us to Jesus, leave us there.

6. In Sacri Cordis vúlnere
Fac nos gustáre réquiem;
Fac mites nos et húmiles,
Et charitáte téneros.

6. Then from the Wound in that dear Heart
His humble meekness pray impart;
Therefrom we'll drink abiding peace,
And of His Love a great increase.

7. Fac Salvatóris fóntibus
Hauríre nos cum gáudio
Supérnas aquas vívidas,
Quæ Crucis reddant ávidos.

7. Lead us to Christ, the Fountain-Head,
Whence streams of grace to souls are led.
Let us those living waters drink
And from the proffered cross not shrink.

8. Fac zelus Christi stímulet
Fungéntes Christi múnere;
Fac Sponsi amore férveant
Devótæ Jesu vírgines.

8. Pray that the zeal the Saviour fired
May urge the labourers He has hired,
That virgins bound by sacred vows
May burn with love for Christ their Spouse.

9. Cor Dei, fornax grátiæ,
Languéntem mundum réfove,
Ut instauráta témpora
Affúlgeant Ecclésiæ.

9. O Heart of God, of grace the source,
Arrest the world's dread downward course;
With torch of love our faith relight,
That it may shine in all men's sight.

10. Amátor dulcis hóminum,
Per Margarítæ mérita,
Fidéles tuos récipe
In sempitérna gáudia.
Amen.

10. Sweet Lover of all souls redeemed,
Through love of Margaret, Saint esteemed,
Keep us e'er faithful to Thy grace,
And let us see Thee, face to face
Amen.

(Visitation Office Tr. S. N. D.)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

(Ind. 100 dierum
Joannes Beda, O. S. B.
Archiep:
Perusiae die 27 maii, 1920)

271

Oct: 18
St. Luke, Evangelist

Exsultet orbis gaudiis

See "Common of Saints" No. 298

272

Oct: 19
St. Peter of Alcantara

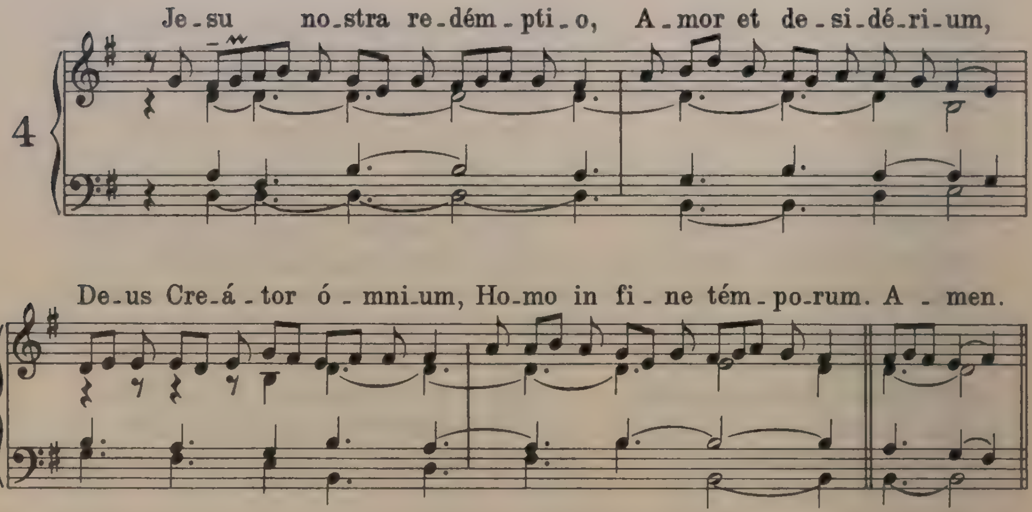
Iste Confessor

See "Common of Saints" No. 305

Oct. 23
Our most Holy Redeemer

273

Jesu nostra redemptio


Je-su no-stra re-dém-pti-o, A-mor et de-si-dé-ri-um,
4
De-us Cre-á-tor ó-mni-um, Ho-mo in fi-ne tém-po-rum. A-men.

1. Jesu nostra redémptio,
Amor et desidérium,
Deus Creátor ómnium,
Homo in fine témporum:

2. Quæ te vicit cleméntia,
Ut ferres nostra crímina,
Crudélem mortem pátiens,
Ut nos a morte tólleres?

3. Inférni claustra pénetrans,
Tuos captívos rédimens,
Victor triúmpho nóbili
Ad dextram Patris résidens:

4. Ipsa te cogat píetas
Ut mala nostra súperes
Parcéndo, et voti cómpotes
Nos tuo vultu sáties.

5. Tu esto nostrum gaúdium,
Qui es futúrus præmium:
Sit nostra in te glória.
Per cuncta semper sæcula.

6. Glória tibi Dómine,
Qui scandis supra sídera,
Cum Patre et Sancto Spíritu,
In sempitérna sæcula.
Amen.

(From "The Inner Court")

1. Jesu, Redemption all Divine,
Whom here we love, for Whom we pine,
God, working out creation's plan,
And in the latter time made man;

2. What love of Thine was that which led
To take our woes upon Thy head,
And pangs and cruel death to bear
To ransom us from sin's despair?

3. To Thee hell's gate gave ready way,
Demanding there his captive prey:
And now in pomp and victor's pride,
Thou sittest at the Father's side.

4. Let very mercy force Thee still
To spare us, conquering all our ill,
And, granting that we ask, on high
With Thine own Face to satisfy.

5. Be Thou our joy and Thou our guard,
Who art to be our great reward:
Our glory and our boast in Thee
For ever and for ever be.

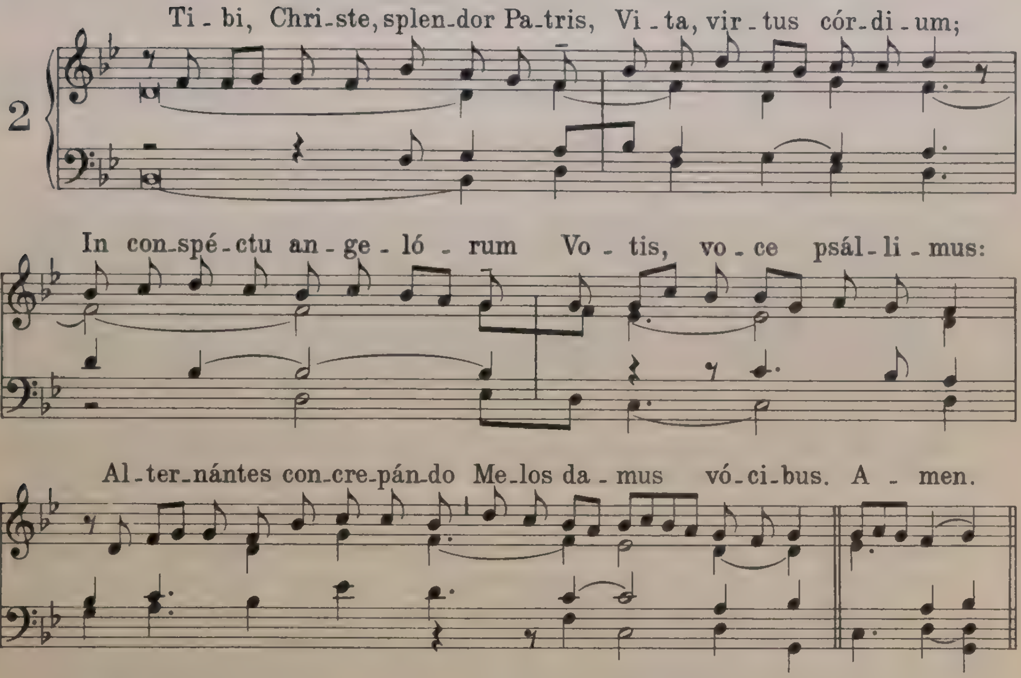
6. All glory, Lord, to Thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.
Amen.

(Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O.S.B.)

274

October 24
St. Raphael

Tibi Christe splendor Patris


2
Ti - bi, Chri - ste, splen - dor Pa - tris, Vi - ta, vir - tus cór - di - um;
In con - spé - ctu an - ge - ló - rum Vo - tis, vo - ce psál - li - mus:
Al - ter - nántes con - cre - pán - do Me - los da - mus vó - ci - bus. A - men.

1. Tibi, Christe, splendor Patris,
Vita, virtus córdium;
In conspéctu angelórum
Votis, voce psállimus:
Alternántes concrepándo
Melos damus vócibus.

2. Collaudámus, venerántes
Omnes cæli príncipes,
Sed præcípue fidélem
Médicum et cómitem
Raphaélem, in virtúte
Alligántem dæmonem.

3. Quo custóde procul pelle,
Rex Christe piíssime,
Omne nefas inimíci
Mundo corde͡ et córpore:
Paradíso redde tuo
Nos sola cleméntia.

4. Glóriam Patri melódis
Personémus vócibus:
Glóriam Christo canámus,
Glóriam Paráclito;
Qui trinus et unus Deus
Exstat ante sæcula.
Amen.

1. Jesu, brightness of the Father,
Life and strength of all who live,
In the presence of the Angels,
Glory to Thy Name we give:
And Thy wondrous praise rehearse,
Singing in alternate verse.

2. Hail, too, ye angelic powers,
Hail, ye thrones celestial,
Hail, Physician of salvation,
Guide of life, blest Raphael!
Who the foe of all mankind
Didst in links of iron bind.

3. O may Christ, by thy protection
Shelter us from harm this day;
Keep us pure in flesh and spirit,
Save us from the enemy;
And vouchsafe us, of His grace,
In His Paradise a place.

4. Glory to the Almighty Father,
Sing we now in anthems sweet,
Glory to the great Redeemer,
Glory to the Paraclete.
Three in One and One in Three,
Throughout all eternity.
Amen.

(Vesper Book)

275

Oct. 28
St. Simon and St. Jude

Exsultet orbis gaudiis

See "Common of Saints" No. 298

276

Oct. Last Sunday
The Kingship of Our Lord

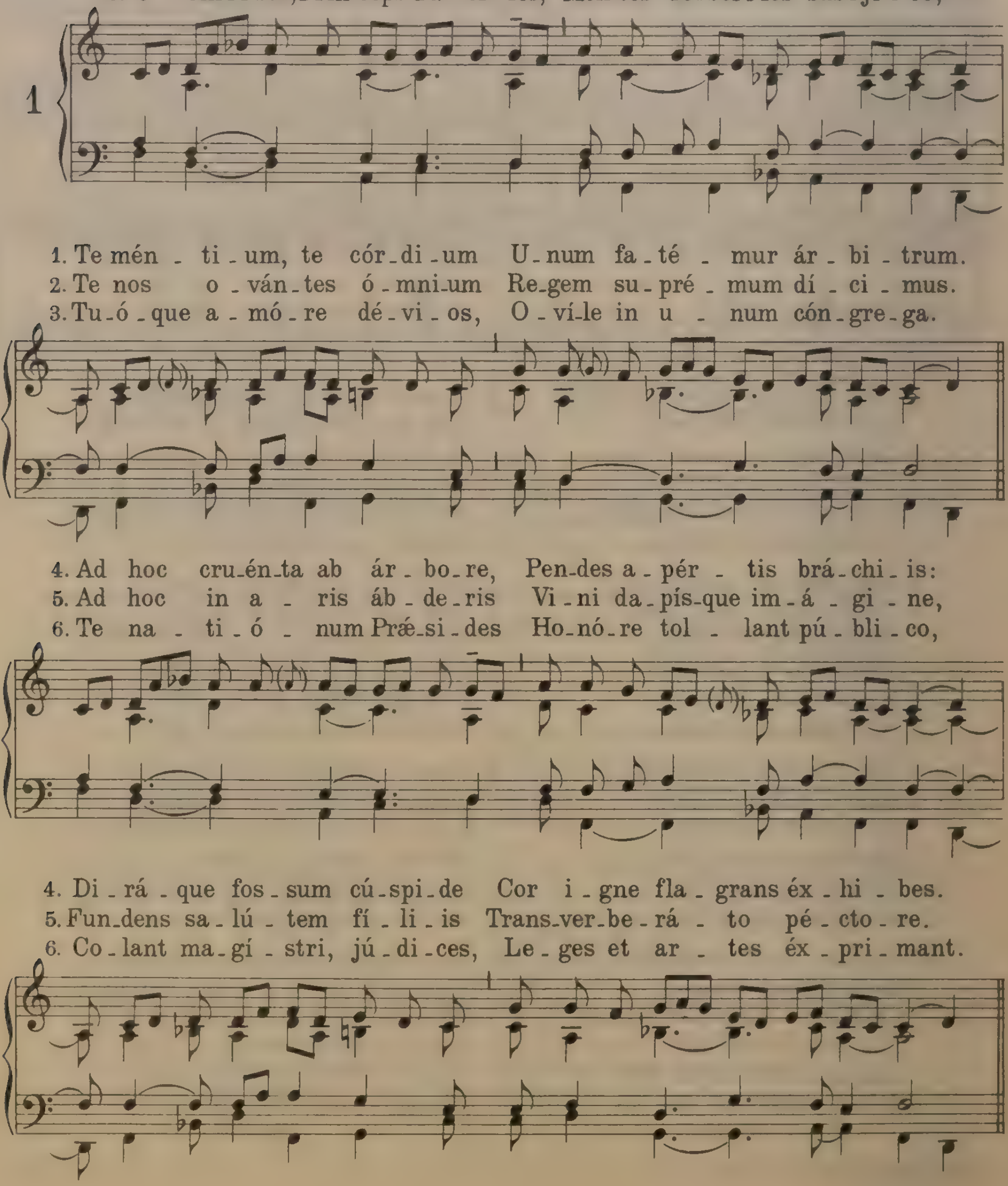
Te sæculorum Principem

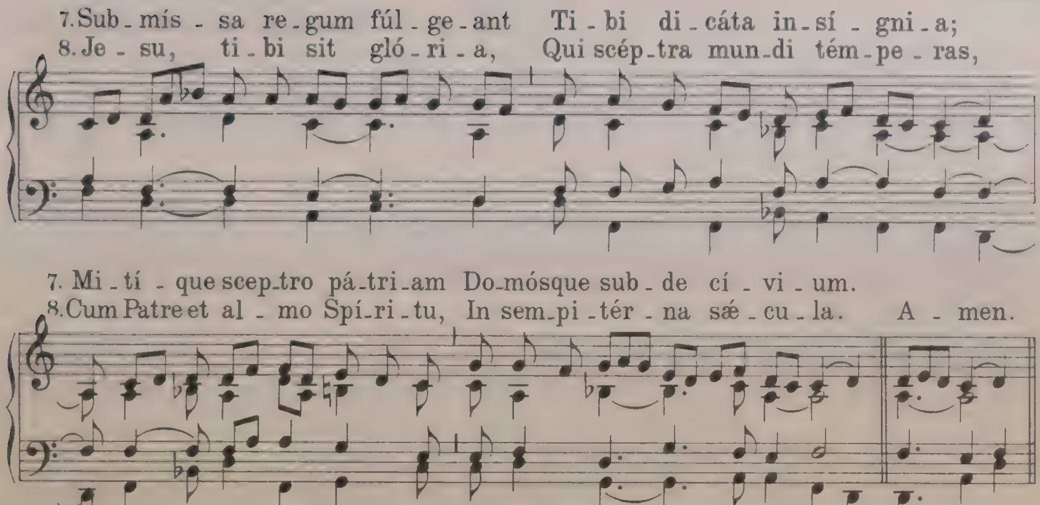
1. Te sæ - cu - ló - rum Prín - ci - pem, Te, Chri - ste, Re - gem Gén - ti - um,
2. Sce - lé - sta tur - ba clá - mi - tat: Re - gná - re Christum nó - lu - mus:
3. O Chri - ste, Prin - ceps Pá - ci - fer, Men - tes re - bél - les súb - ji - ce;

1. Te mén - ti - um, te cór - di - um U - num fa - té - mur ár - bi - trum.
2. Te nos o - ván - tes ó - mni - um Re - gem su - pré - mum dí - ci - mus.
3. Tu - ó - que a - mó - re dé - vi - os, O - ví - le in u - num cón - gre - ga.

4. Ad hoc cru - én - ta ab ár - bo - re, Pen - des a - pér - tis brá - chi - is:
5. Ad hoc in a - ris áb - de - ris Vi - ni da - pís - que im - á - gi - ne,
6. Te na - ti - ó - num Præ - si - des Ho - nó - re tol - lant pú - bli - co,

4. Di - rá - que fos - sum cú - spi - de Cor i - gne fla - grans éx - hi - bes.
5. Fun - dens sa - lú - tem fí - li - is Trans - ver - be - rá - to pé - cto - re.
6. Co - lant ma - gí - stri, jú - di - ces, Le - ges et ar - tes éx - pri - mant.




7. Sub - mís - sa re - gum fúl - ge - ant Ti - bi di - cáta in - sí - gni - a;
8. Je - su, ti - bi sit gló - ri - a, Qui scép - tra mun - di tém - pe - ras,
7. Mi - tí - que scep - tro pá - tri - am Do - mósque sub - de cí - vi - um.
8. Cum Patre et al - mo Spí - ri - tu, In sem - pi - tér - na sǽ - cu - la. A - men.

1. Te sæculórum Príncipem,
Te, Christe, Regem Géntium,
Te méntium, te córdium
Unum fatémur árbitrum.

2. Scelésta turba clámitat:
Regnáre Christum nólumus:
Te nos ovántes ómnium
Regem suprémum dícimus.

3. O Christe, Princeps Pácifer,
Mentes rebélles súbjice;
Tuóque amóre dévios,
Ovíle in unum cóngrega.

4. Ad hoc cruénta ab árbore
Pendes apértis bráchiis;
Diráque fossum cúspide
Cor igne flagrans éxhibes.

5. Ad hoc in aris ábderis
Vini dapísque imágine,
Fundens salútem fíliis
Transverberáto péctore.

6. Te natiónum Præsides
Honóre tollant público,
Colant magístri, júdices,
Leges et artes éxprimant.

7. Submíssa regum fúlgeant
Tibi dicáta insígnia;
Mitíque sceptro pátriam
Domósque subde cívium.

8. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui sceptra mundi témperas,
Cum Patre, et almo Spíritu,
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. Thee, Lord of every age, we sing;
Thee, Christ, we hail the nations' King;
Confess Thy right Thy realm to find
Within the hearts of all mankind.

2. The hate-swayed mob cries, pride-enticed,
They will not have Thy Kingdom, Christ;
But we exultant round Thy throne
Thy reign o'er all creation own.

3. O Christ, our Prince, that bringest peace,
Let every rebel thought surcease;
The lost for whom Thy love is fain
Bring back to Thy one fold again.

4. For this Thy Hands wide-stretched in plea
Hung bleeding on the atoning tree:
For this the spear's revealing dart
Laid bare Thy love-inflamèd Heart.

5. For this Thou dost Thy glory hide,
Outpouring from Thy piercèd Side
The riches of Thy Love Divine
Beneath the veils of bread and wine.

6. May realms and they that rule them vie
With solemn rite to raise Thee high;
May laws and arts Thy servants be,
All life be sanctified in Thee.

7. Their kingly gear and royal state
Kings to their King shall consecrate;
Subjects their all before Thee lay
In service of Thy gentle sway.

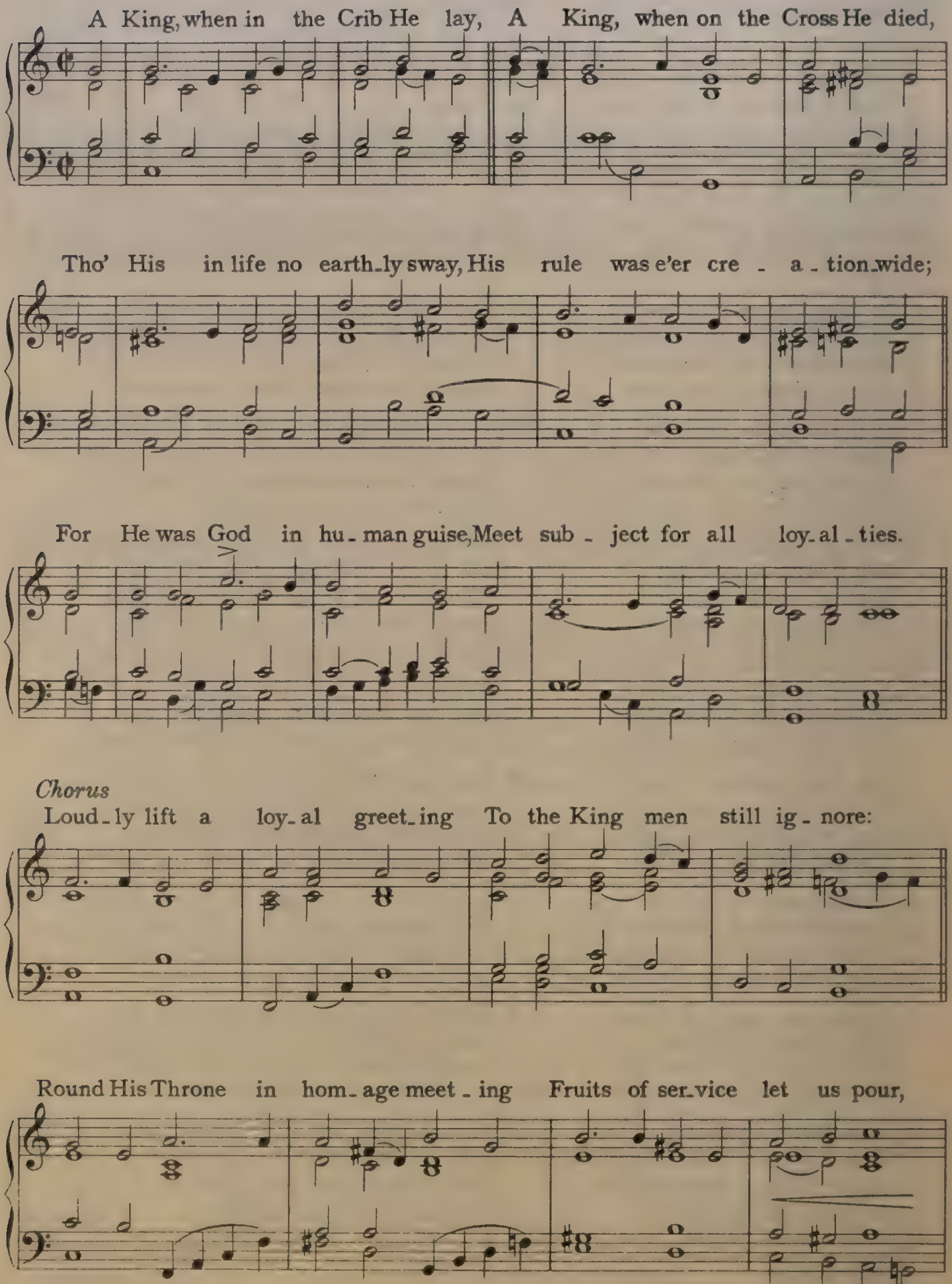
8. Jesu, to Thee beneath Whose sway
All earth shall bow, all praise we pay;
With Father and with Spirit be
All glory Thine eternally.
Amen.

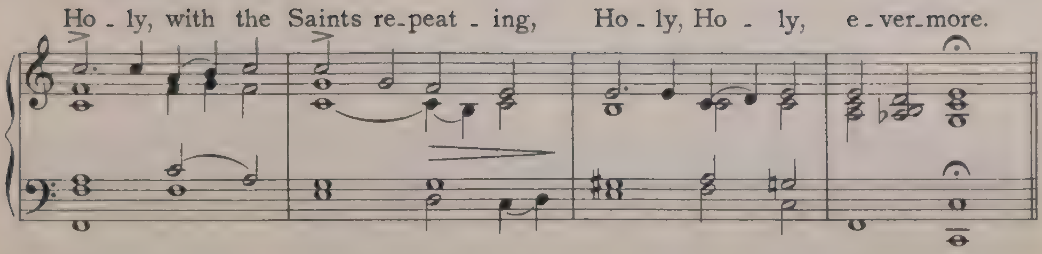
Divine Office
(Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook)

277

Oct. Last Sunday
The Kingship of Our Lord

A King when in the Crib He lay


A King, when in the Crib He lay, A King, when on the Cross He died,
Tho' His in life no earth_ly sway, His rule was e'er cre - a - tion_wide;
For He was God in hu - man guise, Meet sub - ject for all loy_al - ties.
Chorus
Loud_ly lift a loy_al greet_ing To the King men still ig - nore:
Round His Throne in hom_age meet - ing Fruits of ser_vice let us pour,


Ho - ly, with the Saints re-peat - ing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, e - ver-more.

1. A King when in the Crib He lay,
A King when on the Cross He died,
Though His in life no earthly sway,
His rule was e'er creation wide,
For He was God in human guise,
Meet subject for all loyalties.
Loudly lift a loyal greeting
To the King men still ignore:
Round His Throne in homage meeting
Fruits of service let us pour,
Holy, with the Saints repeating,
Holy, Holy, evermore.

2. Thou cam'st Thy Kingdom to regain
Thy Kingdom reft from Thee by sin,
Our nature Thou didst not disdain
If so our heart Thou mightest win;
Thy state to ours Thou didst debase,
By love to rule Thy wayward race.
Loudly lift *etc.*

3. O hidden Lord, withal so great
That Angels praise Thy royal might,
O King Who, dying desolate,
Heard Rome itself proclaim Thy right.
Have we alone, who love, forgot
Thy claims on those who love Thee not?
Loudly lift *etc.*

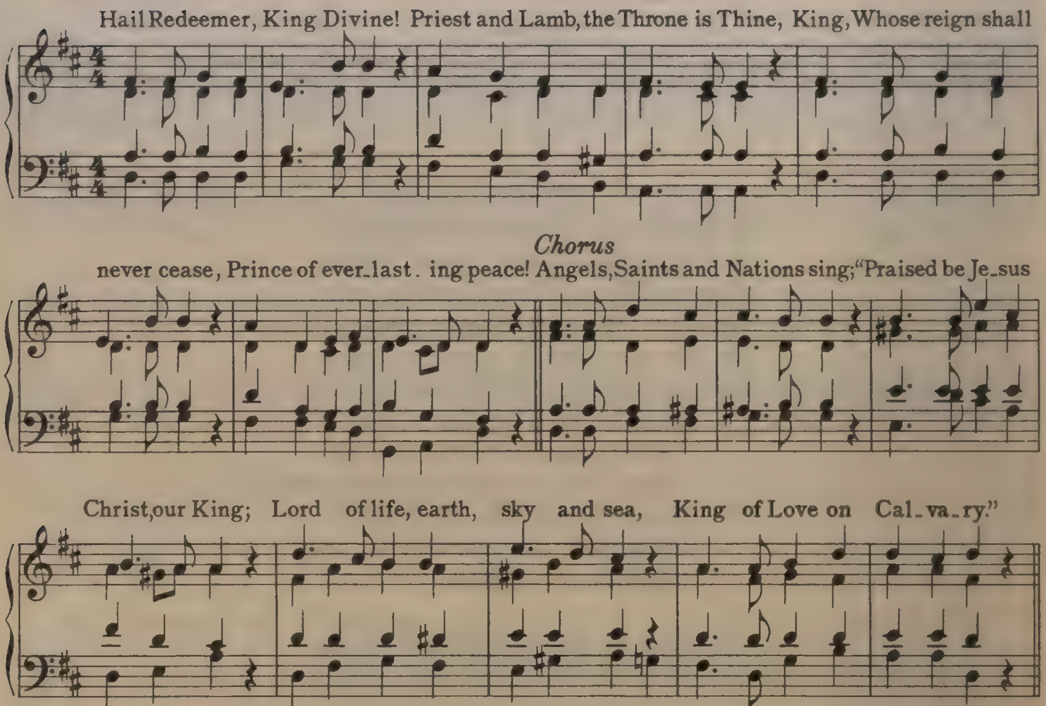
4. Set wide your gates, ye Kings of men,
And let the King of Glory in,
Keep aye His law before your ken,
To work His righteousness begin,
And ever at your council-boards,
Keep place for Him, the Lord of Lords.
Loudly lift *etc.*

(Fr. Keating S. J.) *(Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S. J.)*

278

Oct. Last Sunday
The Kingship of Our Lord

Praised be Jesus Christ our King


Hail Redeemer, King Divine! Priest and Lamb, the Throne is Thine, King, Whose reign shall never cease, Prince of ever-last- ing peace!
Chorus
Angels, Saints and Nations sing; "Praised be Je-sus Christ, our King; Lord of life, earth, sky and sea, King of Love on Cal-va-ry."

1. Hail Redeemer, King Divine!
Priest and Lamb, the Throne is Thine,
King, whose reign shall never cease,
Prince of everlasting peace!
Angels, Saints and Nations sing:
"Praised be Jesus Christ, our King;
Lord of life, earth, sky and sea,
King of Love on Calvary."

2. King, Whose Name Creation thrills,
Rule our minds, our hearts, our wills,
Till in peace each nation rings
With Thy praises, King of kings!
Angels, Saints and *etc.*

3. King most holy, King of Truth,
Guide the lowly, guide the youth;
Christ, Thou King of Glory bright,
Be to us Eternal Light.
Angels, Saints and Nations sing:
"Praised be Jesus Christ, our King;
Lord of life, earth, sky and sea,
King of Love on Calvary."

4. Shepherd-King, o'er mountains steep,
Homeward bring the wandering sheep;
Shelter in one Royal Fold
States and kingdoms, new and old.
Angels, Saints and *etc.*

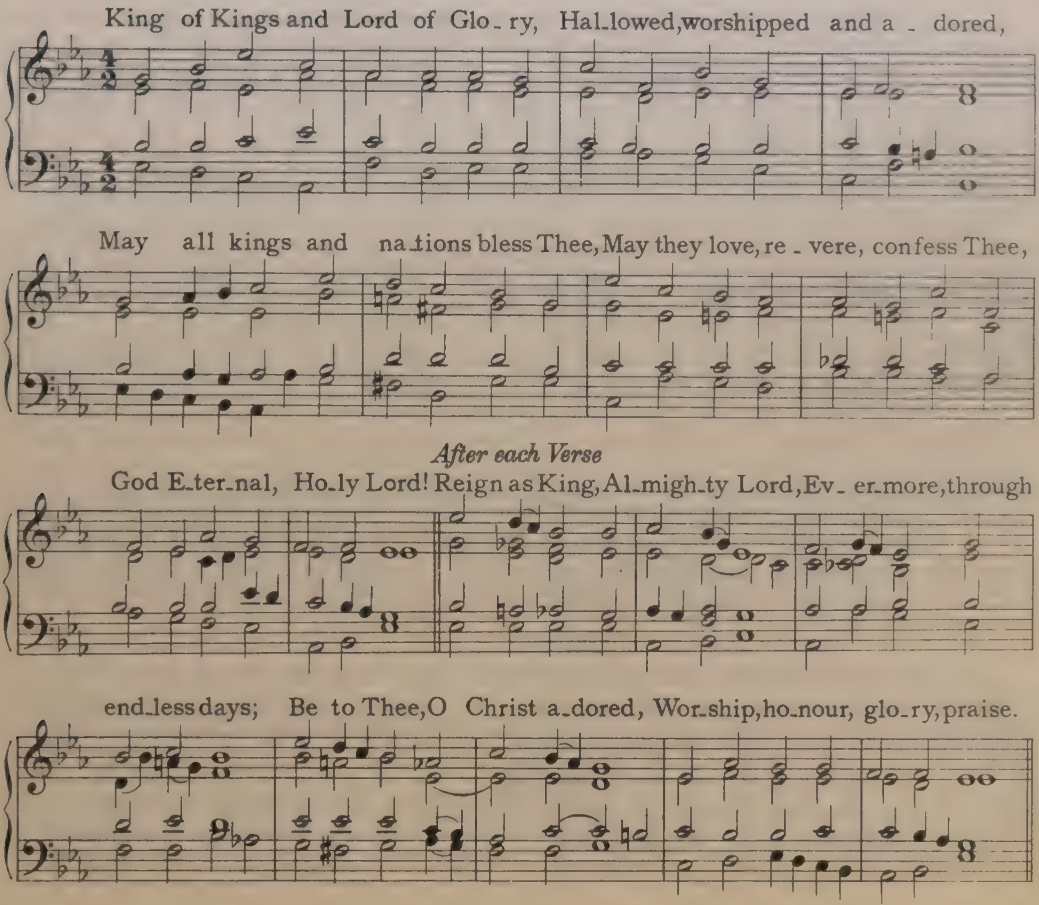
5. Crimson streams, O King of Grace,
Drenched Thy thorn-crowned Head and Face;
Floods of Love's redeeming tide
Tore Thy Hands, Thy Feet, Thy Side.
Sing all tongues, let none be dumb:
"Sacred Heart, Thy Kingdom come!"
To the King of Ages then,
Honour, glory, love! Amen.

(Fr. P. Brennan C. SS. R.) *(Grattan Flood)*

279

Oct. Last Sunday
The Kingship of Our Lord

King of Kings and Lord of Glory


King of Kings and Lord of Glo-ry, Hal-lowed, worshipped and a - dored,
May all kings and na-tions bless Thee, May they love, re - vere, confess Thee,
After each Verse
God E-ter-nal, Ho-ly Lord! Reign as King, Al-migh-ty Lord, Ev- er-more, through
end-less days; Be to Thee, O Christ a-dored, Wor-ship, ho-nour, glo-ry, praise.

1. King of Kings and Lord of Glory,
Hallowed, worshipped, and adored;
May all kings and nations bless Thee,
May they love, revere, confess Thee,
God Eternal, Holy Lord!
Reign as King, Almighty Lord,
Evermore, through endless days;
Be to Thee, O Christ adored,
Worship, honour, glory, praise.

2. Jesus, First-born of creation,
Thou shalt rule from sea to sea;
Light of God, shine on our darkness,
Love of Christ, give us Thy sweetness,
Food of Immortality.
Reign as King, *etc.*

3. Kind Redeemer, in the Kingdom
Of Thy Heart we long to rest;
Thou hast rescued us from darkness,
Hast had pity on our weakness,
Live in us, O Jesus blest.
Reign as King, Almighty Lord,
Evermore, through endless days;
Be to Thee, O Christ adored,
Worship, honour, glory, praise.

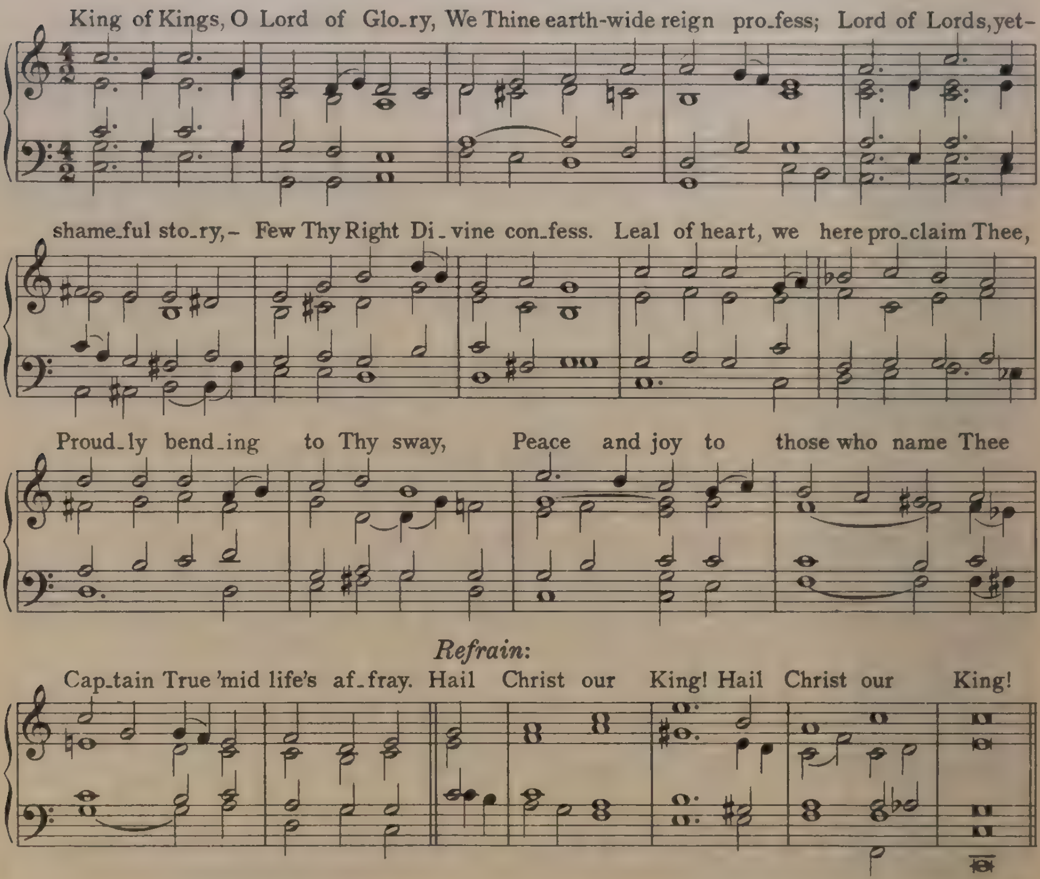
4. One day we shall see Thee reigning,
Thee, our King, in Heaven enthroned,
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Every heart Thy mercy blessing,
Jesus loved, adored and owned.
Reign as King, *etc.*

(S. N. D.) *(S. N. D.)*

280

Oct. Last Sunday
The Kingship of Our Lord

King of Kings, O Lord of Glory


King of Kings, O Lord of Glo_ry, We Thine earth-wide reign pro_fess; Lord of Lords, yet-
shame_ful sto_ry, - Few Thy Right Di_vine con_fess. Leal of heart, we here pro_claim Thee,
Proud_ly bend_ing to Thy sway, Peace and joy to those who name Thee
Refrain:
Cap_tain True 'mid life's af_fray. Hail Christ our King! Hail Christ our King!

1. King of Kings, O Lord of Glory,
We Thine earth-wide reign profess;
Lord of Lords, yet-shameful story,-
Few Thy Right Divine confess.
Leal of heart, we here proclaim Thee,
Proudly bending to Thy sway;
Peace and joy to those who name Thee
Captain True 'mid life's affray.
Hail, Christ our King! Hail, Christ our King!

2. Thee Thy Father's Love hath sent us
Clothed in taintless Virgin's flesh
Else the deadly foe had rent us-
Sin-sick manhood to refresh.
Rulers blind reject Thy healing,
Spurn Thy Vicar's words for cure,
Deaf to truths of Thy revealing,
Only pledge of safety sure.
Hail, Christ *etc.*

3. Faithful, then, at Peter's calling,
Haste we to the Throne of Grace,
Heart of Christ the King,- and falling,
Vow to Him our troubled race.
In Thy Kingly Heart, so slighted,
Grant, O King, a rest secure,
Till our Heavenly Prize be sighted,
Christ, Our King, Who will endure.
Hail, Christ *etc.*

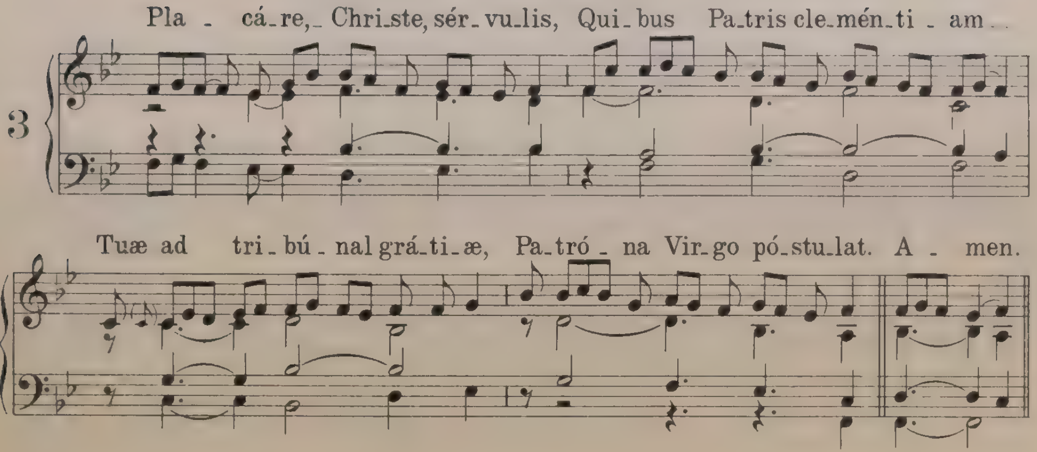
(Fr Keating S. J.)

(Fr F. M. de Zulueta S. J.)

281

Nov. 1
All Saints

Placare Christe servulis


3
Pla - cá-re,- Chri-ste, sér-vu-lis, Qui-bus Pa-tris cle-mén-ti - am -
Tuæ ad tri-bú-nal grá-ti-æ, Pa-tró - na Vir-go pó-stu-lat. A - men.

1. Placáre, Christe, sérvulis,
Quibus Patris cleméntiam
Tuæ ad tribúnal grátiæ
Patróna virgo póstulat.

2. Et vos, beáta per novem
Distíncta gyros ágmina:
Antíqua cum præséntibus,
Futúra damna péllite.

3. Apóstoli cum Vátibus,
Apud sevérum Júdicem
Veris reórum flétibus
Expóscite indulgéntiam.

4. Vos, purpuráti Mártyres,
Vos candidáti præmio
Confessiónis, éxsules
Vocáte nos in pátriam.

5. Choréa casta Vírginum,
Et quos erémus íncolas
Transmísit astris, Cǽlitum
Locáte nos in sédibus.

6. Auférte gentem pérfidam
Credéntium de fínibus;
Ut unus omnes únicum
Ovíle nos pastor regat.

7. Deo Patri sit glória,
Natóque Patris único,
Sancto simul Paráclito,
In sempitérna sǽcula. Amen.

1. O Christ, Thy guilty people spare!
So, bending at Thy gracious throne,
Thy Virgin Mother pours her prayer,
Imploring pardon for her own.

2. Ye Angels, happy evermore,
Who in your circles nine ascend,
As ye have guarded us before,
So still from harm our steps defend.

3. Ye Prophets and Apostles high,
Behold our penitential tears,
And plead for us when death is nigh
And our all-searching Judge appears.

4. Ye Martyrs all, a purple band,
And Confessors, a white-robed train;
Oh call us to our native land,
From this our exile back again.

5. And ye, O choirs of Virgins chaste,
Receive us to your seats on high;
And Hermits whom the desert waste
Sent up of old unto the sky.

6. Drive from the flock, O Spirits blest!
The false and faithless race away;
That all within one fold may rest,
Secure beneath one Shepherd's sway.

7. To God the Father glory be,
And to His sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run. Amen.

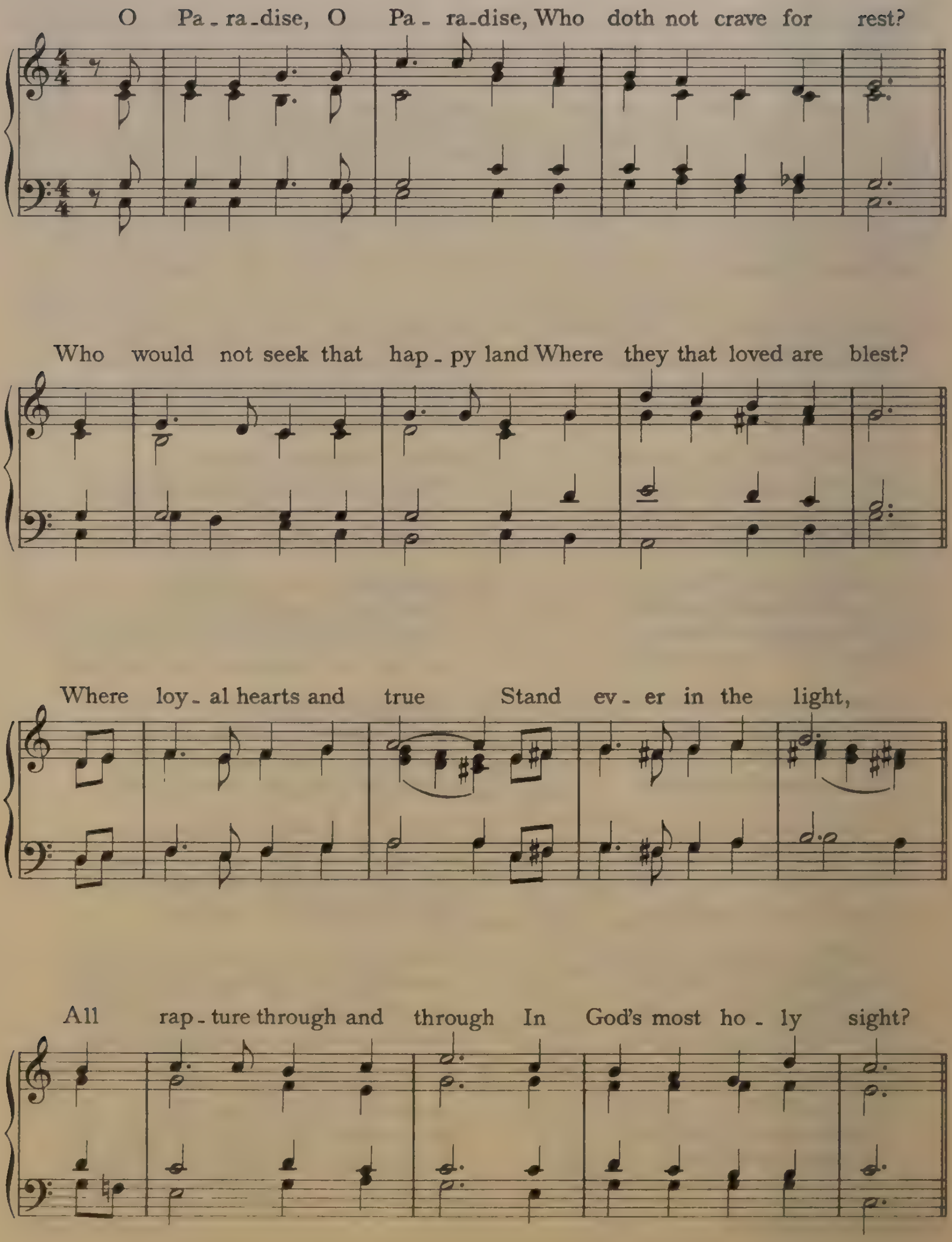
(Rhabanus Maurus O. S. B.
Archbp. of Mainz † 856)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

Nov. 1
All Saints

282

O Paradise, O Paradise


O Pa-ra-dise, O Pa-ra-dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek that hap-py land Where they that loved are blest?
Where loy-al hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light,
All rap-ture through and through In God's most ho-ly sight?

1. O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek that happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

2. O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, *etc.*

3. O Paradise, O Paradise,
Wherefore doth death delay,
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day?
Where loyal hearts, *etc.*

4. O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near,
Where loyal hearts, *etc.*

5. O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore,
Where loyal hearts, *etc.*

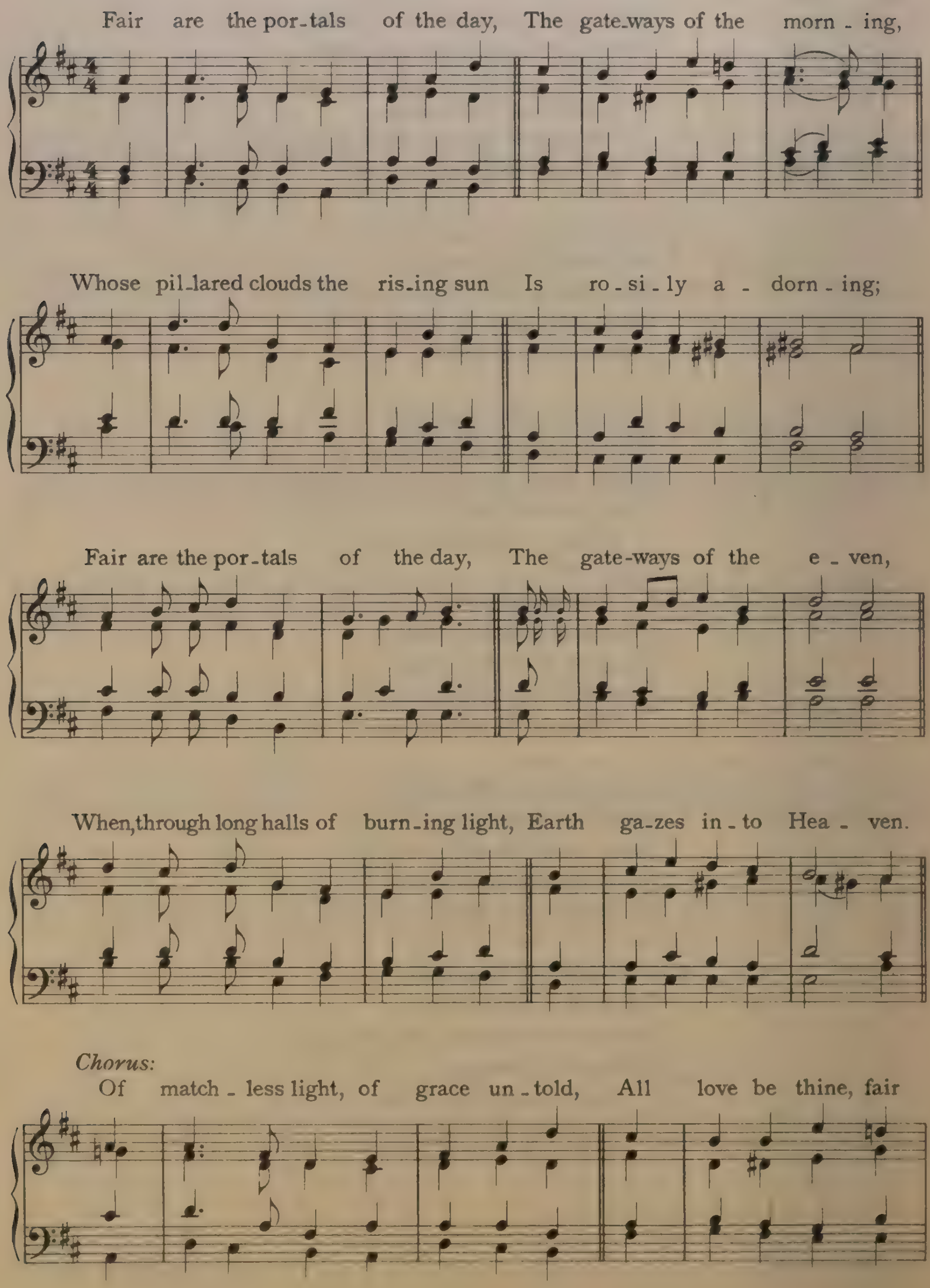
6. O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me,
Where loyal hearts, *etc.*

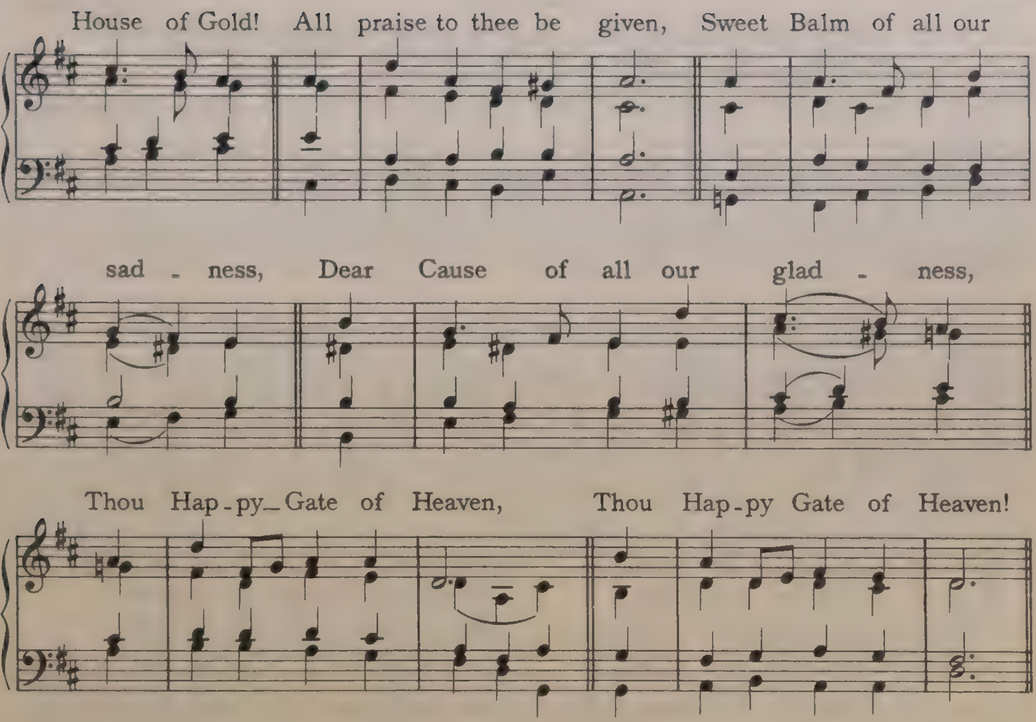
(*Fr Faber* † 1863) (*F. W. Helmsley*)

Nov. 1
All Saints

283

Fair are the portals of the day


Fair are the por-tals of the day, The gate-ways of the morn - ing,
Whose pil-lared clouds the ris-ing sun Is ro - si - ly a - dorn - ing;
Fair are the por-tals of the day, The gate-ways of the e - ven,
When, through long halls of burn-ing light, Earth ga-zes in - to Hea - ven.
Chorus:
Of match - less light, of grace un - told, All love be thine, fair


House of Gold! All praise to thee be given, Sweet Balm of all our
sad - ness, Dear Cause of all our glad - ness,
Thou Hap-py_Gate of Heaven, Thou Hap-py Gate of Heaven!

1. Fair are the portals of the day,
The gateways of the morning,
Whose pillared clouds the rising sun
Is rosily adorning;
Fair are the portals of the day,
The gateways of the even,
When through long halls of burning light
Earth gazes into Heaven.
Of matchless light, of grace untold,
All love be thine, fair House of Gold!
All praise to thee be given,
Sweet Balm of all our sadness,
Dear Cause of all our gladness,
Thou Happy Gate of Heaven,
Thou Happy Gate of Heaven!

2. But fairest of all gateways far,
Art thou, the sinless Mary,
The Gate that opens, yet secures
God's inmost sanctuary.
Gate of the one true Dawn art thou,
Gate of the one sweet Even,
Gate of the Angels into earth,
The Gate of souls to Heaven.
Of matchless light, *etc.*

3. Thou art the Gate God entered by
To visit His creation,
The mountains' pass where leap and flow
The wells of our salvation:
Thou art the Gate of azure sea,
With the light-house ever burning,
The exile's happy Landing-Place,
To his Father's House returning.
Of matchless light, *etc.*

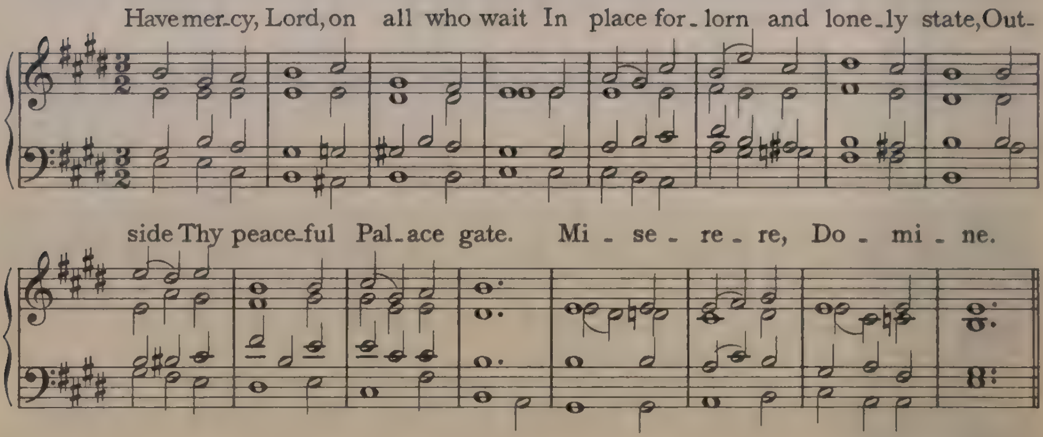
(*Fr Faber* † 1863)

(*Anon*)

284

Nov. 2
All Souls

Have mercy, Lord, on all who wait


Have mer-cy, Lord, on all who wait In place for-lorn and lone-ly state, Out-
side Thy peace-ful Pal-ace gate. Mi - se - re - re, Do - mi - ne.

1. Have mercy, Lord, on all who wait
In place forlorn and lonely state,
Outside Thy peaceful Palace gate.
Miserére, Dómine.

2. These were the work of Thine own Hands;
Thy promise sure for ever stands;
Release them, Lord, from sin and bands.
Miserére, Dómine.

3. By sweat of Blood and Crown of thorn,
By Cross to Calvary meekly borne,
Be Thou to them salvation's dawn.
Miserére, Dómine.

4. By Thy five Wounds and seven cries,
By piercèd Heart and closing Eyes,
By Thy dread awful Sacrifice,
Miserére, Dómine.

5. These souls forlorn, Redeemer blest,
Never denied Thee, but confest;
Grant them, at last, eternal rest.
Miserére, Dómine.

6. For these poor souls who cannot pray,
For gone is their probation day,
We plead Thy Cross, and humbly say:
Miserére, Dómine.

7. Remember all their sighs and tears,
One day with Thee a thousand years:
Give peace, O Lord, and calm their fears.
Miserére, Dómine.

8. As pants the hart for cooling spring,
As bird flies home with wearied wing,
Homeward they turn, Lord, homeward bring,
Miserére, Dómine.

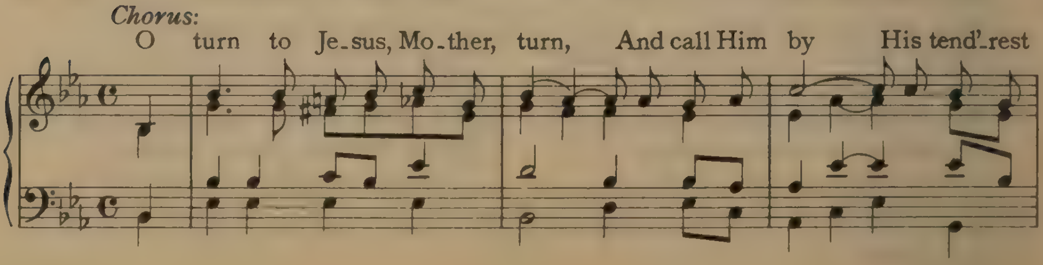
(*Rev. Dr Lee*)

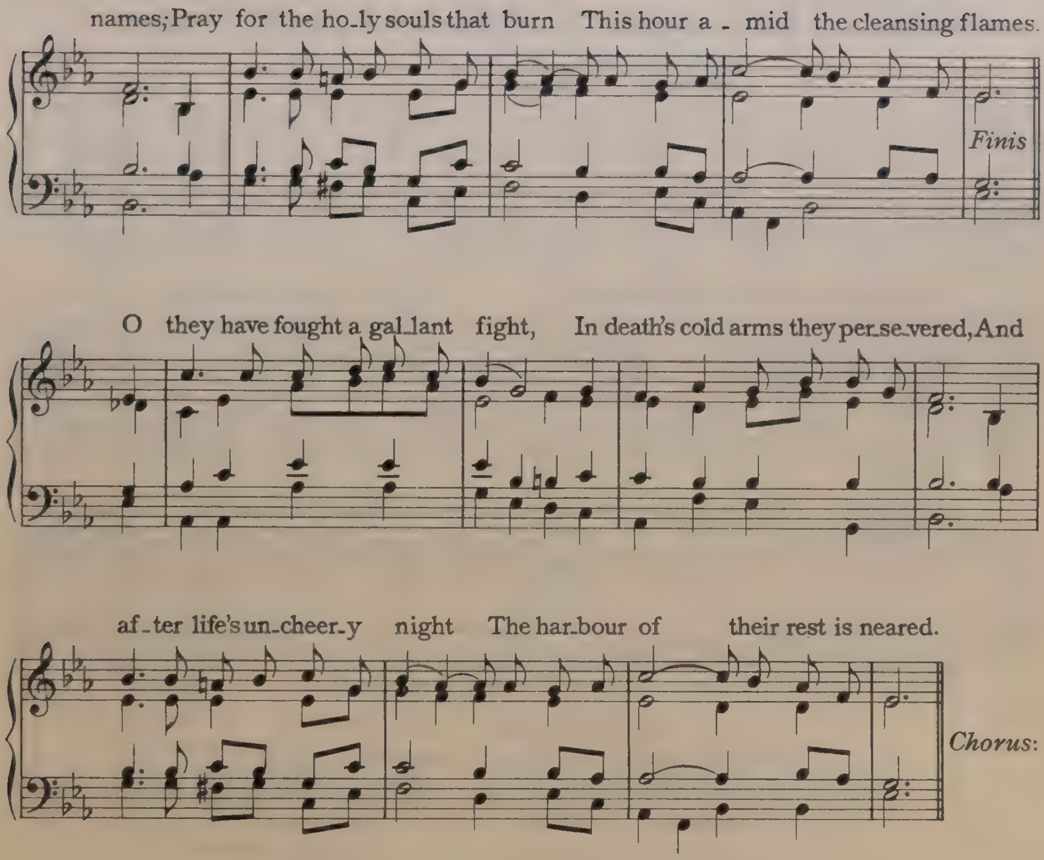
(*A. E. Tozer*)

285

Nov. 2
All Souls

O turn to Jesus, Mother turn


Chorus:
O turn to Je-sus, Mo-ther, turn, And call Him by His tend'-rest


names; Pray for the ho-ly souls that burn This hour a - mid the cleansing flames.
Finis
O they have fought a gal-lant fight, In death's cold arms they per-se-vered, And
af-ter life's un-cheer-y night The har-bour of their rest is neared.
Chorus:

O turn to Jesus, Mother, turn,
And call Him by His tend'rest names;
Pray for the holy souls that burn
This hour amid the cleansing flames.

1. O they have fought a gallant fight,
In death's cold arms they persevered,
And after life's uncheery night,
The harbour of their rest is neared.
O turn to Jesus, *etc.*

2. In pains beyond all earthly pains,
Beloved of Jesus, there they lie,
Letting the fire wear out their stains,
And worshipping God's purity.
O turn to Jesus, *etc.*

3. Spouses of Christ they are, for He
Was wedded to them by His Blood:
And Angels o'er their destiny
In wondering adoration brood.
O turn to Jesus, *etc.*

4. The love of Jesus ever yearns
O'er that abyss of sacred pain;
And as He looks His bosom burns
With Calvary's dear thirst again.
O turn to Jesus, *etc.*

5. O Mary, let thy Son no more
His lingering spouses thus expect:
God's children to their God restore,
And to His Spirit His elect.
O turn to Jesus, *etc.*

6. Pray, then, as thou hast ever prayed,
Angels and Saints all look to thee;
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made
Those Prayers His law of charity.
O turn to Jesus, *etc.*

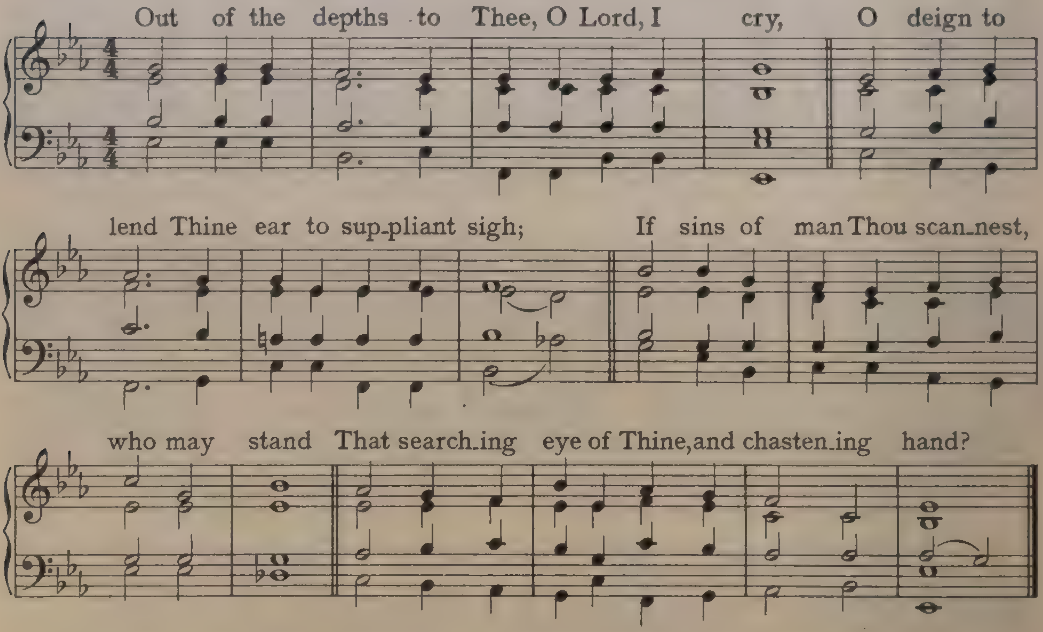
(*Fr. Faber* † 1863)

(*Old Melody harmonized by the Editor*)

286

Nov. 2
All Souls

Out of the depths to Thee, O Lord, I cry


Out of the depths to Thee, O Lord, I cry, O deign to
lend Thine ear to sup_pliant sigh; If sins of man Thou scan_nest,
who may stand That search_ing eye of Thine, and chasten_ing hand?

1. Out of the depths to Thee, O Lord, I cry,
O deign to lend Thine ear to suppliant sigh:
If sins of man Thou scannest, who may stand
That searching eye of Thine, and chastening hand?

2. To be appeased in wrath, dear Lord, is Thine:
Thou mercy with Thy justice canst combine;
Thy Blood our countless stains can wash away,
This is Thy law, our hope and steadfast stay.

3. There is no moment of the night or day,
When contrite sinner may not trustful say,
"There is forgiveness" so let Israel sing
An endless song of hope to Israel's King.

4. For mercy dwells enthroned with God on high,
And spurns not suppliant tear or humble cry;
So countless are the treasures of His store,
He can a thousand worlds redeem, and more.

5. O hear our prayers and sighs, Redeemer blest,
And grant Thy holy souls eternal rest,
And let perpetual light upon them shine;
For though not spotless, still these souls are Thine.

(?)

(F. W. Helmsley)

287

Nov. 3
St. Winifred

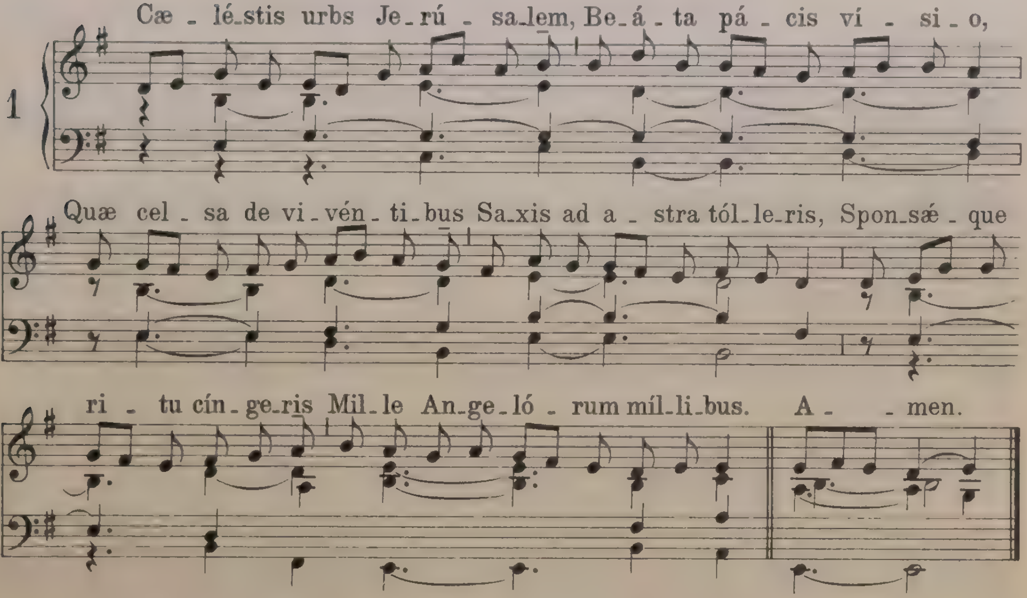
Jesu Corona virginum

See "Common of Saints" No. 306

Nov. 9
Dedication of the
Arch-Basilica of St. Saviour

288

Cælestis urbs Jerusalem


1
Cæ - lé-stis urbs Je-rú - sa-lem, Be-á - ta pá - cis ví - si - o,
Quæ cel - sa de vi-vén-ti-bus Sa-xis ad a - stra tól-le-ris, Spon-sæ - que
ri - tu cín-ge-ris Mil-le An-ge-ló - rum míl-li-bus. A - - men.

1. Cæléstis urbs Jerúsalem, Beáta pacis vísio, Quæ celsa de vivéntibus Saxis ad astra tólleris, Sponsǽque ritu cíngeris Mille angelórum míllibus.	*1. Jerusalem, thou city blest,* *Dear vision of celestial rest,* *Which, far above the starry sky,* *Piled up with living stones on high,* *Art, as a bride, encircled bright,* *With million angel forms of light.*
2. O sorte nupta próspera, Dotáta Patris glória, Respérsa Sponsi grátia, Regína formosíssima, Christo jugáta Príncipi, Cæli corúsca Cívitas.	*2. O wedded in a prosperous hour,* *The Father's glory was thy dower;* *The Spirit all His graces shed,* *Thou peerless queen, upon thy head,* *When Christ espoused thee for His bride,* *O city bright and glorified.*
3. Hic margarítis émicant, Paténtque cunctis óstia: Virtúte namque prævia Mortális illuc dúcitur, Amóre Christi pércitus Torménta quisquis sústinet.	*3. Thy gates a pearly lustre pour,* *Thy gates are open evermore;* *And thither evermore draw nigh* *All who for Christ have dared to die;* *Or, smit with love of their dear Lord,* *Have pains endured and joys abhorred.*
4. Scalpri salúbris íctibus, Et tunsióne plúrima, Fabri políta mălleo Hanc saxa molem cónstruunt, Aptísque juncta néxibus Locántur in fastígio.	*4. Type of the Church which here we see,* *O what a task hath builded thee!* *Long did the chisels ring around!* *Long did the mallets' blows rebound!* *Long worked the head, and toiled the hand,* *Ere stood thy stones as now they stand!*
5. Decus Parénti débitum Sit usquequáque Altíssimo, Natóque Patris único, Et ínclyto Paráclito, Cui laus, potéstas, glória Ætérna sit per sǽcula. Amen.	*5. To God the Father, glory due* *Be paid by all the heavenly host;* *And to His only Son most true;* *With Thee, O mighty Holy Ghost!* *To Whom praise, power and blessing be,* *Through th'ages of Eternity.* *Amen.*

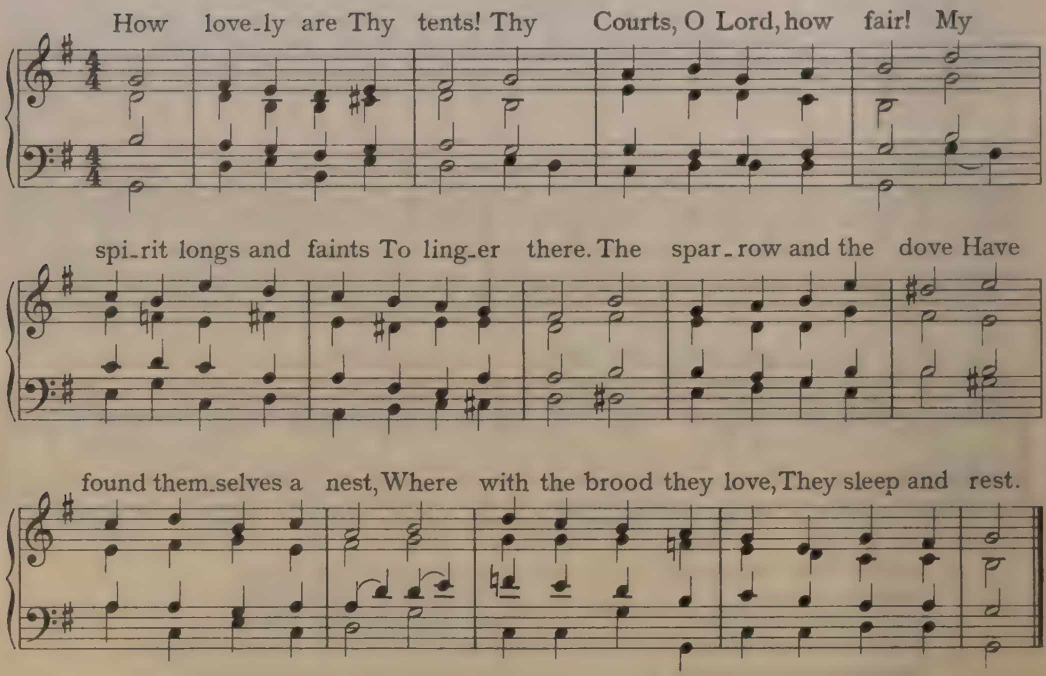
(*Divine Office*)
(*Tr. Fr. Caswall*)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

Nov. 9
Dedication of the
Arch-Basilica of St. Saviour

289

How lovely are Thy tents


How love-ly are Thy tents! Thy Courts, O Lord, how fair! My
spi-rit longs and faints To ling-er there. The spar-row and the dove Have
found them-selves a nest, Where with the brood they love, They sleep and rest.

1. How lovely are Thy tents!
Thy courts, O Lord, how fair!
My spirit longs and faints
To linger there.
The sparrow and the dove
Have found themselves a nest,
Where, with the brood they love,
They sleep and rest.

2. And I, like them, have made
My nest beneath Thy wing,
Thine altar's blissful shade,
My God and King.
O blest are they that dwell
Within Thy golden door:
Their lips Thy praise shall tell
For evermore.

3. He whom Thy counsel guides,
Who puts his trust in Thee,
Ascends by giant strides,
And blessed he!
God blesses him each hour
With virtuous strength to run,
And manifests His power
In such an one.

4. O Lord of hosts, do Thou
My prayer in mercy hear:
O God of Jakob, bow
To me Thine ear.
If Thou Thy saving grace
Wouldst on Thy servant shed,
Then look upon His Face
Who for me bled.

5. Better one day of bliss
Within Thy courts, O Lord,
Than all the happiness
Earth can afford.
And better 'neath thy wings
To be by all forgot,
Than dwell in homes of kings
Who know Thee not.

6. Compassion Thou dost love
And truth, O God most high:
Them wilt Thou crown above
And glorify.
On them will God bestow
The light which ne'er grows dim;
O blessed all below
Who trust in Him.

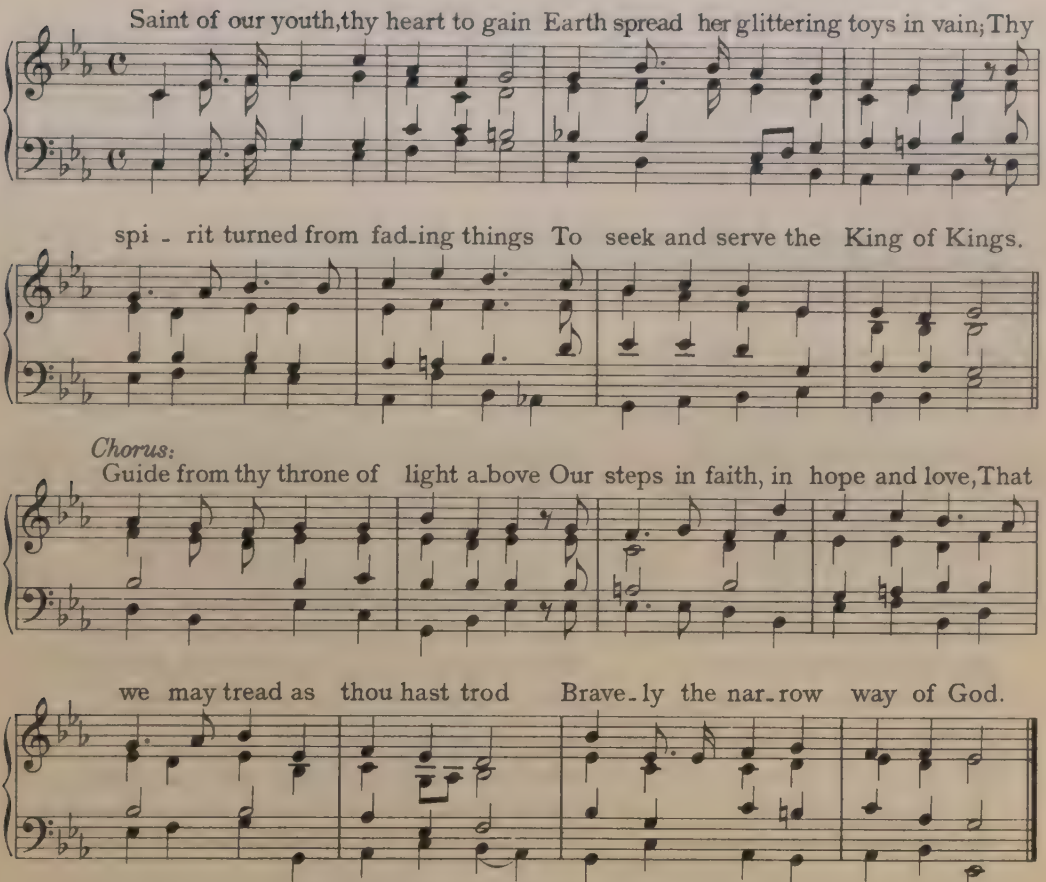
(P. Mc Gettigan)

(Dom Gregory Ould O.S.B.)

290

Saint of our youth

Nov. 13
St. Stanislaus Kostka


Saint of our youth, thy heart to gain Earth spread her glittering toys in vain; Thy
spi - rit turned from fad-ing things To seek and serve the King of Kings.
Chorus:
Guide from thy throne of light a-bove Our steps in faith, in hope and love, That
we may tread as thou hast trod Brave-ly the nar-row way of God.

1. Saint of our youth, thy heart to gain
Earth spread her glittering toys in vain,
Thy spirit turned from fading things
To seek and serve the King of Kings.
Guide from thy throne of light above
Our steps in faith, in hope and love,
That we may tread as thou hast trod
Bravely the narrow way of God.

2. No dull delays thy fervour knew,
Swiftly the busy moments flew,
And in thy dawn of life appears
The wisdom of declining years.
Guide from, etc.

3. Made perfect thus in little space,
God called thee to His long embrace,
Before the mists of earth could throw
A shadow on thy robe of snow.
Guide from, etc.

4. Teach us to find in faithful prayer,
Like thee, our only treasure there;
Where deeply hid from human eyes,
The Sacred Heart of Jesus lies.
Guide from, etc.

5. Teach us our passions to control,
In patience to possess our soul,
And when deluding phantoms rise,
Point us, sweet Saint, unto the skies.
Guide from, etc.

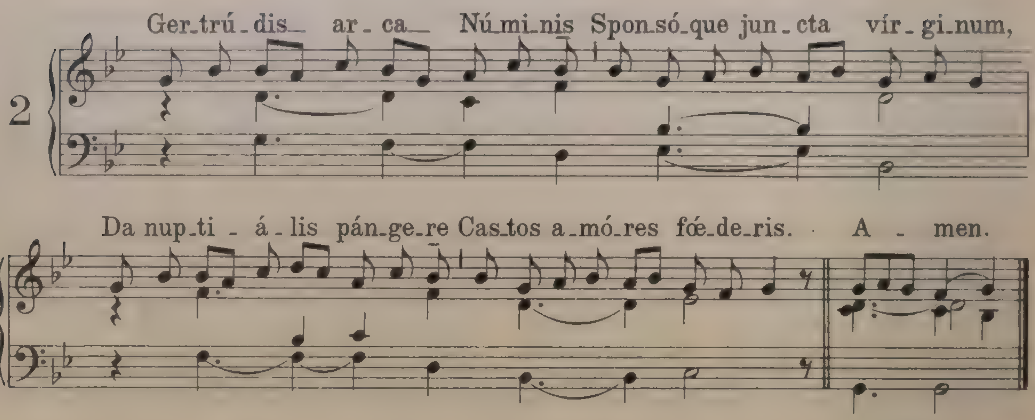
(Fr. Knight S. J.)

(Fr. Moore S. J.)

291

Nov. 15
St. Gertrude

Gertrudis arca Numinis


2
Ger-trú-dis ar-ca Nú-mi-nis Spon-só-que jun-cta vír-gi-num,
Da nup-ti-á-lis pán-ge-re Cas-tos a-mó-res fœ́-de-ris. A - men.

1. Gertrúdis arca Núminis
Sponsóque juncta vírginum,
Da nuptiális pángere
Castos amóres fœ́deris.

2. Quadríma Christo núbilis
In claustra prompte cónvolas,
Spretóque nútricis sinu
Sponsi requíris óscula.

3. Candéntis instar lílii
Odóre mulces sídera,
Et virgináli cǽlitum
Regem decóre pértrahis.

4. Qui vivit in sinu Patris
Cinctus perénni glória,
Amánter, ut sponsus tua
Recúmbit inter úbera.

5. Amóre Christum vúlneras:
Hic te vicíssim vúlnerat:
Tuóque cordi própria
Inúrit alte stígmata.

6. O singuláris cáritas,
Et mira commutátio.
Hic corde respírat tuo:
In vivis hujus spíritu.

7. Te, Sponse Jesu vírginum,
Beáta laudent ágmina;
Patri, simul Paráclito
Par sit per ævum glória.
Amen.

1. Gertrude, God's elect and loved retreat,
Chosen soul, affianced to virgins' Spouse,
Grant thy nuptial song we may repeat,
Tell the chaste delights which He allows.

2. Child of but four tender years, we learn,
Urged by love of Christ, the cloister sought;
Home and fostering care e'en then didst spurn,
God she loved and His embraces sought.

3. Like to dazzling lily, white and pure,
Heavenly courts thy fragrance did delight;
Down from Heaven its King thou didst allure
With thy soul's fair beauty, chaste as light.

4. Who would dream a soul could be so blessed?
God's own Son Who dwells 'mid endless bliss,
Seeking His repose upon thy breast,
Deigns to seal His love with Heavenly kiss.

5. With thy love thou woundedst Christ's own Heart,
He, in turn, o'er thee in love now yearns,
Then His Sacred Wounds with mystic dart
In thy heart with heavenly flame He burns.

6. Wondrous love and charity divine!
Love's exchange was never such as this.
His life now is wholly merged in thine;
Now thou livest not thy life, but His.

7. Jesus, Spouse of virgins, praise to Thee
Multitudes no man can number, raise;
Equal glory to the Father be
With the Paraclete for endless days.
Amen.

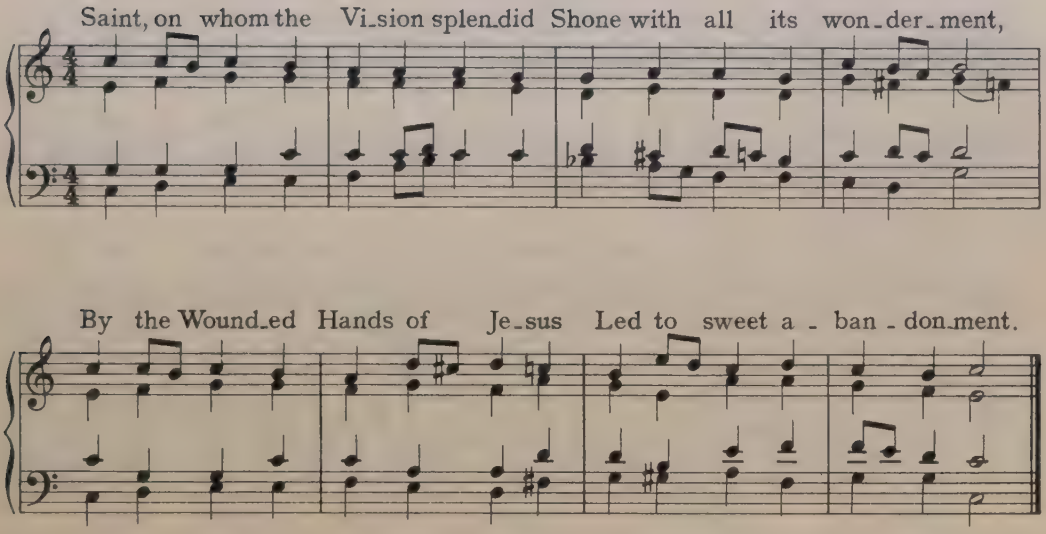
(*Benedictine Office*)
(*Tr. S. N. D.*)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

292

Nov. 15
St. Gertrude

Saint, on whom the Vision splendid


Saint, on whom the Vi-sion splen-did Shone with all its won-der-ment,
By the Wound-ed Hands of Je-sus Led to sweet a-ban-don-ment.

1. Saint, on whom the Vision splendid
Shone with all its wonderment,
By the Wounded Hands of Jesus
Led to sweet abandonment,

2. Thine was entrance through the portal
Of the Saviour's Sacred Heart;
There enshrined, Love's mystic message
Secretly was set apart.

3. Favoured daughter of high Heaven,
Earthly gain to thee was loss,
For thine eyes saw wisdom hidden
In the folly of the Cross.

4. Herald by God's own election,
Aid us from thy holy place,
Till with thee we share the glory
Of the Vision, face to face.

(*F.r Martin O.S.F.C.*)

(*F.r Leo O.S.F.C. Mus.B.*)

293

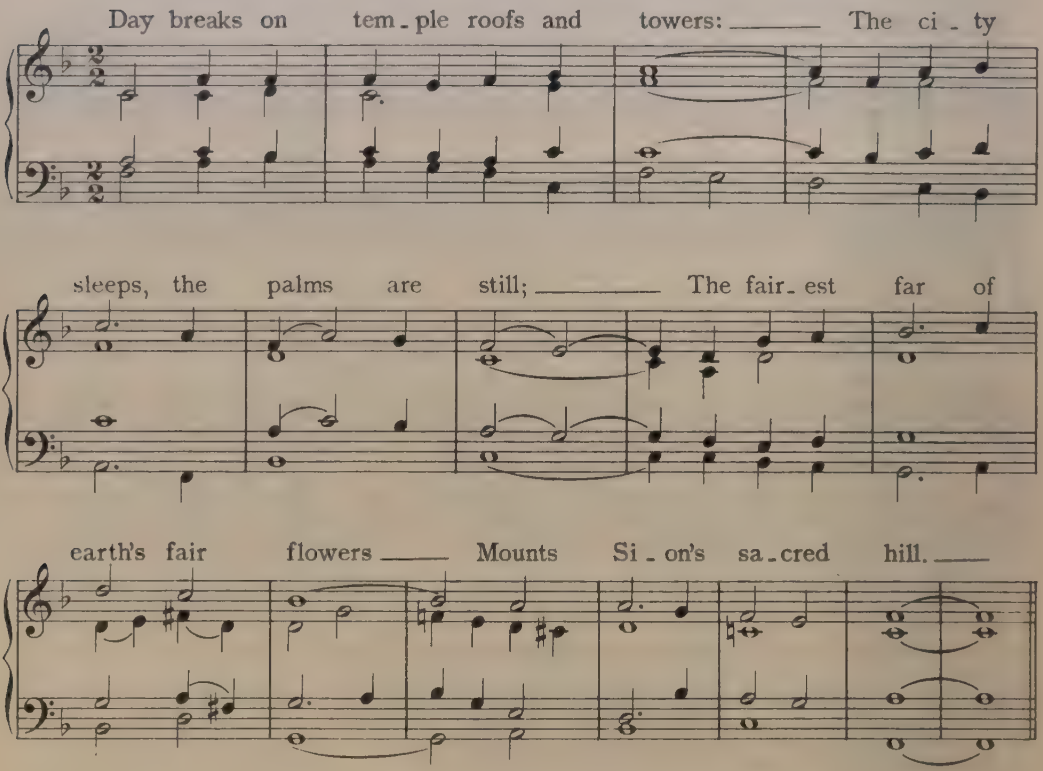
Nov. 18
Dedication of the Basilicas of
St. Peter and St. Paul

(See November 9 Nos. 288 and 289)

Nov. 21
The Presentation of Our Lady

294

Day breaks on temple roofs


Day breaks on tem - ple roofs and towers: The ci - ty
sleeps, the palms are still; The fair - est far of
earth's fair flowers Mounts Si - on's sa - cred hill.

1. Day breaks on temple roofs and towers:
The city sleeps, the palms are still;
The fairest far of earth's fair flowers
Mounts Sion's sacred hill.

2. O wondrous Babe, O child of grace,
The Holy Trinity's delight.
Sweetly renewing man's lost race,
How fair thou art, how bright!

3. O Maiden most immaculate,
Make me to choose the better part,
And give my Lord, with love as great,
An undivided heart.

4. Would that my heart, dear Lord, were true,
Royal and undefiled and whole,
Like hers from whom Thy sweet love took
The Blood to save my soul.

5. If here our hearts grudge aught to Thee,—
In that bright land beyond the grave
We'll worship Thee with souls set free,
And give as Mary gave.

(*Fr. Faber* + 1863)

(*Frank Barat*)

295

Nov. 22
St. Cecilia

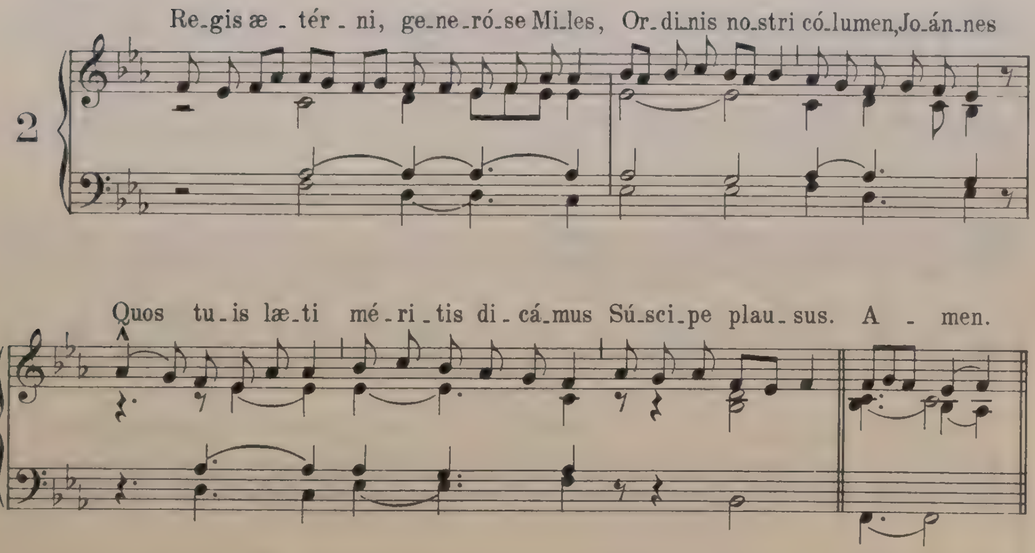
Jesu Corona virginum

See "Common of Saints" No. 306

Nov. 24
St. John of the Cross

296

Regis æterni, generose Miles


Re-gis æ - tér - ni, ge-ne-ró-se Mi-les, Or-di-nis no-stri có-lumen, Jo-án-nes
2
Quos tu-is læ-ti mé-ri-tis di-cá-mus Sú-sci-pe plau-sus. A - men.

1. Regis ætérni, generóse Miles,
Ordinis nostri cólumen Joánnes,
Quos tuis læti méritis dicámus,
Súscipe plausus.

2. Próspere meram téneris ab annis
Vírginis matris, pereúnte vita,
Bis manum sentis: pia jam dicátum
Servat alúmnum.

3. Prima tu nostro sóboles Paréntis,
Quem tibi credit, pópulum refórmas;
Innóvas templum, réficis vetústam
Vírginis ædem.

4. Sic Redemptóris similándo gesta,
Per crucem primum réparas decórem,
Ipse qua mundi reparávit olim
Damna ruéntis.

5. Cánticum laudis Triádi canámus,
Cui sacrum primo célebrans Joánnes,
Certa sperátæ retulísse gaudet
Signa salútis.
Amen.

1. Soldier of Christ, in danger prompt and daring:
Pillar of strength, our Order's fabric bearing:
Take, holy John, the song thy Carmel raises,
Singing thy praises.

2. Twice in thy life in perils dire defended,
Babe wert thou first when life was almost ended,
The Virgin Mother's hand by contact healing,
Thy service sealing.

3. First of the flock our holy mother tended;
Guide of the people to thy care commended;
Through thee doth Mary's temple famed in story
Rise in its glory.

4. Follower of Christ, His suffering way close treading;
Saving a guilty world His Blood once shedding,
So thou, by cross and trial sore victorious,
Made Carmel glorious.

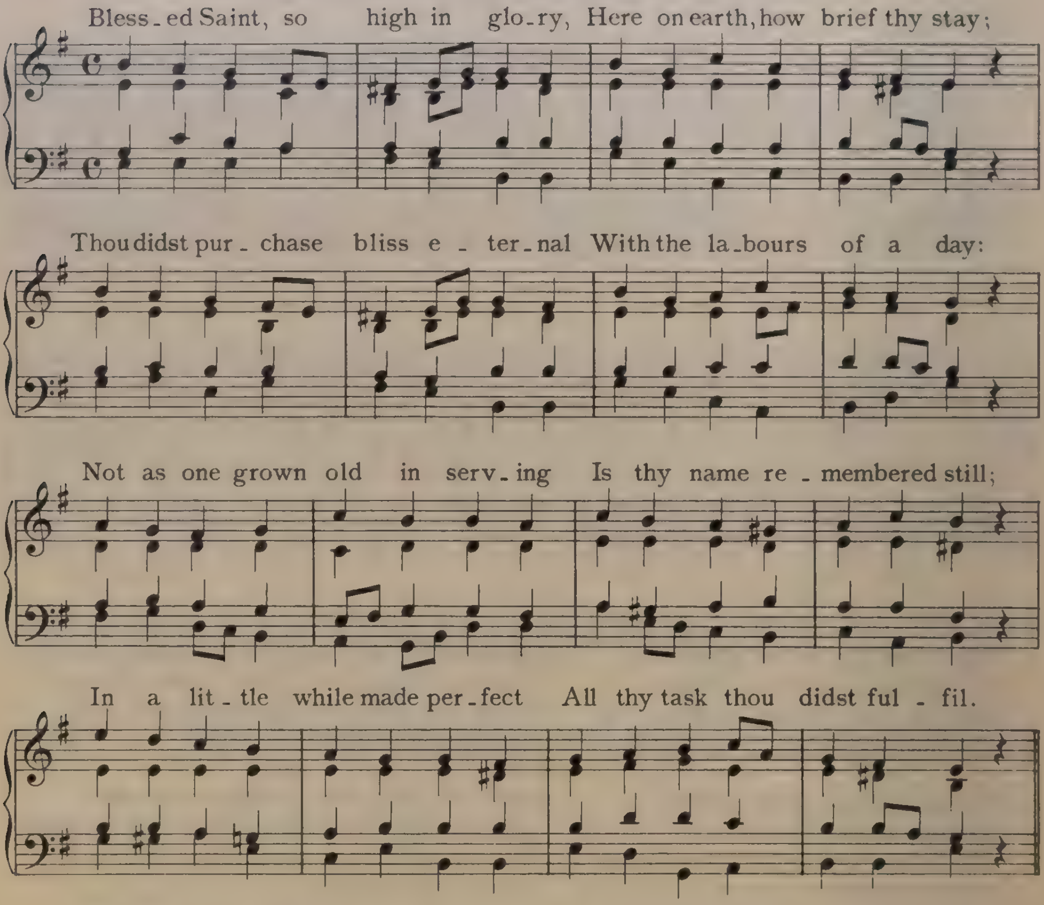
5. Glory and praise to God, the One in Trinity,
Who, during John's first offering to Divinity
Gave him a sign, a secret intimation
Of sure salvation.
Amen.

(Carmelite Office
Tr. Fr. Kent O.C.D.
and S.N.D.)

Nov. 26
St. John Berchmans

297

Blessed Saint, so high in glory


Bless-ed Saint, so high in glo-ry, Here on earth, how brief thy stay;
Thou didst pur-chase bliss e-ter-nal With the la-bours of a day:
Not as one grown old in serv-ing Is thy name re-membered still;
In a lit-tle while made per-fect All thy task thou didst ful-fil.

1. Blessed Saint, so high in glory,
Here on earth, how brief thy stay;
Thou didst purchase bliss eternal
With the labours of a day;
Not as one grown old in serving
Is thy name remembered still;
In a little while made perfect
All thy task thou didst fulfil.

2. Evermore the name of Berchmans
Speaks of duty nobly done,
Daily toil and prayer made perfect,
For the love of Mary's Son.
Blessed Saint, so swift to conquer,
Pray for us who fear and fail,
Seeking rest, and looking backwards,
Letting sin and self prevail.

3. Love of Jesus made thee steadfast,
Keep us to His standard true;
Love of Mary kept thee stainless,
Tell her that we love her too.
Blessed Saint, so high in glory,
Teach us to be wise like thee,
Here to seek the things of Heaven,
There to live eternally.

(Anon.)

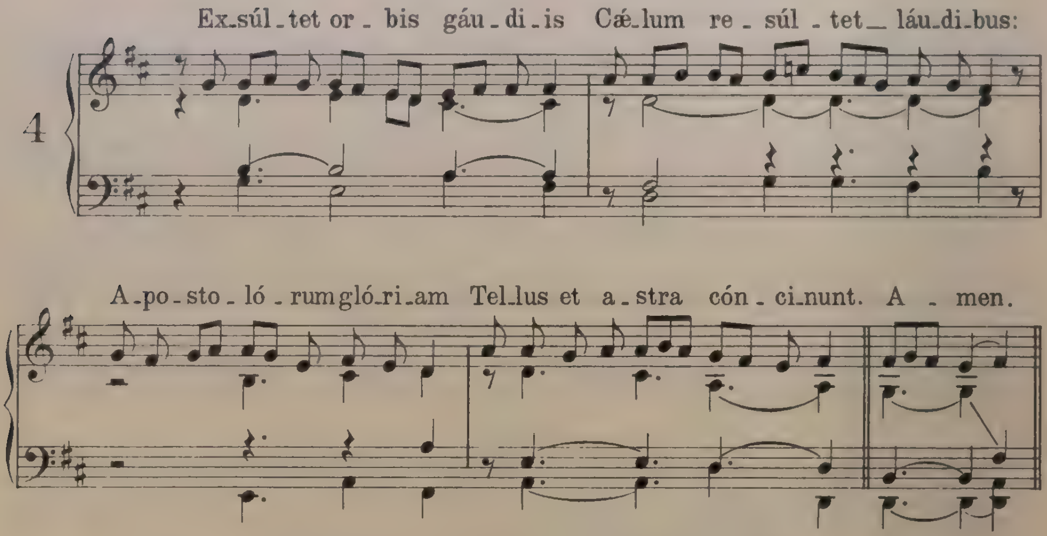
(German)

III

COMMON OF SAINTS

298

Exsultet orbis gaudiis


4
Ex-súl-tet or-bis gáu-di-is Cæ-lum re-súl-tet láu-di-bus:
A-po-sto-ló-rum gló-ri-am Tel-lus et a-stra cón-ci-nunt. A-men.

1. Exsúltet orbis gáudiis:
Cælum resúltet láudibus;
Apostolórum glóriam
Tellus, et astra cóncinunt.

2. Vos sæculórum Júdices,
Et vera mundi lúmina:
Votis precámur córdium:
Audíte voces súpplicum.

3. Qui templa cæli cláuditis,
Serásque verbo sólvitis:
Nos a reátu nóxios
Solvi jubéte, quǽsumus.

4. Præcépta quorum prótinus
Languor salúsque séntiunt:
Sanáte mentes lánguidas,
Augéte nos virtútibus.

5. Ut, cum redíbit árbiter
In fine Christus sǽculi,
Nos sempitérni gáudii
Concédat esse cómpotes.

6. Patri, simúlque Fílio,
Tibíque, sancte Spíritus,
Sicut fuit, sit júgiter,
Sæclum per omne glória.
Amen.

1. Now let the earth with joy resound,
And heaven the chant re-echo round;
Nor heaven nor earth too high can raise
The great Apostles' glorious praise.

2. O ye who, throned in glory dread,
Shall judge the living and the dead,
Lights of the world for evermore,
To you the suppliant prayer we pour.

3. Ye close the sacred gates on high,
At your command apart they fly:
O loose for us the guilty chain
We strive to break, and strive in vain.

4. Sickness and health your voice obey,
At your command they go or stay:
From sin's disease our souls restore,
In good confirm us more and more.

5. So when the world is at its end,
And Christ to judgment shall descend,
May we be called those joys to see
Prepared from all eternity.

6. Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As ever was in ages past,
And so shall be while ages last.
Amen.

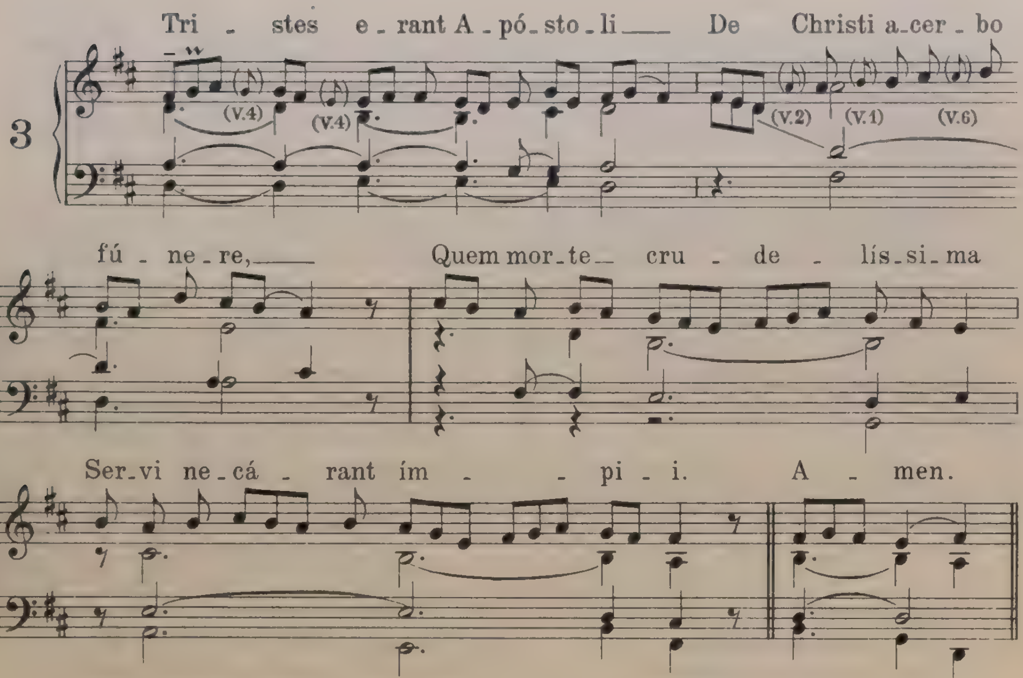
(*Divine Office*
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

299

Common of Saints
Apostles and Evangelists
(In Paschaltide)

Tristes erant Apostoli


3
Tri - stes e - rant A - pó - sto - li De Christi a - cer - bo
(V.4)
(V.4)
(V.2)
(V.1)
(V.6)
fú - ne - re, Quem mor - te cru - de - lís - si - ma
Ser - vi ne - cá - rant ím - pi - i. A - men.

1. Tristes erant Apóstoli
De Christi acérbo fúnere,
Quem morte crudelíssima
Servi necárant ímpii.

2. Sermóne verax ángelus
Muliéribus prædíxerat:
Mox ore Christus gaúdium
Gregi feret fidélium.

3. Ad ánxios Apóstolos
Currunt statim dum núntiæ,
Illæ micántis óbvia
Christi tenent vestígia.

4. Galilǽæ ad alta móntium
Se cónferunt Apóstoli,
Jesúque, voti cómpotes,
Almo beántur lúmine.

5. Ut sis perénne méntibus
Paschále, Jesu, gaúdium,
A morte dira críminum
Vitæ renátos líbera.

6. Deo Patri sit glória,
Et Fílio, qui a mórtuis,
Surréxit, ac Paráclito
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. When Christ, by His own servants slain,
Had died upon the cruel Cross,
The Apostles of their joy bereft,
Were weeping their dear Master's loss.

2. Meanwhile, an Angel at the tomb
To holy women hath foretold,
"The faithful flock with joy shall soon
Their Lord in Galilee behold."

3. Who, as they run the news to bring,
Lo, straightway Christ Himself they meet,
All radiant, bright with heavenly light,
And falling, clasp His Sacred Feet.

4. To Galilee's lone mountain height
The Apostolic band retire:
There blest with their dear Saviour's sight
Enjoy in full their soul's desire.

5. O Jesu, from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

6. To God the Father, with the Son,
Who from the grave immortal rose;
And Thee, O Paraclete, be praise,
While age on endless ages flows.
Amen.

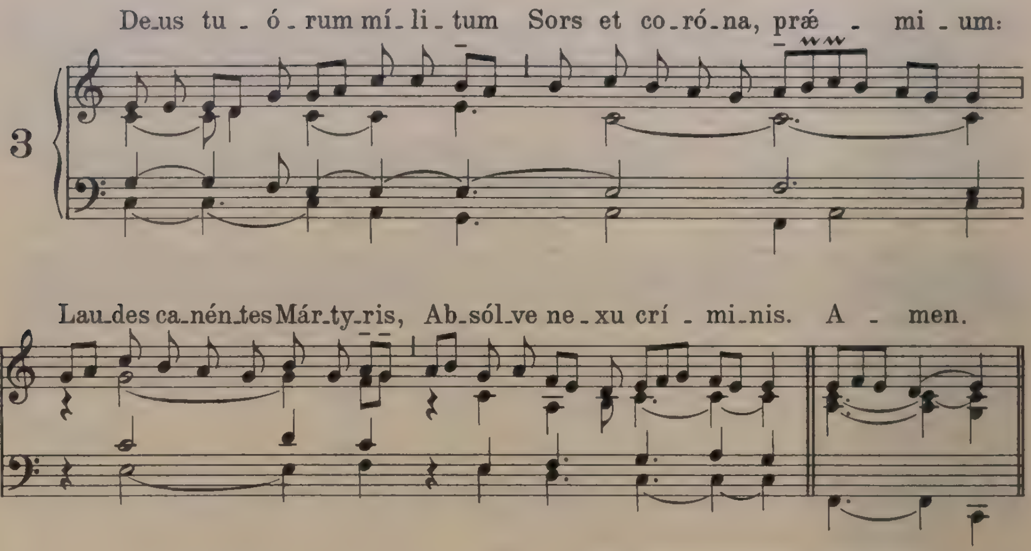
(Divine Office
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

Common of Saints
One Martyr
(Out of Paschaltide)

300

Deus tuorum militum


3
De-us tu - ó - rum mí - li - tum Sors et co - ró - na, præ - mi - um:
Lau-des ca - nén - tes Már - ty - ris, Ab - sól - ve ne - xu crí - mi - nis. A - men.

1. Deus tuórum mílitum
Sors et coróna, præmium,
Laudes canéntes Mártyris
Absolve nexu críminis.

2. Hic nempe mundi gaúdia,
Et blanda fraudum pábula
Imbúta felle députans,
Pervénit ad cæléstia.

3. Pœnas cucúrrit fórtiter,
Et sústulit viríliter:
Fundénsque pro te sánguinem,
Ætérna dona póssidet.

4. Ob hoc precátu súpplici
Te póscimus, piíssime:
In hoc triúmpho Mártyris
Dimítte noxam sérvulis.

5. Laus, et perénnis glória
Patri sit, atque Fílio,
Sancto simul Paráclito,
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. O Thou of all Thy warriors, Lord,
Thyself the crown and sure reward,
Set us from sinful fetters free
Who sing Thy Martyr's victory.

2. In selfish pleasures' worldly round
The taste of bitter gall he found,
But sweet to him was Thy dear Name,
And so to heavenly joys he came.

3. Right manfully his cross he bore,
And ran his race of torments sore,
For Thee he poured his life away;
With Thee he lives in endless day.

4. We, then, before Thee bending low,
Entreat Thee, Lord, Thy love to show
On this the day Thy Martyr died,
Who in Thy Saints art glorified.

5. To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise and glory evermore,
As in eternity before.
Amen.

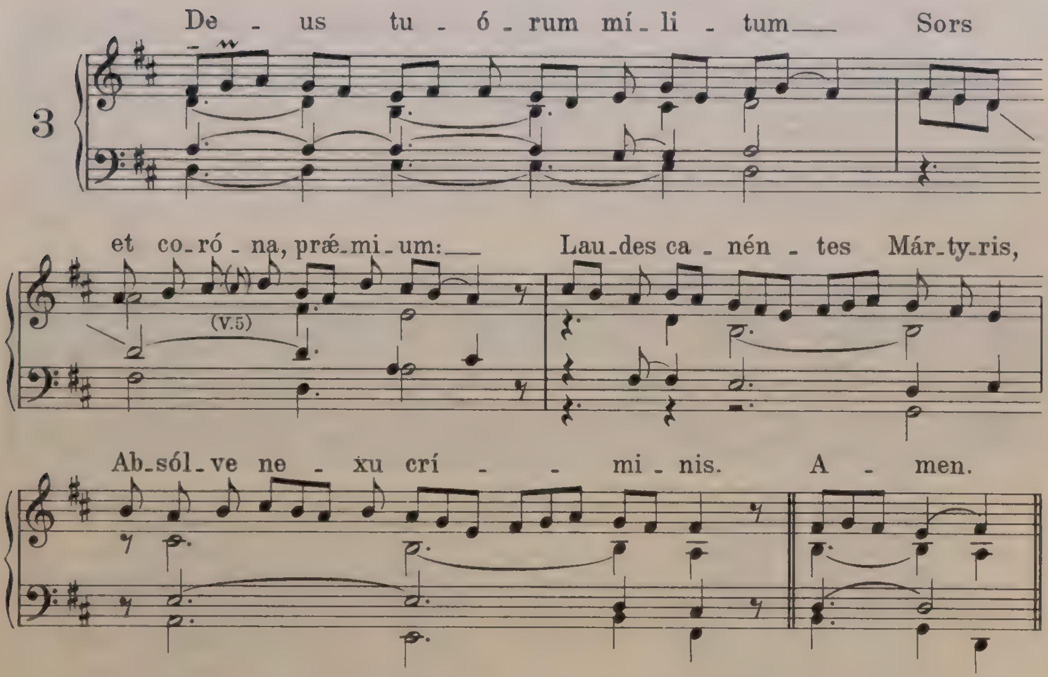
(*Divine Office*
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

301

Common of Saints
One Martyr in Paschaltide

Deus tuorum militum



De - us tu - ó - rum mí - li - tum Sors
3
et co - ró - na, præ - mi - um: Lau - des ca - nén - tes Már - ty - ris,
(V.5)
Ab - sól - ve ne - xu crí - - mi - nis. A - men.

1. Deus tuórum mílitum
Sors et coróna, præmium:
Laudes canéntes Mártyris,
Absólve nexu críminis.

2. Hic nempe mundi gaúdia,
Et blanda fraudum pábula
Imbúta felle députans,
Pervénit ad cæléstia.

3. Pœnas cucúrrit fórtiter,
Et sústulit viríliter:
Fundénsque pro te sánguinem,
Ætérna dona póssidet.

4. Ob hoc precátu súpplici
Te póscimus piíssime:
In hoc triúmpho Mártyris,
Dimítte noxam sérvulis.

5. Deo Patri sit glória,
Et Fílio qui a mórtuis
Surréxit, ac Paráclito,
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. O Thou of all Thy warriors, Lord,
Thyself the crown and sure reward,
Set us from sinful fetters free
Who sing Thy Martyr's victory.

2. In selfish pleasures' worldly round
The taste of bitter gall he found,
But sweet to him was Thy dear name,
And so to heavenly joys he came.

3. Right manfully his cross he bore,
And ran his race of torments sore:
For Thee he poured his life away;
With Thee he lives in endless day.

4. We, then, before Thee bending low,
Entreat Thee, Lord, Thy love to show
On this the day Thy Martyr died,
Who in Thy Saints art glorified.

5. All glory to the Father be,
With His coequal Son;
The same to Thee, great Paraclete,
While endless ages run.
Amen.

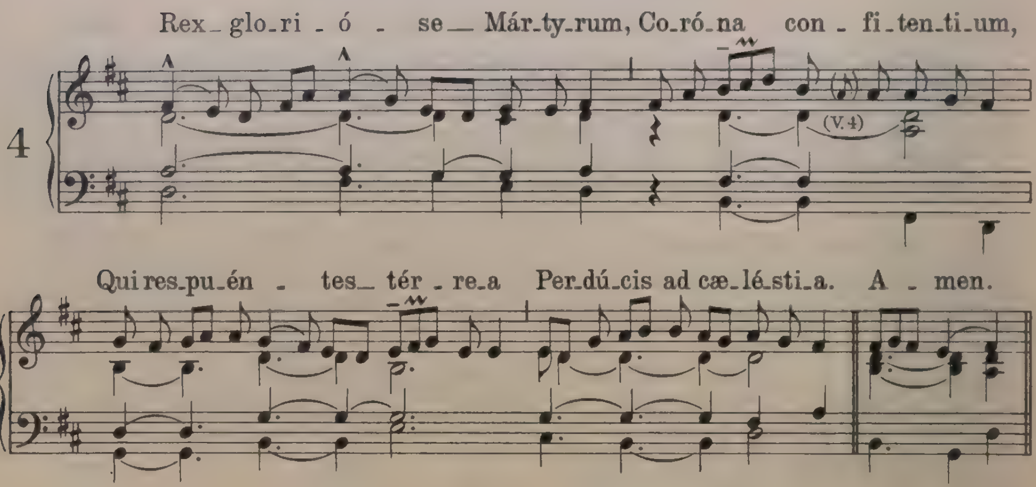
(Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

302

Common of Saints
Many Martyrs in Paschaltide

Rex gloriose Martyrum


Rex_glo_ri_ó_se_Már_ty_rum, Co_ró_na con_fi_ten_ti_um,
4
(V.4)
Qui res_pu_én_tes_tér_re_a Per_dú_cis ad cæ_lé_sti_a. A_men.

1. Rex glorióse Mártyrum,
Coróna confiténtium,
Qui respuéntes térrea
Perdúcis ad cæléstia.

2. Aurem benígnam prótinus
Inténde nostris vócibus:
Trophǽa sacra pángimus,
Ignósce quod delíquimus.

3. Tu vincis inter Mártyres,
Parcísque Confessóribus:
Tu vince nostra crímina,
Largítor indulgéntiæ.

4. Deo Patri sit glória,
Et Fílio, qui a mórtuis
Surréxit, ac Paráclito,
In sempitérna sǽcula.
Amen.

1. O Thou, the Martyrs' glorious King,
Of Confessors the crown and prize,
Who dost to joys celestial bring
Those who the joys of earth despise.

2. By all the praise Thy Saints have won;
By all their pains in days gone by;
By all the deeds which they have done;
Hear Thou Thy people's suppliant cry.

3. Thou dost amid Thy Martyrs fight;
By Confessors Thou dost forgive;
May we find mercy in Thy sight,
And in Thy sacred presence live.

4. To God the Father with the Son,
Who from the grave immortal rose,
And Thee, O Paraclete, be praise
While age on endless ages flows.
Amen.

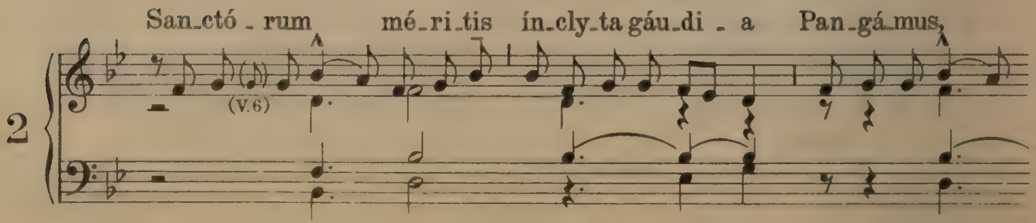
(*Divine Office*
St Ambrose † 397
Bp. of Milan
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

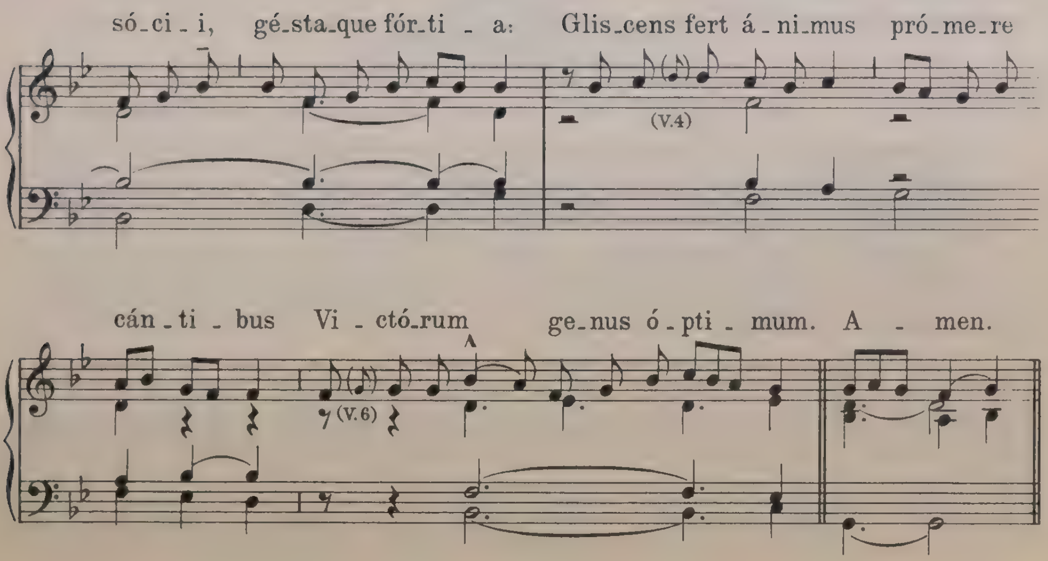
(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

303

Common of Saints
Martyrs out of Paschaltide

Sanctorum meritis


San_ctó_rum mé_ri_tis ín_cly_ta gáu_di_a Pan_gá_mus,
2
(V.6)


só-ci-i, gé-sta-que fór-ti-a: Glis-cens fert á-ni-mus pró-me-re
(V.4)
cán-ti-bus Vi-ctó-rum ge-nus ó-pti-mum. A-men.
(V.6)

1. Sanctórum méritis ínclyta gaúdia
Pangámus, sócii, géstaque fórtia:
Gliscens fert ánimus prómere cántibus
Victórum genus óptimum.

2. Hi sunt, quos fátue mundus abhórruit;
Hunc fructu vácuum, flóribus áridum
Contempsére tui nóminis ásseclæ,
Jesu, Rex bone cælitum.

3. Hi pro te fúrias, atque minas truces
Calcárunt hóminum, sæváque vérbera:
His cessit lácerans fórtiter úngula,
Nec carpsit penetrália.

4. Cædúntur gládiis more bidéntium;
Non murmur résonat, non querimónia:
Sed corde impávido mens bene cónscia
Consérvat patiéntiam.

5. Quæ vox, quæ póterit lingua retéxere,
Quæ tu Martýribus múnera præparas?
Rubri nam flúido sánguine fúlgidis
Cingunt témpora laúreis.

6. Te, summa, O Déitas unáque, póscimus,
Ut culpas ábigas, nóxia súbtrahas,
Des pacem fámulis, ut tibi glóriam
Annórum in sériem canant.
Amen.

1. Sing we the peerless deeds of martyred Saints,
Their glorious merits and their portion blest;
Of all the conquerors this earth has seen,
The greatest and the best.

2. Them in their day th'insensate world abhorred;
They joyfully renounced it, Lord, for Thee;
Finding it all a barren waste, devoid
Of fruit, or flower, or tree.

3. They trod beneath them every threat of man,
And came victorious all torments through;
The iron hooks that piecemeal tore their flesh
Could not their souls subdue.

4. Scourged, crucified, like sheep to slaughter led,
Unmurmuring, they met their cruel fate,
For conscious innocence their souls upheld,
In patient virtue great.

5. What tongue those joys, O Jesu, can disclose,
Which for thy martyred Saints Thou dost prepare?
Happy who in Thy pains, thrice happy those
Who in Thy glory share!

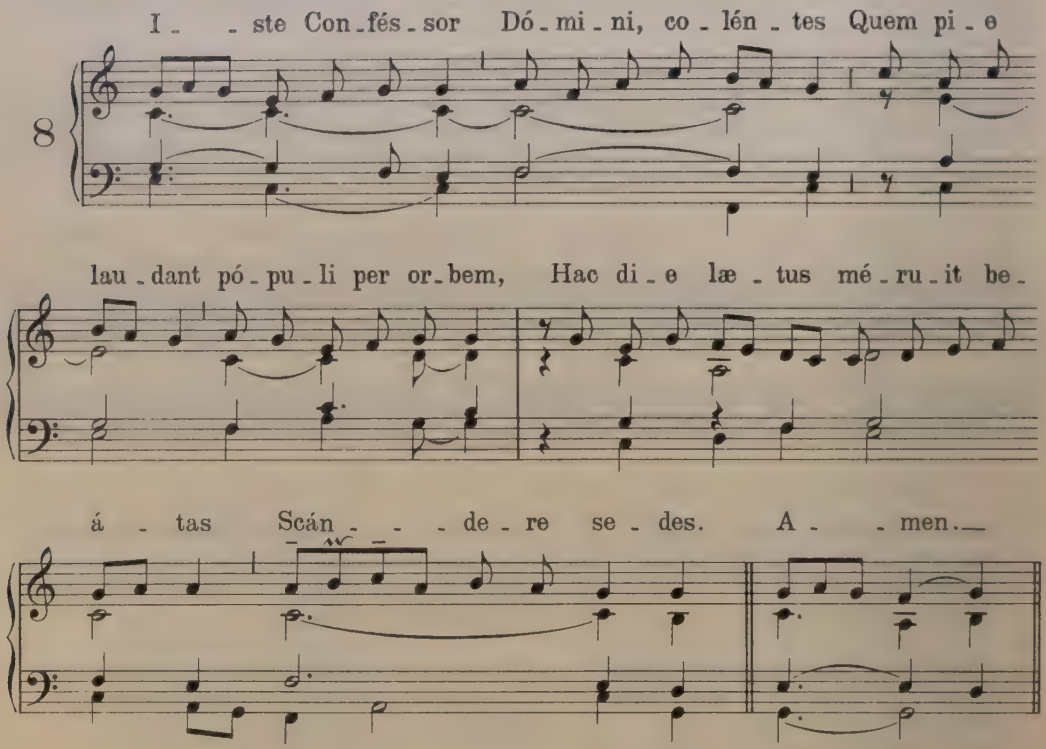
6. Our faults, our sins, our miseries remove,
Great Deity supreme, immortal King!
Grant us Thy peace, grant us Thy endless love
In endless life to sing.
Amen.

(Divine Office
Rhabanus Maurus †856
Archbp. of Mainz
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

304

Iste Confessor


8
I_ _ste Con_fés_sor Dó_mi_ni, co_lén_tes Quem pi_e
lau_dant pó_pu_li per or_bem, Hac di_e læ_tus mé_ru_it be_
á_tas Scán_ _ _de_re se_des. A_ _men.

1. Iste Conféssor Dómini coléntes
Quem pie laudant pópuli per orbem,
Hac die lætus méruit beátas
Scándere sedes.

2. Qui pius, prudens, húmilis, pudícus,
Sóbriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humános animávit auræ
Spíritus artus.

3. Cujus ob præstans méritum frequénter,
Ægra quæ passim jacuére membra,
Víribus morbi dómitis, salúti
Restituúntur.

4. Noster hinc illi chorus obsequéntem
Cóncinit laudem celebrésque palmas,
Ut piis ejus précibus juvémur
Omne per ævum.

5. Sit salus illi, decus, atque virtus,
Qui super cæli sólio corúscans,
Totíus mundi sériem gubérnat,
Trinus et unus.
Amen.

1. The Confessor of Christ, from shore to shore
Worshipped with solemn rite,
This day with merits full, his labours o'er,
Went to his seat in light.

2. Holy and innocent were all his ways,
Sweet, temperate, unstained;
His life was prayer, his every breath was praise
While breath to him remained.

3. Ofttimes have miracles in many a land
His sanctity displayed;
And still doth health return at his command
To many a frame decayed.

4. Therefore to him triumphant praise we pay,
And yearly songs renew;
Praying our glorious Saint for us to pray,
All the long ages through.

5. To God, of all the centre and the source,
Be power and glory given;
Who sways the mighty world through all its course,
From the bright throne of heaven.
Amen.

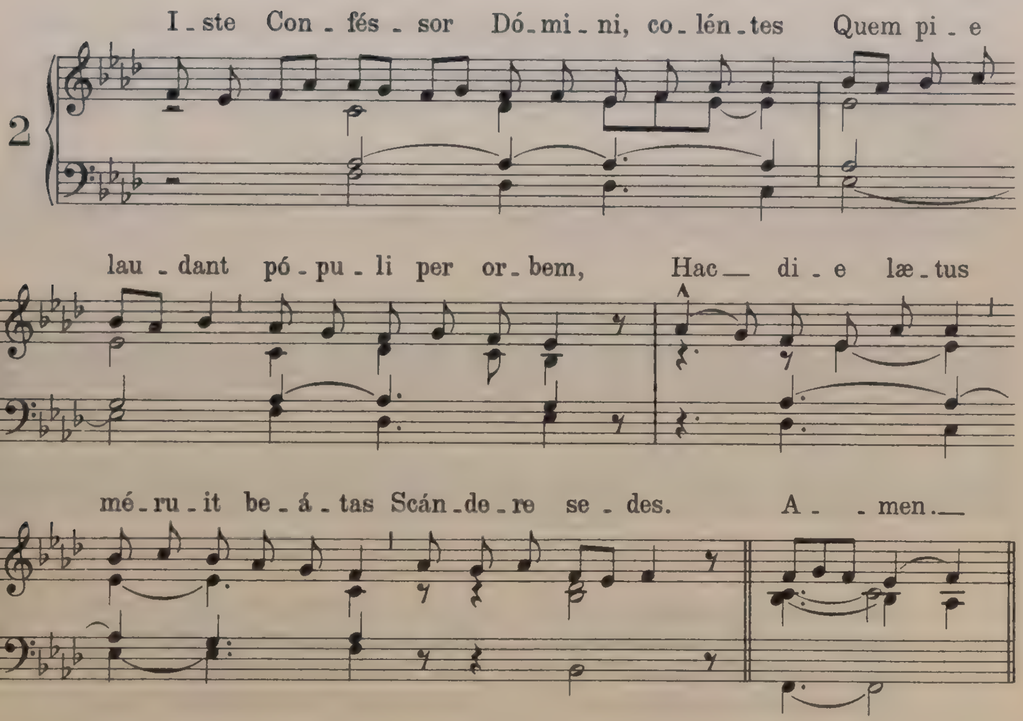
(*Divine Office*
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

305

Iste Confessor

Common of Saints
Confessor not a Bishop


2
I-ste Con-fés-sor Dó-mi-ni, co-lén-tes Quem pi-e
lau-dant pó-pu-li per or-bem, Hac di-e læ-tus
mé-ru-it be-á-tas Scán-de-re se-des. A-men.

1. Iste Conféssor Dómini, coléntes
Quem pie laudant pópuli per orbem,
Hac die lætus méruit beátas
Scándere sedes.

2. Qui pius, prudens, húmilis, pudícus,
Sóbriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humános animávit auræ
Spíritus artus.

3. Cujus ob præstans méritum frequénter,
Ægra quæ passim jacuére membra,
Víribus morbi dómitis, salúti
Restituúntur.

4. Noster hinc illi chorus obsequéntem
Cóncinit laudem celebrésque palmas,
Ut piis ejus précibus juvémur
Omne per ævum.

5. Sit salus illi, decus atque virtus,
Qui super cæli sólio coruscans,
Totíus mundi sériem gubérnat
Trinus et unus.
Amen.

*1. The Confessor of Christ, from shore to shore
Worshipped with solemn rite,
This day with merits full, his labours o'er,
Went to his seat in light.*

*2. Holy and innocent were all his ways,
Sweet, temperate, unstained;
His life was prayer, his every breath was praise
While breath to him remained.*

*3. Ofttimes have miracles in many a land
His sanctity displayed;
And still doth health return at his command
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And yearly songs renew;
Praying our glorious Saint for us to pray,
All the long ages through.*

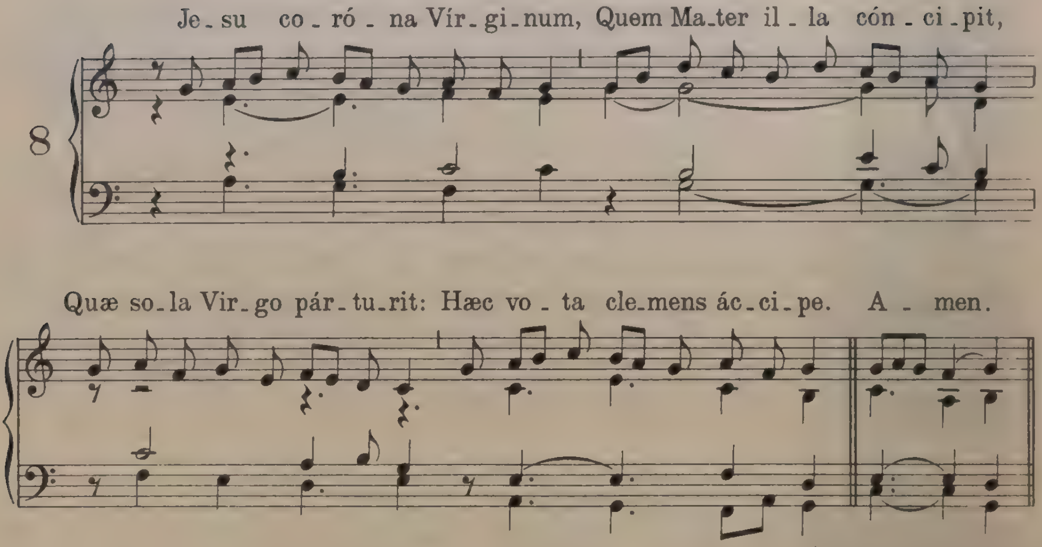
*5. To God, of all the centre and the source,
Be power and glory given;
Who sways the mighty world through all its course,
From the bright throne of heaven.
Amen.*

*(Divine Office
Tr. Fr. Caswall)*

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

306^{a}

Jesu corona Virginum


Je - su co - ró - na Vír - gi - num, Quem Ma - ter il - la cón - ci - pit,
8
Quæ so - la Vir - go pár - tu - rit: Hæc vo - ta cle - mens ác - ci - pe. A - men.

1. Jesu coróna Vírginum,
Quem Mater illa cóncipit,
Quæ sola Virgo párturit:
Hæc vota clemens áccipe.

2. Qui pergis inter lília,
Septus choréis Vírginum,
Sponsus decórus glória,
Sponsísque reddens prǽmia.

3. Quocúmque tendis, Vírgines
Sequúntur, atque laúdibus
Post te canéntes cúrsitant,
Hymnósque dulces pérsonant.

4. Te deprecámur súpplices,
Nostris ut addas sénsibus
Nescíre prorsus ómnia
Corruptiónis vúlnera.

5. Virtus, honor, laus, glória,
Deo Patri cum Fílio,
Sancto simul Paráclito,
In sæculórum sǽcula.
Amen.

1. Dear crown of all the Virgin choir,
That holy Mother's Virgin Son,
Who is, alone of womankind,
Mother and Virgin both in one.

2. Encircled by Thy Virgin band,
Amid the lilies Thou art found;
For Thy pure brides with lavish hand
Scattering immortal graces round.

3. And still wherever Thou dost bend
Thy lovely steps, O glorious King,
Virgins upon Thy steps attend,
And hymns to Thy high glory sing.

4. Keep us, O Purity divine,
From every least corruption free;
Our every sense from sin refine,
And purify our souls for Thee.

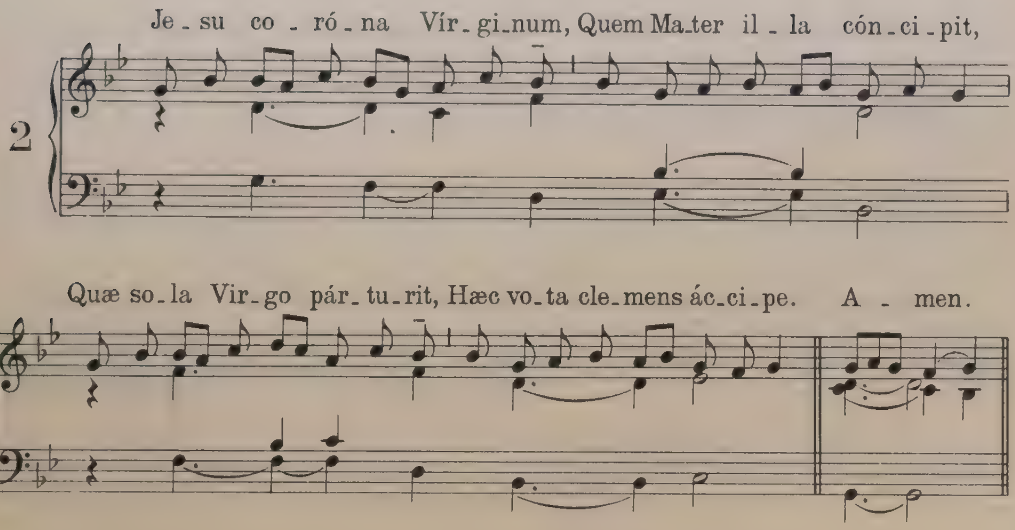
5. To God the Father and the Son,
All honour, glory, praise be given
With Thee, co-equal Paraclete,
For evermore in earth and heaven.
Amen.

(Divine Office
St. Ambrose or St. Gregory
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

306^b

Jesu corona Virginum


Je - su co - ró - na Vír - gi - num, Quem Ma - ter il - la cón - ci - pit,
2
Quæ so - la Vir - go pár - tu - rit, Hæc vo - ta cle - mens ác - ci - pe. A - men.

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Quem Mater illa cóncipit,
Quæ sola Virgo párturit:
Hæc vota clemens áccipe.

2. Qui pergis inter lília,
Septus choréis Vírginum,
Sponsus decórus glória,
Sponsísque reddens præmia.

3. Quocúmque tendis, Vírgines
Sequúntur, atque laúdibus
Post te canéntes cúrsitant,
Hymnósque dulcis pérsonant.

4. Te deprecámur súpplices,
Nostris ut addas sénsibus,
Nescíre prorsus ómnia
Corruptiónis vúlnera.

5. Virtus, honor, laus, glória,
Deo Patri cum Fílio,
Sancto simul Paráclito,
In sæculórum sǽcula.
Amen.

1. Dear crown of all the Virgin choir,
That holy Mother's Virgin Son,
Who is, alone of womankind,
Mother and Virgin both in one.

2. Encircled by Thy Virgin band,
Amid the lilies Thou art found,
For Thy pure brides with lavish hand
Scattering immortal graces round.

3. And still wherever Thou dost bend
Thy lovely steps, O glorious King,
Virgins upon Thy steps attend,
And hymns to Thy high glory sing.

4. Keep us, O Purity divine,
From every least corruption free;
Our every sense from sin refine,
And purify our souls for Thee.

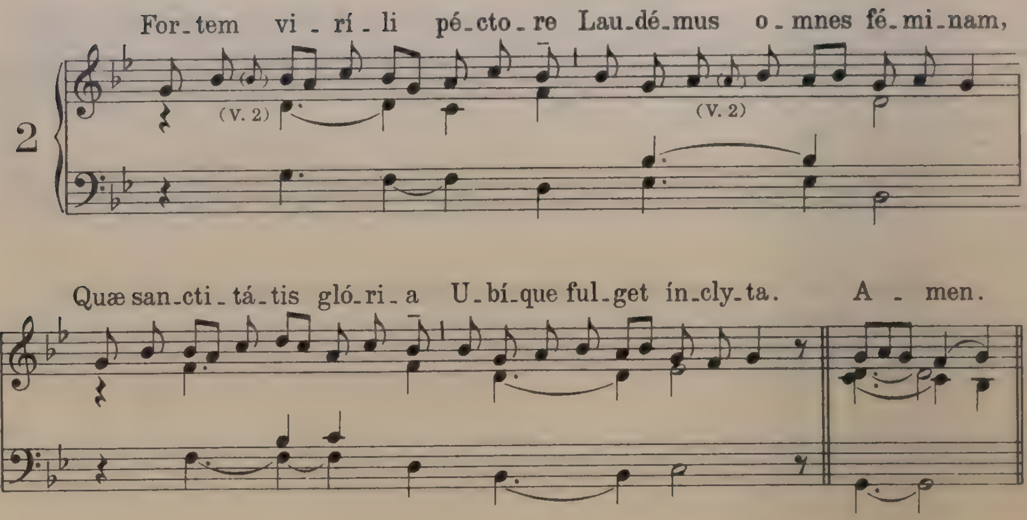
5. To God the Father and the Son,
All honour, glory, praise be given
With Thee, co-equal Paraclete,
For evermore in earth and heaven.
Amen.

(Divine Office
St. Ambrose or St. Gregory
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(Accpt. Julius Bas)

307

Fortem virili pectore


2
For-tem vi-rí-li pé-cto-re Lau-dé-mus o-mnes fé-mi-nam,
(V. 2)
(V. 2)
Quæ san-cti-tá-tis gló-ri-a U-bí-que ful-get ín-cly-ta. A-men.

1. Fortem viríli péctore Laudémus ómnes féminam, Quæ sanctitátis glória Ubíque fulget ínclyta.	*1. Laud we the Saint most sweet,* *Shining in glory blest,* *Who bore a hero's noble heart* *Within a woman's breast.*
2. Hæc sancto amóre sáucia Dum mundi amórem nóxium Horréscit, ad cæléstia Iter perégit árduum.	*2. Pierced with the love of Christ,* *The world's false love she fled,* *And Heavenward with might and main* *Upon her journey sped.*
3. Carnem domans jejúniis, Dulcíque mentem pábulo Orationis nútriens Cæli potítur gáudiis.	*3. With fasts she pined the flesh,* *But on sweet food of prayer* *Feasted her spirit pure; and now* *Doth joys eternal share.*
4. Rex Christe, virtus fórtium, Qui magna solus éfficis, Hujus precátu, quǽsumus, Audi benígnus súpplices.	*4. O Christ, our King and God,* *Thou strength of all the strong,* *To Whom alone all holy deeds* *And all great works belong.*
5. Deo Patri sit glória, Ejúsque soli Fílio, Cum Spíritu Paráclito, Nunc, et per omne sǽculum. Amen.	*5. For her dear plaints on high,* *To us propitious be;* *And in the glorious Trinity,* *Glory eterne to Thee.* *Amen.*

(Divine Office
Cardinal Silvio Antoniano † 1603
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

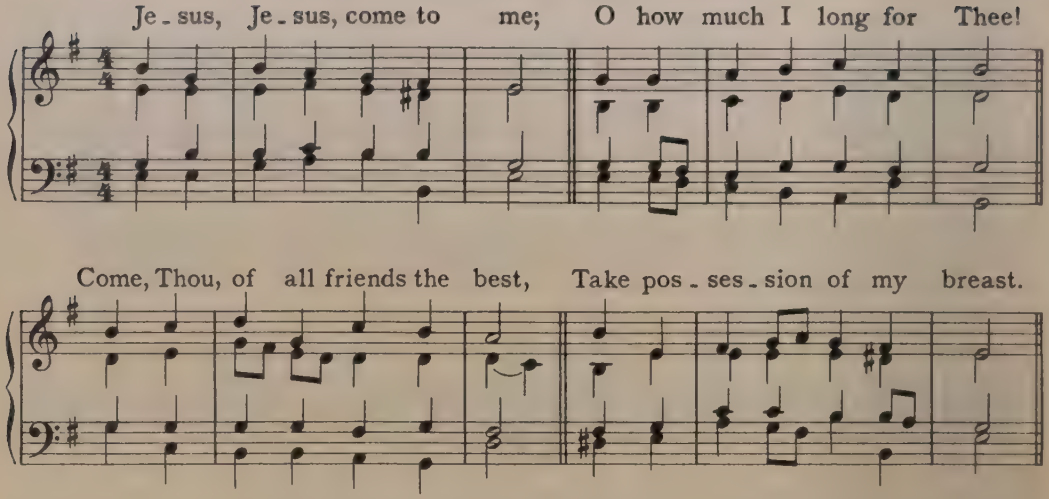
(Accpt. Julius Bas

IV

OUR LORD

308^a

Jesus, Jesus, come to me


Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me; O how much I long for Thee!
Come, Thou, of all friends the best, Take pos - ses - sion of my breast.

1. Jesus, Jesus, come to me;
O how much I long for Thee!
Come, Thou, of all friends the best,
Take possession of my breast.

2. In Thy absence joy is pain,
Consolations all are vain;
Thou alone canst satisfy,
Keenly, then, for Thee I sigh.

3. Though the world were mine alone
Nought could for Thy love atone;
Worthless must all treasure be
To the soul that hath not Thee.

4. Take, O Lord, this heart of mine,
Fill it with Thy love Divine;
For I fain would cleave to Thee
Through a glad eternity.

5. All unworthy, Lord, am I,
Yet Thou wilt not pass me by;
Only speak one word of power,
Heal me in this selfsame hour.

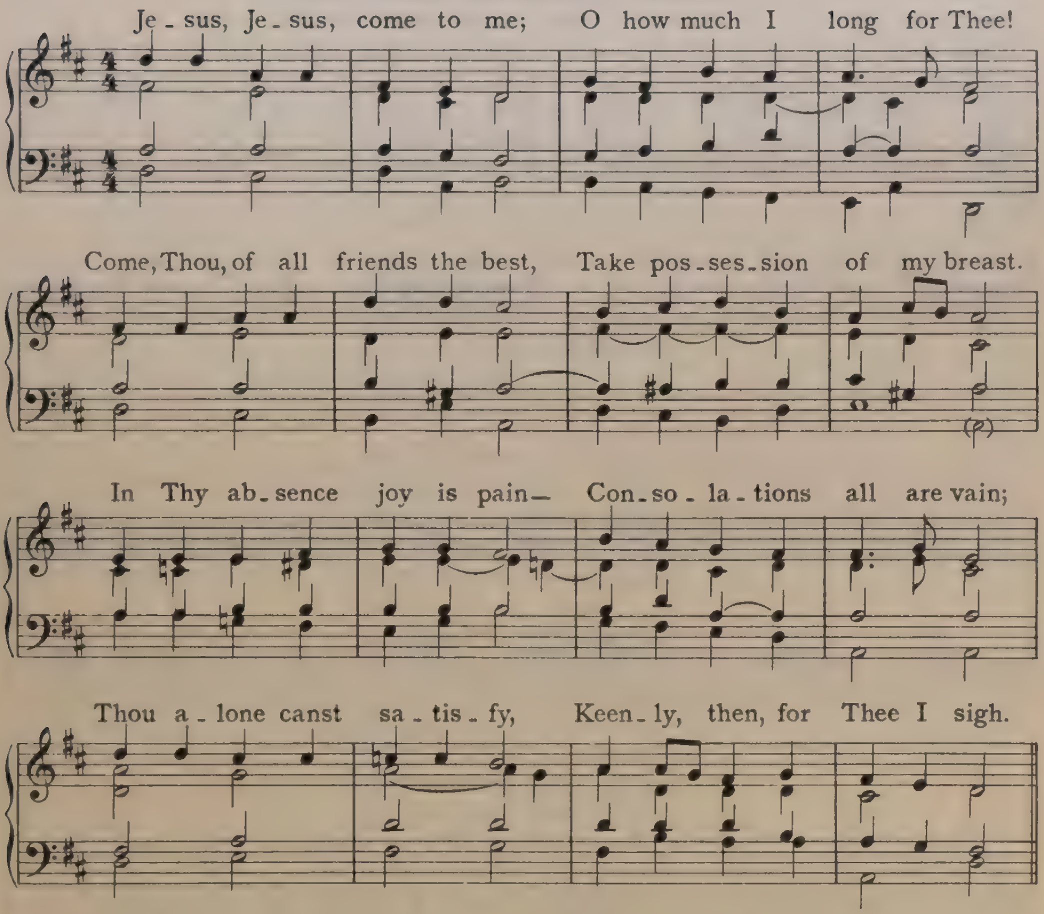
6. Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
Make my longing soul Thy home;
Cleanse, absolve and strengthen me,
Never let me part from Thee.

(Johann Scheffler O. F. M.
otherwise Angelus Silesius † 1677
Tr. Dom Gregory Ould O.S.B.)

(German)

308^{b}

Jesus, Jesus, come to me


Je-sus, Je-sus, come to me; O how much I long for Thee!
Come, Thou, of all friends the best, Take pos-ses-sion of my breast.
In Thy ab-sence joy is pain— Con-so-la-tions all are vain;
Thou a-lone canst sa-tis-fy, Keen-ly, then, for Thee I sigh.

1. Jesus, Jesus, come to me;
O how much I long for Thee!
Come, Thou, of all friends the best,
Take possession of my breast.
In Thy absence joy is pain,
Consolations all are vain;
Thou alone canst satisfy,
Keenly, then, for Thee I sigh.

2. Though the world were mine alone
Nought could for Thy love atone;
Worthless must all treasure be
To the soul that hath not Thee.
Take, O Lord, this heart of mine,
Fill it with Thy love Divine;
For I fain would cleave to Thee
Through a glad eternity.

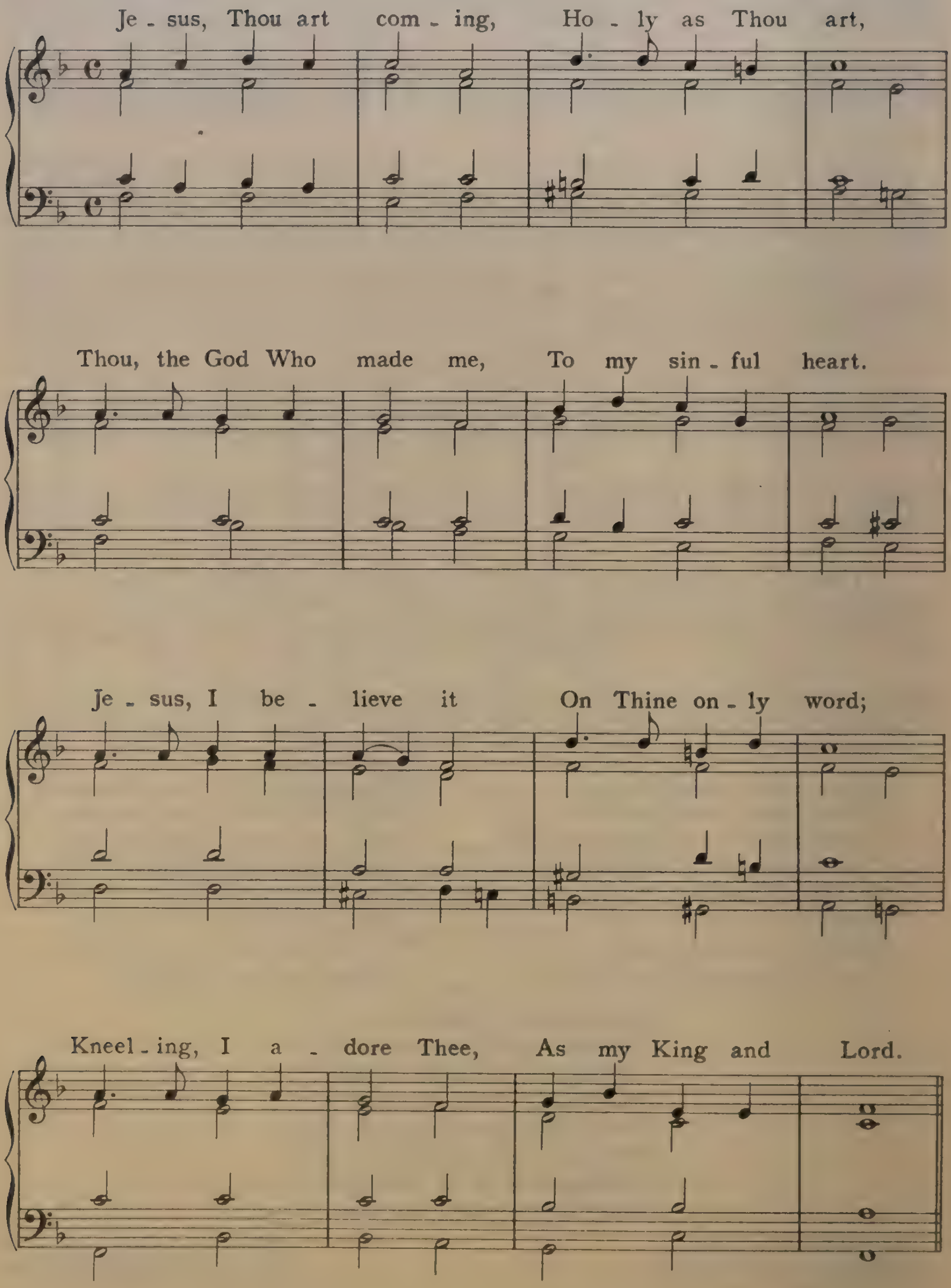
3. All unworthy, Lord, am I,
Yet Thou wilt not pass me by;
Only speak one word of power,
Heal me in this selfsame hour.
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
Make my longing soul Thy home;
Cleanse, absolve and strengthen me,
Never let me part from Thee.

*(Johann Scheffler O. F. M.
otherwise Angelus Silesius † 1677
Tr. Dom Gregory Ould O.S.B.)*

*(Melody harmonized
by Editor)*

309

Jesus, Thou art coming


Je - sus, Thou art com - ing, Ho - ly as Thou art,
Thou, the God Who made me, To my sin - ful heart.
Je - sus, I be - lieve it On Thine on - ly word;
Kneel - ing, I a - dore Thee, As my King and Lord.

1. Jesus, Thou art coming,
Holy as Thou art,
Thou, the God Who made me,
To my sinful heart.
Jesus, I believe it
On Thine only word;
Kneeling, I adore Thee
As my King and Lord.

2. Who am I, my Jesus,
That Thou com'st to me?
I have sinned against Thee,
Often, wilfully,
I am very sorry
I have caused Thee pain,
Jesus, I will never
Wound Thy heart again.

3. Put Thy kind arms round me,
Feeble as I am;
Thou art my Good Shepherd,
I Thy little lamb;
Since Thou comest, Jesus,
Now to be my Guest,
I can trust Thee always,
Lord, for all the rest.

4. Dearest Lord, I love Thee,
With my whole, whole heart,
Not for what Thou givest,
But for what Thou art.
Come, O come, sweet Saviour,
Come to me, and stay,
For I want Thee, Jesus,
More than I can say.

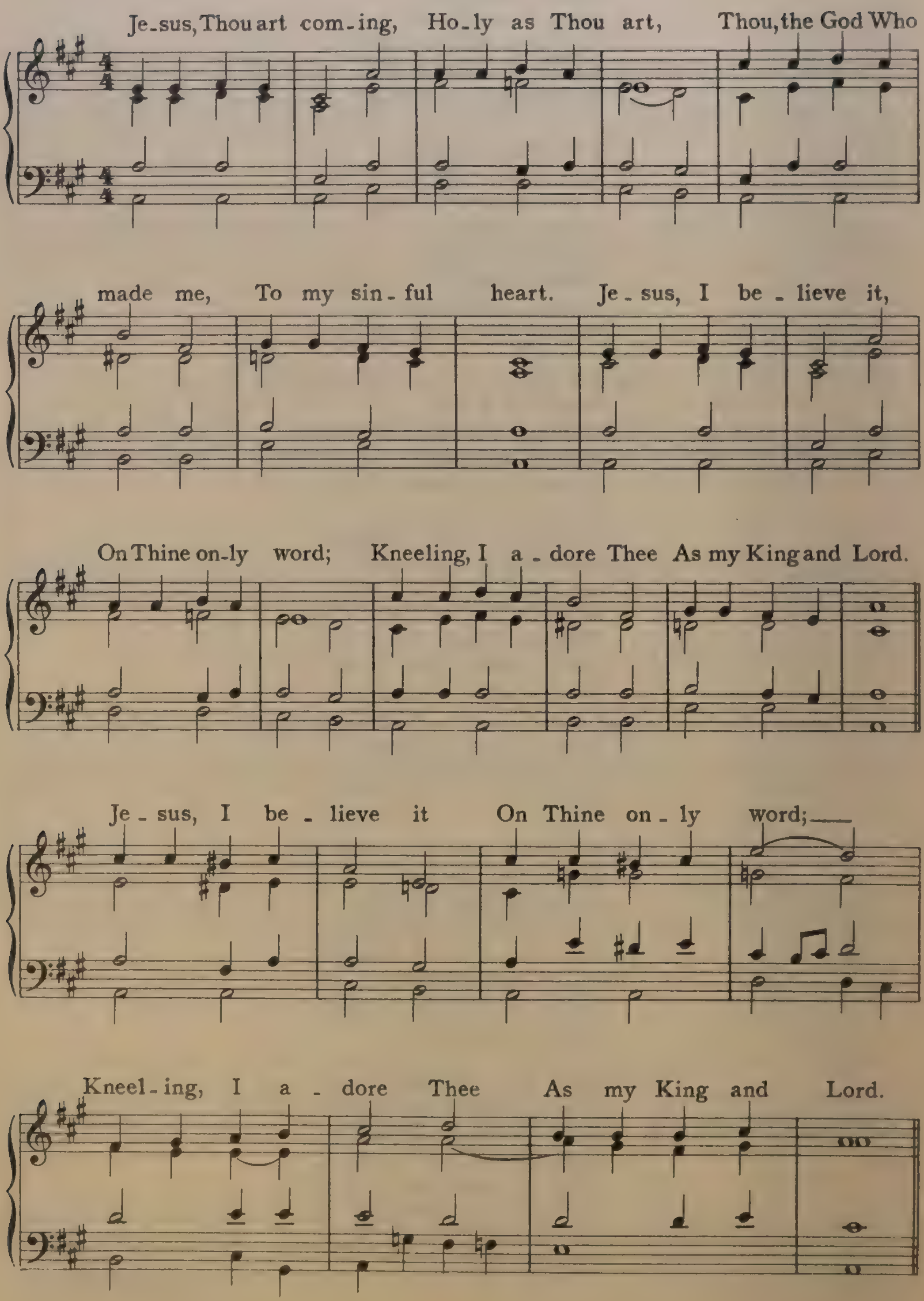
5. Ah! What gift or present,
Jesus, can I bring?
I have nothing worthy
Of my God and King:
But Thou art my Shepherd,
I, Thy little lamb;
Take myself, dear Jesus,
All I have and am.

6. Take my body, Jesus,
Eyes and ears and tongue;
Never let them, Jesus,
Help to do Thee wrong.
Take my heart and fill it
Full of love for Thee:
All I have I give Thee,
Give Thyself to me.

(S.N.D.) *(Fr. J. Fitzpatrick S.J.)*

310

Jesus, Thou art coming


Je-sus, Thou art com-ing, Ho-ly as Thou art, Thou, the God Who
made me, To my sin-ful heart. Je-sus, I be-lieve it,
On Thine on-ly word; Kneeling, I a-dore Thee As my King and Lord.
Je-sus, I be-lieve it On Thine on-ly word;
Kneel-ing, I a-dore Thee As my King and Lord.

1. Jesus, Thou art coming,
Holy as Thou art,
Thou, the God Who made me,
To my sinful heart.
Jesus, I believe it
On Thine only word;
Kneeling, I adore Thee
As my King and Lord.

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I have sinned against Thee,
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Since Thou comest, Jesus,
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Come, O come, sweet Saviour,
Come to me, and stay,
For I want Thee, Jesus,
More than I can say.

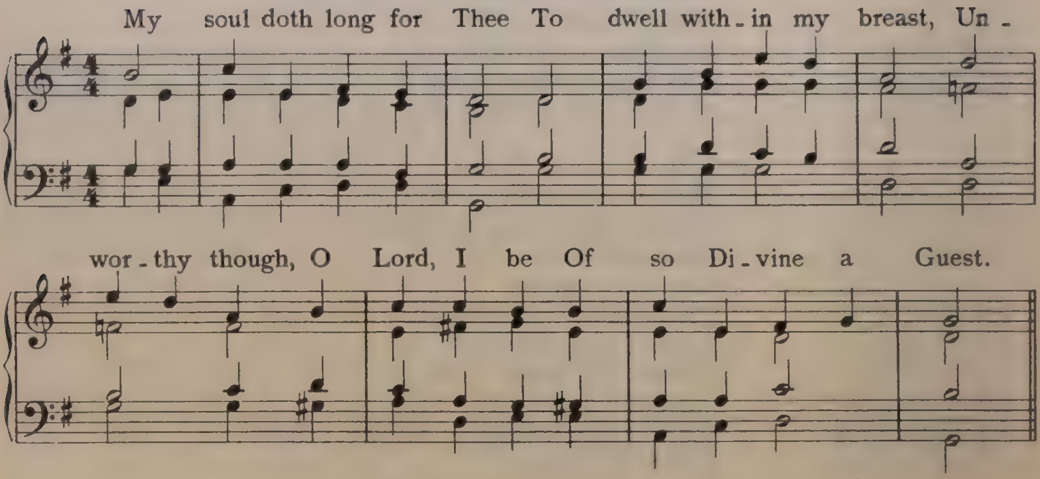
5. Ah! What gift or present,
Jesus, can I bring?
I have nothing worthy
Of my God and King:
But Thou art my Shepherd,
I, Thy little lamb;
Take myself, dear Jesus,
All I have and am.

6. Take my body, Jesus,
Eyes and ears and tongue;
Never let them, Jesus,
Help to do Thee wrong.
Take my heart and fill it
Full of love for Thee:
All I have I give Thee,
Give Thyself to me.

(S.N.D.) *(Editor)*

311

My soul doth long for Thee


My soul doth long for Thee To dwell with-in my breast, Un-
wor-thy though, O Lord, I be Of so Di-vine a Guest.

1. My soul doth long for Thee
To dwell within my breast,
Unworthy though, O Lord, I be
Of so Divine a Guest.

2. Of so Divine a Guest,
Unworthy though I be,
Yet knows my longing soul no rest,
Until it come to Thee.

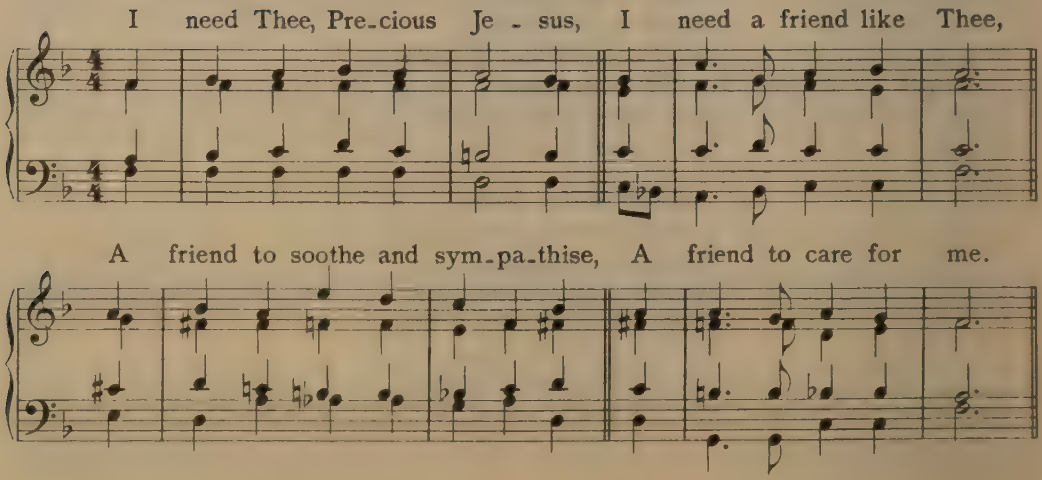
3. Until it come to Thee
In vain I look around;
In all I have, in all I see
No rest is to be found.

4. No rest is to be found
But in Thy sweet embrace.
O when I have my Jesus found
Nought else can take His place.

312

Our Lord

I need Thee, Precious Jesus


I need Thee, Pre-cious Je-sus, I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and sym-pa-thise, A friend to care for me.

1. I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and sympathise,
A friend to care for me.

2. I need Thy Heart, sweet Jesus,
To feel each anxious care;
I long to tell my every want,
And all my sorrows share.

3. I need Thy Blood, sweet Jesus,
To wash each sinful stain;
To cleanse this sinful soul of mine,
And make it pure again.

(*Anon.*)

4. I need Thy Wounds, sweet Jesus,
To fly from perils near,
To shelter in these hallowed clefts,
From every doubt and fear.

5. I need Thee, sweetest Jesus,
In Thy Sacrament of Love,
To nourish this poor soul of mine,
With the treasures of Thy love.

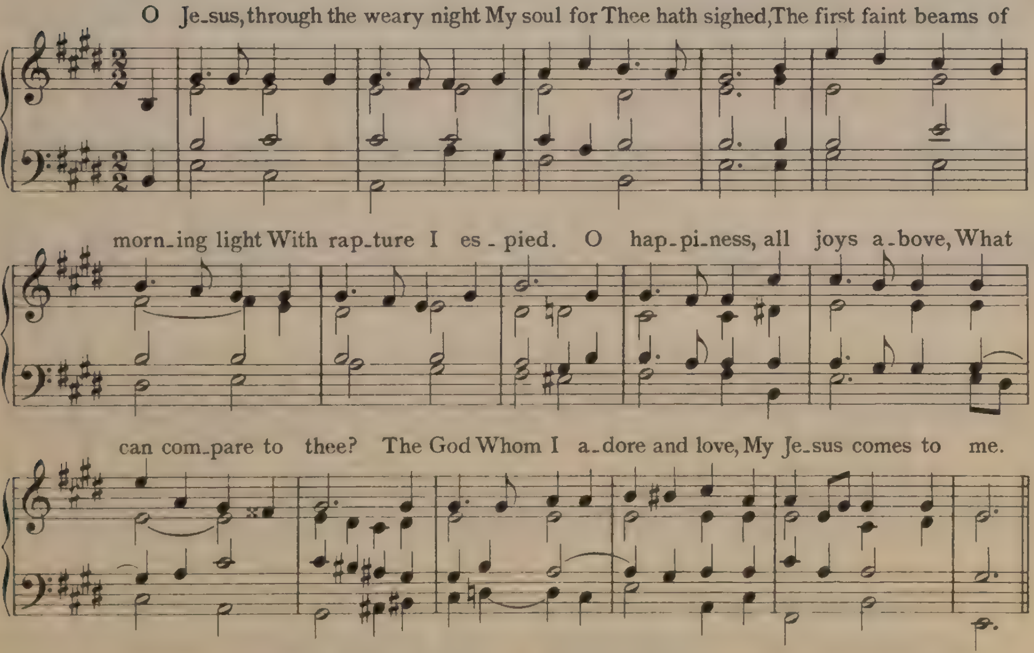
6. I need Thee, sweetest Jesus,
When death's dread hour draws nigh,
To hide me in Thy Sacred Heart
Till wafted safe on high.

(*F. W. Helmsley*)

313

Our Lord

O Jesus through the weary night


O Je-sus, through the weary night My soul for Thee hath sighed, The first faint beams of
morn-ing light With rap-ture I es-pied. O hap-pi-ness, all joys a-bove, What
can com-pare to thee? The God Whom I a-dore and love, My Je-sus comes to me.

1. O Jesus, through the weary night
My soul for Thee hath sighed,
The first faint beams of morning light
With rapture I espied.
O happiness all joys above,
What can compare to thee?
The God Whom I adore and love,
My Jesus comes to me.

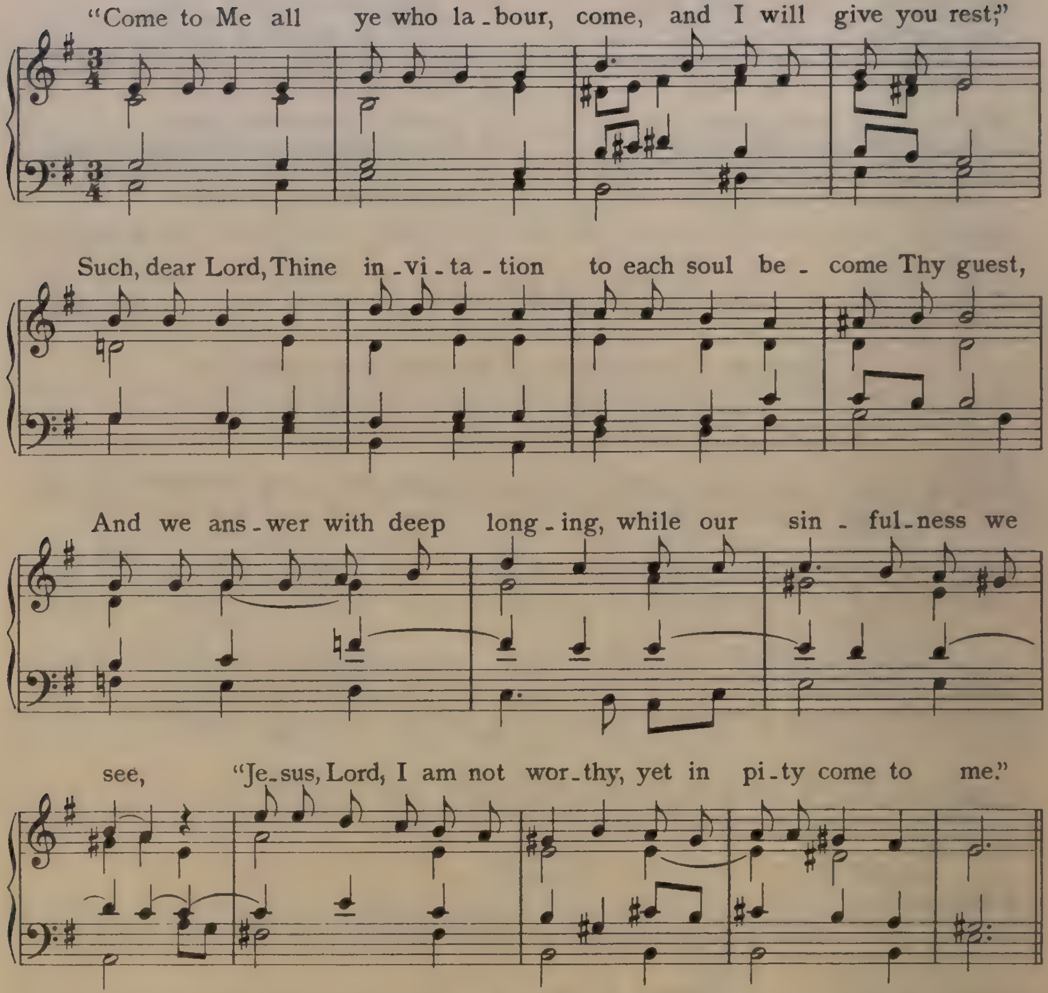
2. Jesus appears, my glad heart beats
With sorrow and delight,
My bliss my Lord not yet completes
He does but glad my sight.
O happiness, *etc.*

3. Jesus, my Love and my Delight,
My all to Thee I give;
All,- every sacrifice is light
When I with Jesus live.
O happiness, *etc.*

(*Melody harmonized by Editor*)

314

Come to Me all ye who labour


"Come to Me all ye who la_bour, come, and I will give you rest;"
Such, dear Lord, Thine in_vi_ta_tion to each soul be_come Thy guest,
And we ans_wer with deep long_ing, while our sin_ful_ness we
see, "Je_sus, Lord, I am not wor_thy, yet in pi_ty come to me."

1. "Come to Me all ye who labour, come, and I will give you rest;"
Such, dear Lord, Thine invitation to each soul become Thy guest,
And we answer with deep longing, while our sinfulness we see,
"Jesus, Lord, I am not worthy, yet in pity come to me."

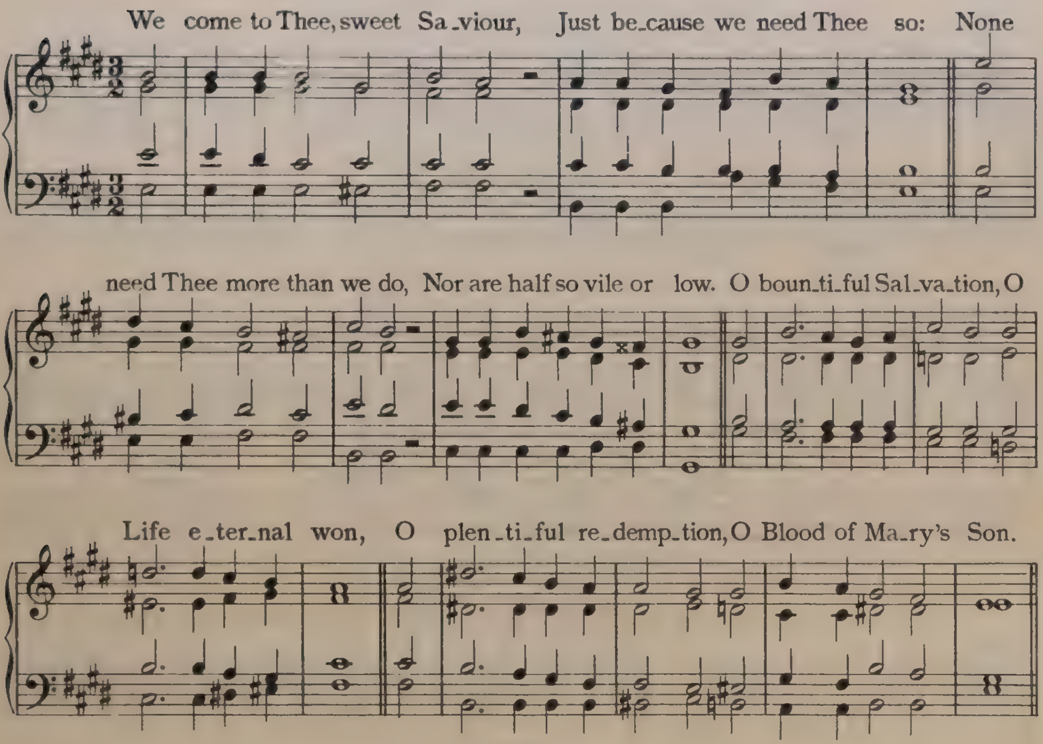
2. Here upon this altar lowly is the home Thou lovest most,
And we own our Lord and Master hidden in the sacred Host;
Life without thee would be lonely, and our hearts still cry to Thee,
"Jesus, Lord, I am not worthy, yet in pity come to me."

3. All is joy when Thou art near us, earth can never bliss impart,
Like the peace and heavenly sweetness of Thy visit to each heart;
All unfelt are grief and sorrow, as with trust we cry to Thee,
"Jesus, Lord, I am not worthy, yet in pity come to me."

(?) *(Editor)*

315

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour


We come to Thee, sweet Sa-viour, Just be-cause we need Thee so: None
need Thee more than we do, Nor are half so vile or low. O boun-ti-ful Sal-va-tion, O
Life e-ter-nal won, O plen-ti-ful re-demp-tion, O Blood of Ma-ry's Son.

1. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
Just because we need Thee so:
None need Thee more than we do,
Nor are half so vile or low.
O bountiful Salvation,
O Life eternal won,
O plentiful Redemption,
O Blood of Mary's Son.

2. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
None will have us, Lord, but Thee;
And we want none but Jesus,
And His grace that makes us free.
O bountiful, *etc.*

3. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
With our broken faith again:
We know Thou wilt forgive us,
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.
O bountiful, *etc.*

4. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
For to whom, Lord, can we go?
The words of Life eternal
From Thy Lips for ever flow.
O bountiful Salvation,
O Life eternal won,
O plentiful Redemption,
O Blood of Mary's Son.

5. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
We have tried Thee oft before,
But now we come more wholly
With the heart to love Thee more.
O bountiful, *etc.*

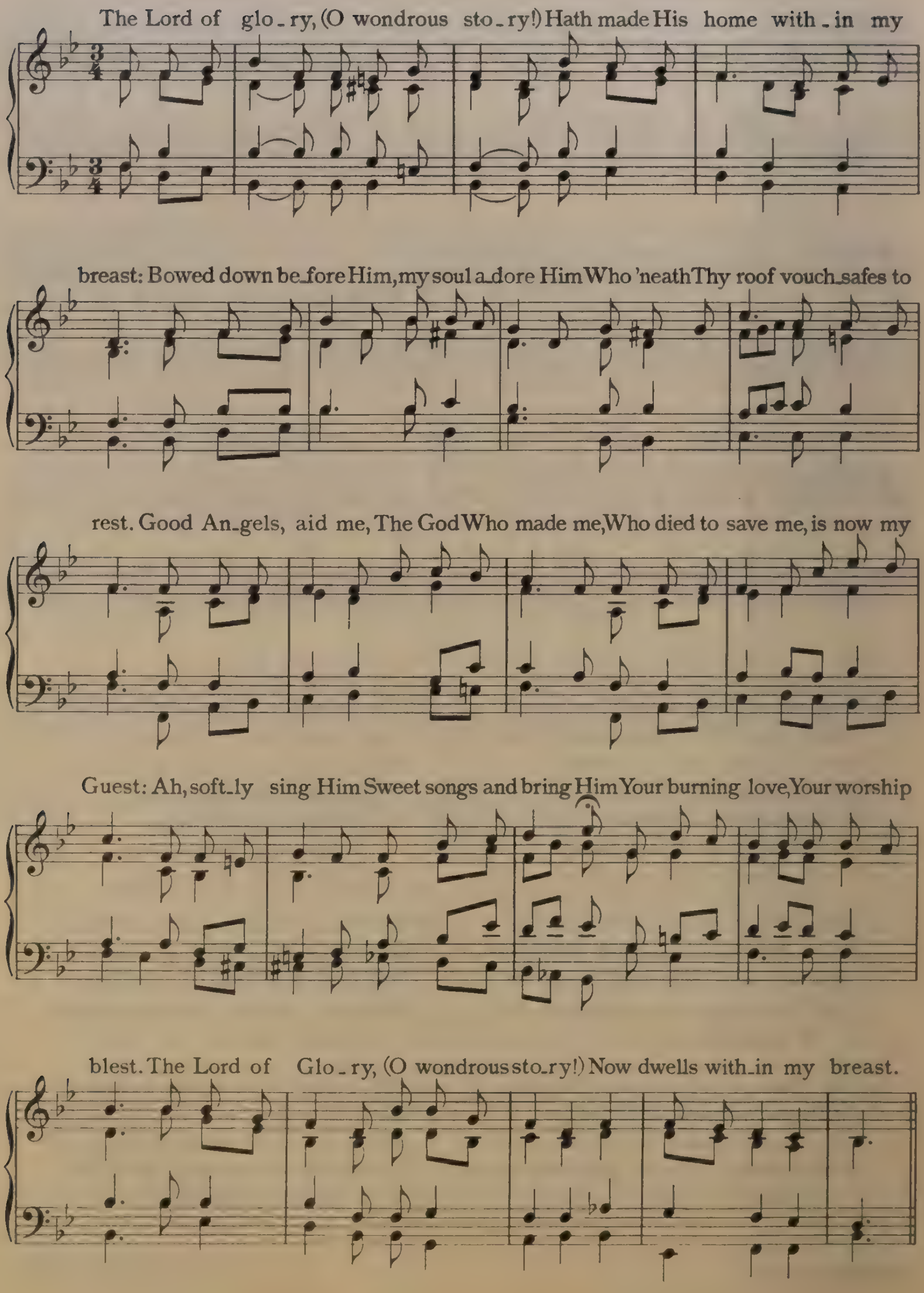
6. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
And Thou wilt not ask us why:
We cannot live without Thee,
And still less without Thee die.
O bountiful, *etc.*

(*Fr. Faber* † 1863).

(*S. P. Waddington*)

316

The Lord of Glory


The Lord of glo - ry, (O wondrous sto - ry!) Hath made His home with - in my
breast: Bowed down be-fore Him, my soul a-dore Him Who 'neath Thy roof vouch-safes to
rest. Good An-gels, aid me, The God Who made me, Who died to save me, is now my
Guest: Ah, soft-ly sing Him Sweet songs and bring Him Your burning love, Your worship
blest. The Lord of Glo - ry, (O wondrous sto-ry!) Now dwells with-in my breast.

1. The Lord of glory
(O wondrous story!)
Hath made His home within my breast:
Bowed down before Him,
My soul adore Him
Who 'neath Thy roof vouchsafes to rest.
Good Angels, aid me,
The God Who made me,
Who died to save me, is now my Guest:
Ah, softly sing Him
Sweet songs, and bring Him
Your burning love, your worship blest.
The Lord of Glory,
(O wondrous story!)
Now dwells within my breast.

2. My God, I bless Thee,
Revere, confess Thee,
And love and trust with all my heart:
Thy child is wailing
Each fault and failing
That caused thee pain, or tear, or smart.
Dear Lord, forgive me
My sins that grieve Thee,
Because I love Thee for all Thou art:
To know Thee clearly,
To love Thee dearly,
Be now my portion, my only part.
My God, I bless Thee
Revere, confess Thee,
And love with all my heart.

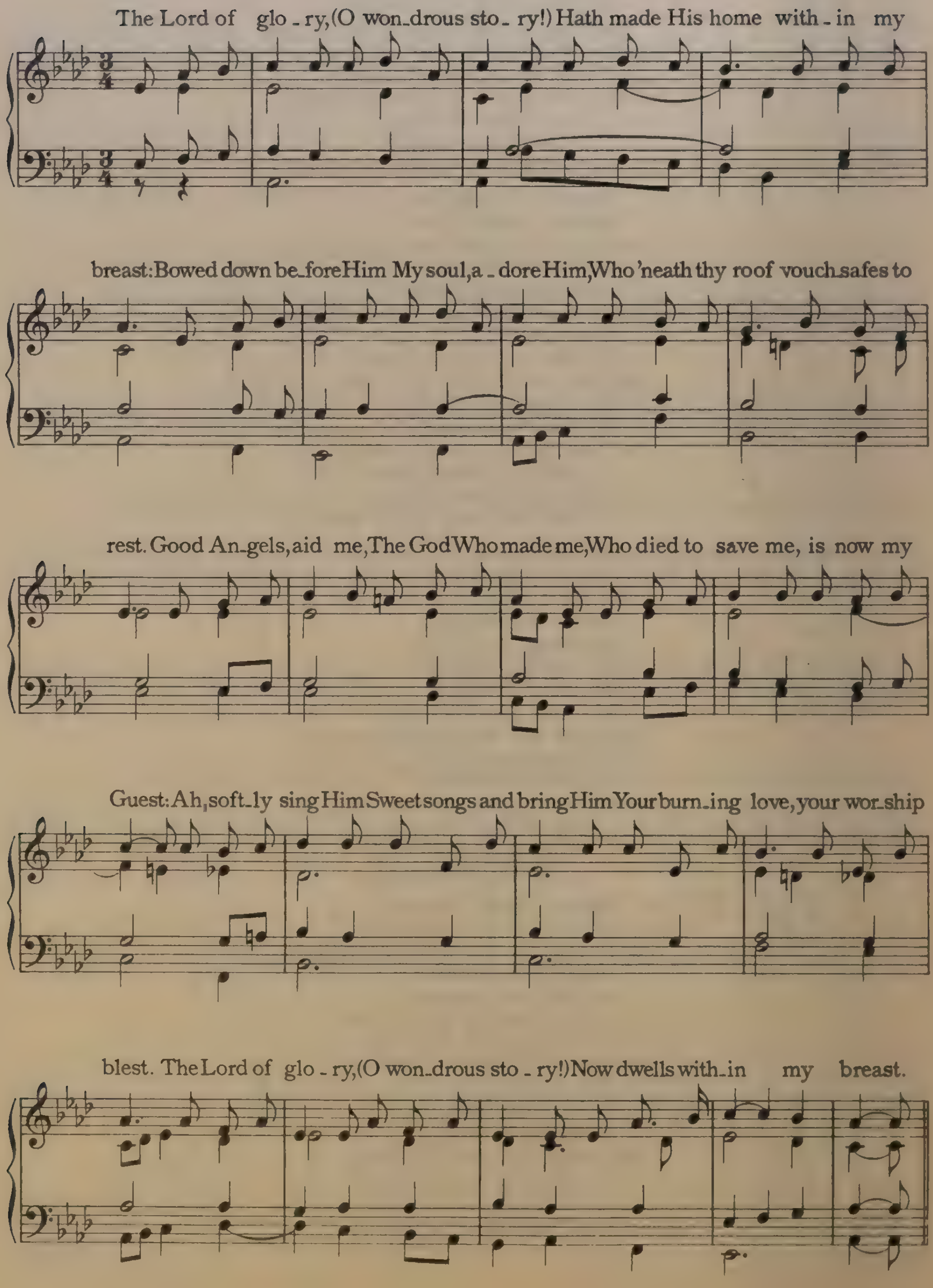
3. My Jesus, never
Shall creature sever
My happy heart from love of Thee;
Ah! do not let me,
My King, forget Thee,
And O do Thou remember me.
My only Treasure,
My Rest and Pleasure,
My Rock and Fortress for ever be:
In strife defend me,
In sickness tend me,
And come in death to set me free.
Ah, do not let me,
My King, forget Thee,
And, Lord, remember me.

4. When daylight shineth,
When day declineth,
In storm and sun, abide with me:
In joy and gladness,
In pain and sadness,
O let me, Lord, be nigh to Thee.
Good Shepherd, feed me,
And guard and lead me
To Thy bright pastures beyond the sea,
To make in glory,
(O wondrous story!)
One long Communion eternally.
When daylight shineth,
When day declineth,
O Lord, abide with me.

(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

317

The Lord of Glory


The Lord of glo - ry, (O won-drous sto - ry!) Hath made His home with - in my
breast: Bowed down be-fore Him My soul, a - dore Him, Who 'neath thy roof vouch-safes to
rest. Good An-gels, aid me, The God Who made me, Who died to save me, is now my
Guest: Ah, soft-ly sing Him Sweet songs and bring Him Your burn-ing love, your wor-ship
blest. The Lord of glo - ry, (O won-drous sto - ry!) Now dwells with-in my breast.

1. The Lord of glory
(O wondrous story!)
Hath made His home within my breast:
Bowed down before Him,
My soul adore Him
Who 'neath Thy roof vouchsafes to rest.
Good Angels, aid me,
The God Who made me,
Who died to save me, is now my Guest:
Ah, softly sing Him
Sweet songs, and bring Him
Your burning love, your worship blest.
The Lord of Glory,
(O wondrous story!)
Now dwells within my breast.

2. My God, I bless Thee,
Revere, confess Thee,
And love and trust with all my heart:
Thy child is wailing
Each fault and failing
That caused thee pain, or tear, or smart.
Dear Lord, forgive me
My sins that grieve Thee,
Because I love Thee for all Thou art:
To know Thee clearly,
To love Thee dearly,
Be now my portion, my only part.
My God, I bless Thee
Revere, confess Thee,
And love with all my heart.

3. My Jesus, never
Shall creature sever
My happy heart from love of Thee;
Ah! do not let me,
My King, forget Thee,
And O do Thou remember me.
My only Treasure,
My Rest and Pleasure,
My Rock and Fortress for ever be:
In strife defend me,
In sickness tend me,
And come in death to set me free.
Ah, do not let me,
My King, forget Thee,
And, Lord, remember me.

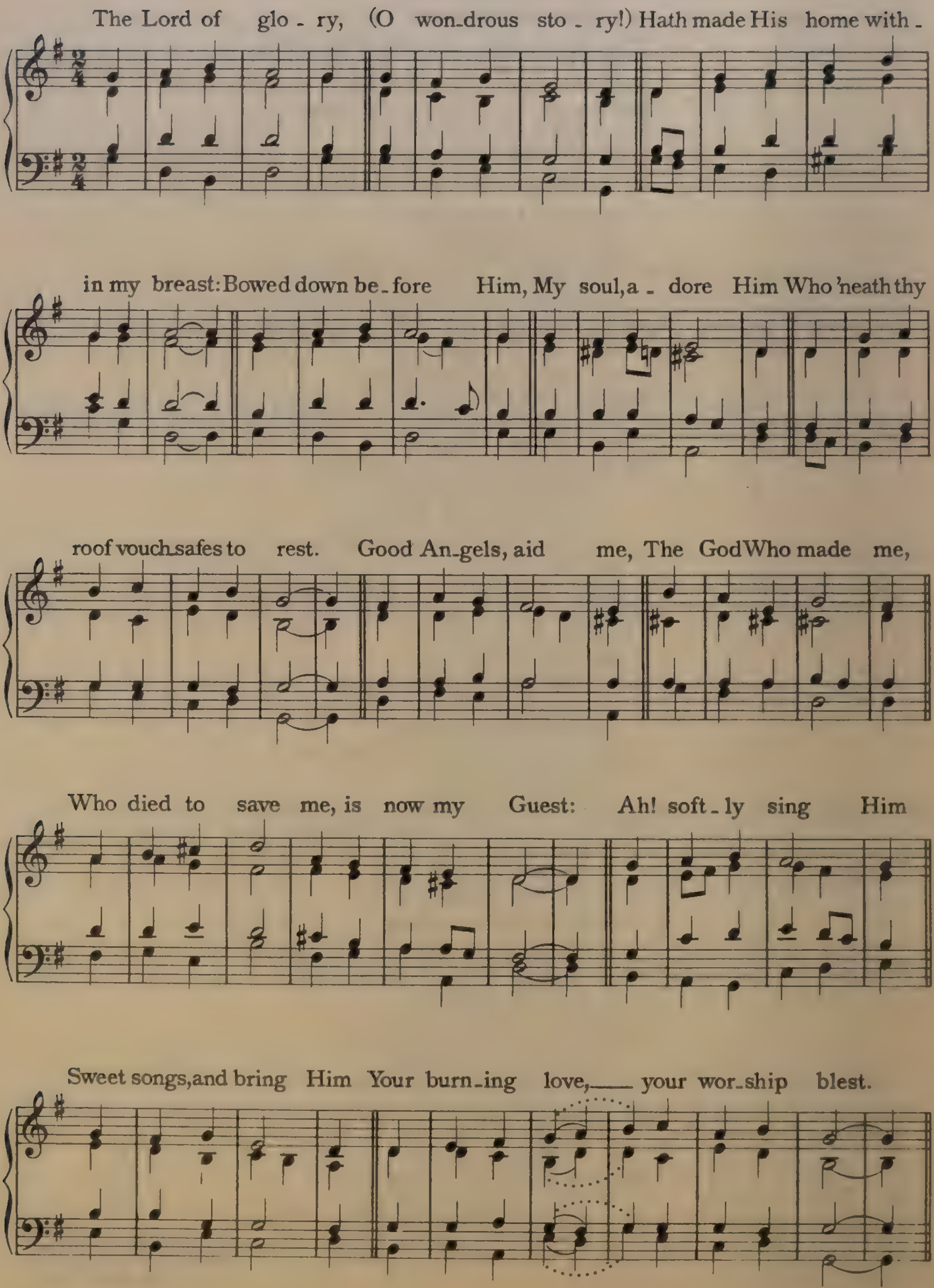
4. When daylight shineth,
When day declineth,
In storm and sun, abide with me:
In joy and gladness,
In pain and sadness,
O let me, Lord, be nigh to Thee.
Good Shepherd, feed me,
And guard and lead me
To Thy bright pastures beyond the sea,
To make in glory,
(O wondrous story!)
One long Communion eternally.
When daylight shineth,
When day declineth,
O Lord, abide with me.

(S N D.)

(Melody harmonized by
H. C. Chambers Mus. B.)

318

The Lord of Glory


The Lord of glo - ry, (O won-drous sto - ry!) Hath made His home with -
in my breast: Bowed down be - fore Him, My soul, a - dore Him Who 'neath thy
roof vouch-safes to rest. Good An-gels, aid me, The God Who made me,
Who died to save me, is now my Guest: Ah! soft - ly sing Him
Sweet songs, and bring Him Your burn-ing love, your wor-ship blest.

1. The Lord of glory
(O wondrous story!)
Hath made His home within my breast:
Bowed down before Him,
My soul, adore Him
Who 'neath Thy roof vouchsafes to rest.
Good Angels, aid me,
The God Who made me,
Who died to save me, is now my Guest:
Ah, softly sing Him
Sweet songs, and bring Him
Your burning love, your worship blest.

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And love and trust with all my heart:
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Each fault and failing
That caused thee pain, or tear, or smart.
Dear Lord, forgive me
My sins that grieve Thee,
Because I love Thee for all Thou art:
To know Thee clearly,
To love Thee dearly,
Be now my portion, my only part.

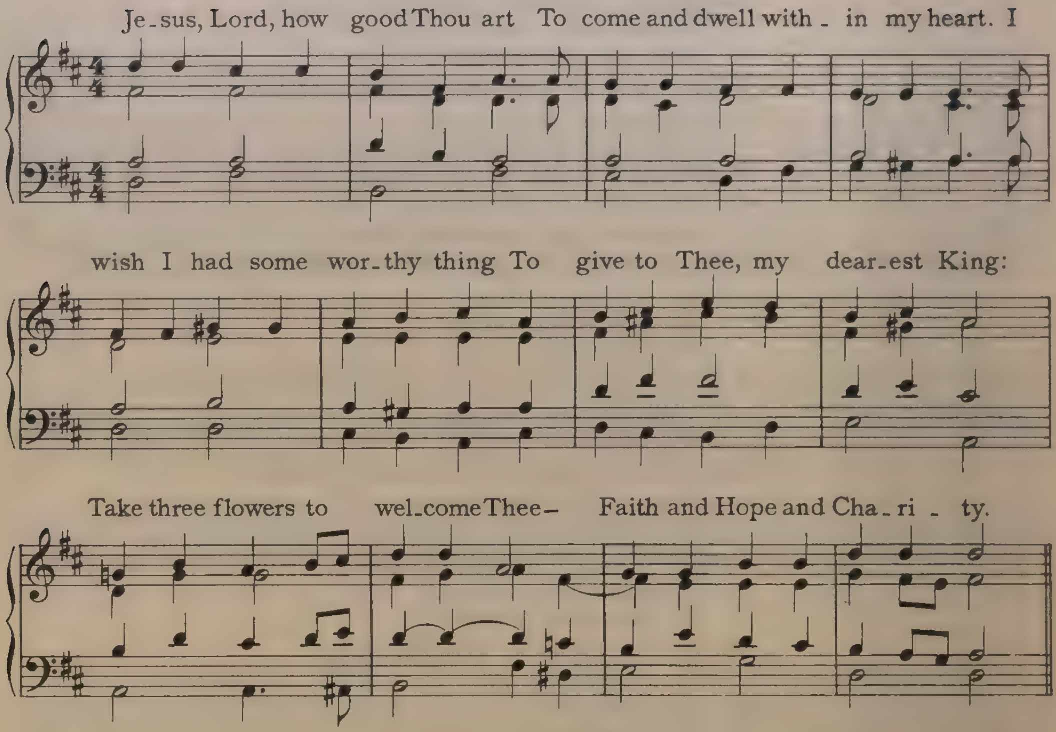
3. My Jesus, never
Shall creature sever
My happy heart from love of Thee;
Ah! do not let me,
My King, forget Thee,
And O do Thou remember me.
My only Treasure,
My Rest and Pleasure,
My Rock and Fortress for ever be:
In strife defend me,
In sickness tend me,
And come in death to set me free.

4. When daylight shineth,
When day declineth,
In storm and sun, abide with me:
In joy and gladness,
In pain and sadness,
O let me, Lord, be close to Thee.
Good Shepherd, feed me,
And guard and lead me
To Thy bright pastures beyond the sea,
To make in glory,
(O wondrous story!)
One long Communion eternally.

(S. N. D.) *(Dom Gregory Ould O. S. B.)*

319

Jesus, Lord, how good Thou art


Je-sus, Lord, how good Thou art To come and dwell with - in my heart. I
wish I had some wor-thy thing To give to Thee, my dear-est King:
Take three flowers to wel-come Thee- Faith and Hope and Cha-ri - ty.

1. Jesus, Lord, how good Thou art
To come and dwell within my heart.
I wish I had some worthy thing
To give to Thee, my dearest King.
Take three flowers to welcome Thee–
Faith and Hope and Charity.

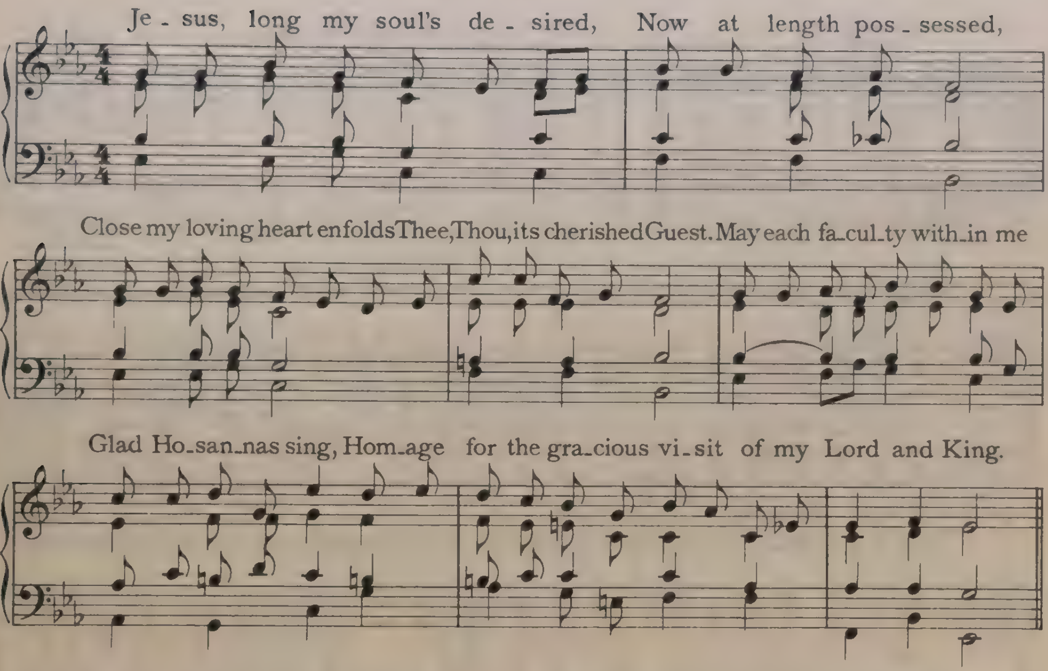
2. Faith, for firmly I believe
That Thou art God Whom I receive:
And Hope, that Thou wilt grant me grace
One day in Heaven to see Thy Face:
Love, which like a sweet red rose,
For Thee, Jesus, only grows.

3. Jesus, Jesus, hear me pray–
O plant Thy lily here today,
And give it to Thy Mother's care
To keep it always white and fair,
Till, when it has grown quite fit,
Thou wilt come and gather it.

(?) *(Editor)*

320

Jesus, long my soul's desired


Je - sus, long my soul's de - sired, Now at length pos - sessed,
Close my loving heart enfolds Thee, Thou, its cherished Guest. May each fa_cul_ty with_in me
Glad Ho_san_nas sing, Hom_age for the gra_cious vi_sit of my Lord and King.

1. Jesus, long my soul's desired,
Now at length possessed,
Close my loving heart enfolds Thee,
Thou its cherished Guest.
May each faculty within me
Glad Hosannas sing,
Homage for the gracious visit
Of my Lord and King.

2. Not such brightness bringeth morning
To the night-bound earth,
Not such freshness, showers waking
Flowers to new birth,
As the life, the warmth, the sunlight
Jesus brings to me,
All renewing and refreshing
With His charity.

3. I was nothing; Thou didst draw me
From oblivion dark,
And my mind Thou didst illumine
With divinest spark.
Thou wast born for me an Infant
In a stable poor,
Dying on the Cross in anguish
Didst all pain endure.

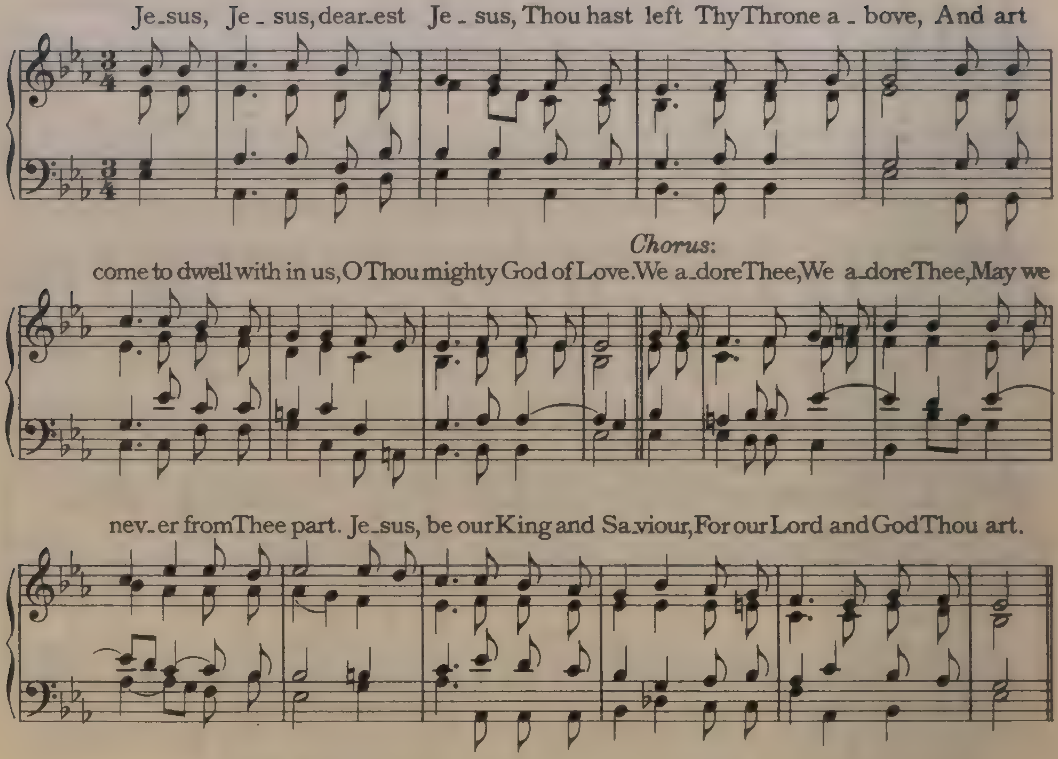
4. And still every hour bringeth
Fresh proofs of Thy care,
And to-day Thyself Thou givest,
Gift beyond compare.
O my soul's delight, my Jesus!
Welcome o'er and o'er!
Reign, O freely reign within me
King for evermore!

5. Stay with me, O stay, my Jesus,
From the morning light,
Stay with me till twilight shadows
Deepen into night:
Stay with me from life's bright morning
Till her shaded eve,
Friend, and King, and Master, Jesus,
All my love receive!

(*Prince Hohenlohe*, † 1849) (?)

321

Jesus, Jesus, dearest Jesus


Je-sus, Je - sus, dear-est Je - sus, Thou hast left Thy Throne a - bove, And art
come to dwell with in us, O Thou mighty God of Love. We a-dore Thee, We a-dore Thee, May we
Chorus:
nev-er from Thee part. Je-sus, be our King and Sa-viour, For our Lord and God Thou art.

1. Jesus, Jesus, dearest Jesus,
Thou hast left Thy Throne above,
And art come to dwell within us,
O Thou mighty God of Love.
We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
May we never from Thee part.
Jesus, be our King and Saviour,
For our Lord and God Thou art.

2. We believe we have received Thee,
And in humble trust adore;
Praises be to Thee, sweet Jesus,
May we love Thee more and more.
We adore Thee, *etc.*

3. We can never thank Thee, Jesus
For this gift, so great, so high;
Saints and Angels, bless Him for us
In your hymns beyond the sky.
We adore Thee, *etc.*

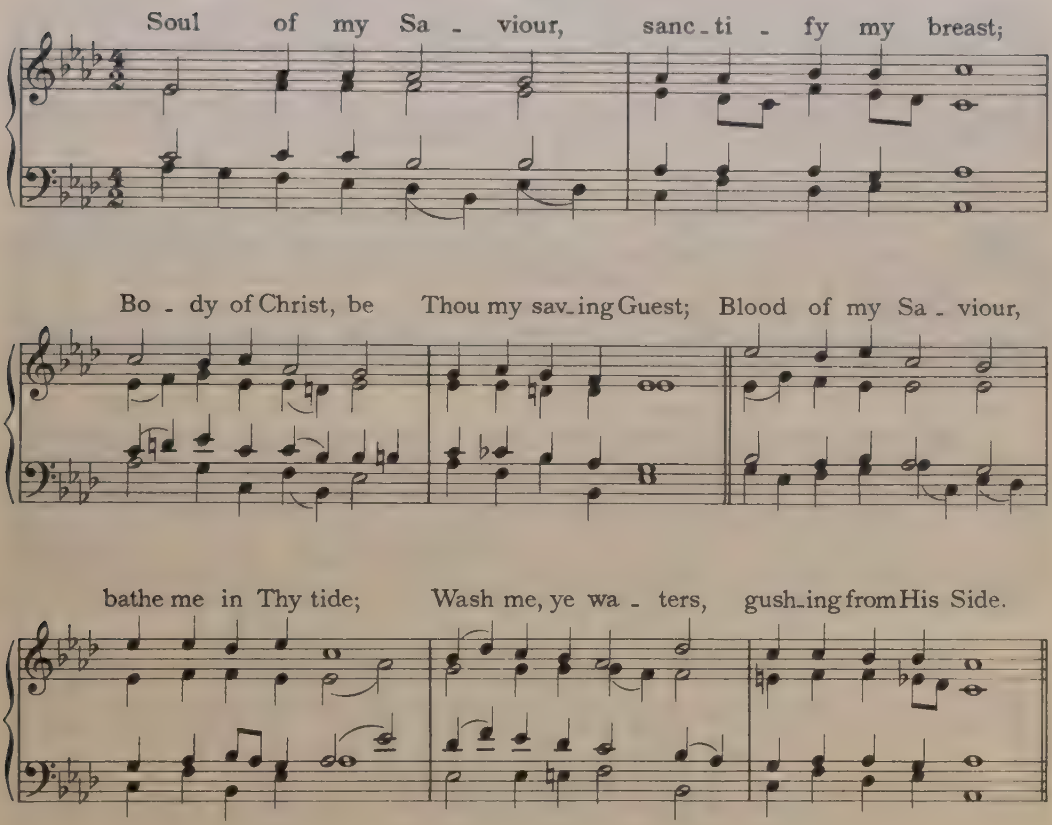
4. Make us humble, make us patient,
Pure of heart, and strong to dare,
Give us, too, that crowning blessing,
Thy dear Mother's special care.
We adore Thee, *etc.*

5. Sacred Heart, take Thou our offering:
All we have we give to Thee,
Life and strength, and soul, and body,
To be Thine eternally.
We adore Thee, *etc.*

(?)

(Melody harmonized by Editor)

322
Soul of my Saviour


Soul of my Sa - viour, sanc - ti - fy my breast;
Bo - dy of Christ, be Thou my sav - ing Guest; Blood of my Sa - viour,
bathe me in Thy tide; Wash me, ye wa - ters, gush - ing from His Side.

1. Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast;
Body of Christ, be Thou my saving Guest;
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in Thy tide;
Wash me, ye waters, gushing from His Side.

2. Strength and protection may His Passion be,
O Blessed Jesus, hear and answer me,
Deep in Thy Wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me,
So shall I never, never part from Thee.

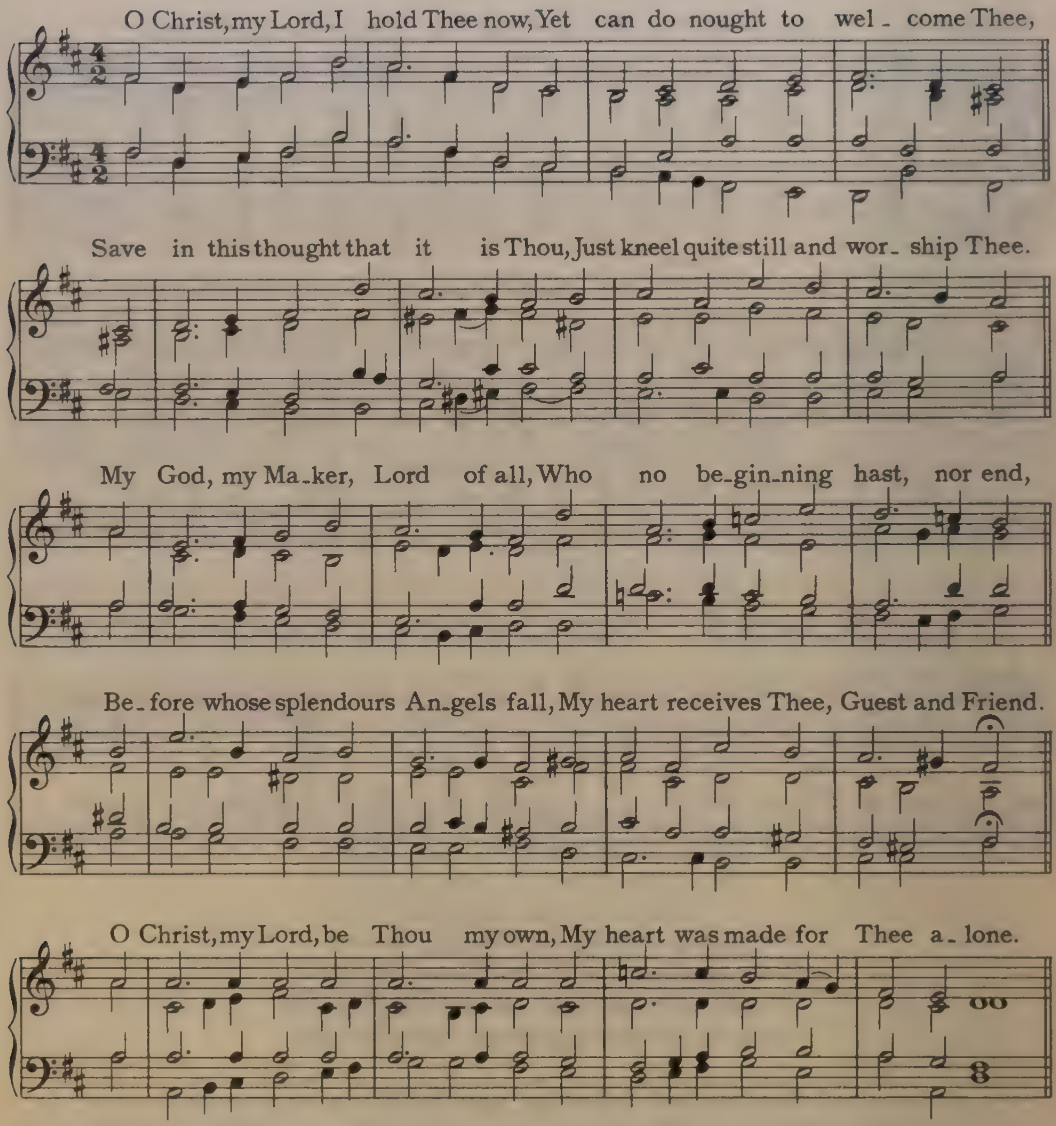
3. Guard and defend me from the foe malign.
In death's drear moments make me only Thine;
Call me, and bid me come to Thee on high,
Where I may praise Thee, with Thy Saints for aye.

(Tr. of the "Anima Christi")
Anon.

(Fr. Maher)

323

O Christ, my Lord


O Christ, my Lord, I hold Thee now, Yet can do nought to wel_come Thee,
Save in this thought that it is Thou, Just kneel quite still and wor_ship Thee.
My God, my Ma_ker, Lord of all, Who no be_gin_ning hast, nor end,
Be_fore whose splendours An_gels fall, My heart receives Thee, Guest and Friend.
O Christ, my Lord, be Thou my own, My heart was made for Thee a_lone.

1. O Christ, my Lord, I hold Thee now,
Yet can do nought to welcome Thee,
Save in this thought that it is Thou,
Just kneel quite still and worship Thee.
My God, my Maker, Lord of all,
Who no beginning hast, nor end,
Before whose splendours Angels fall,
My heart receives Thee, Guest and Friend.
O Christ, my Lord, be Thou my own,
My heart was made for Thee alone.

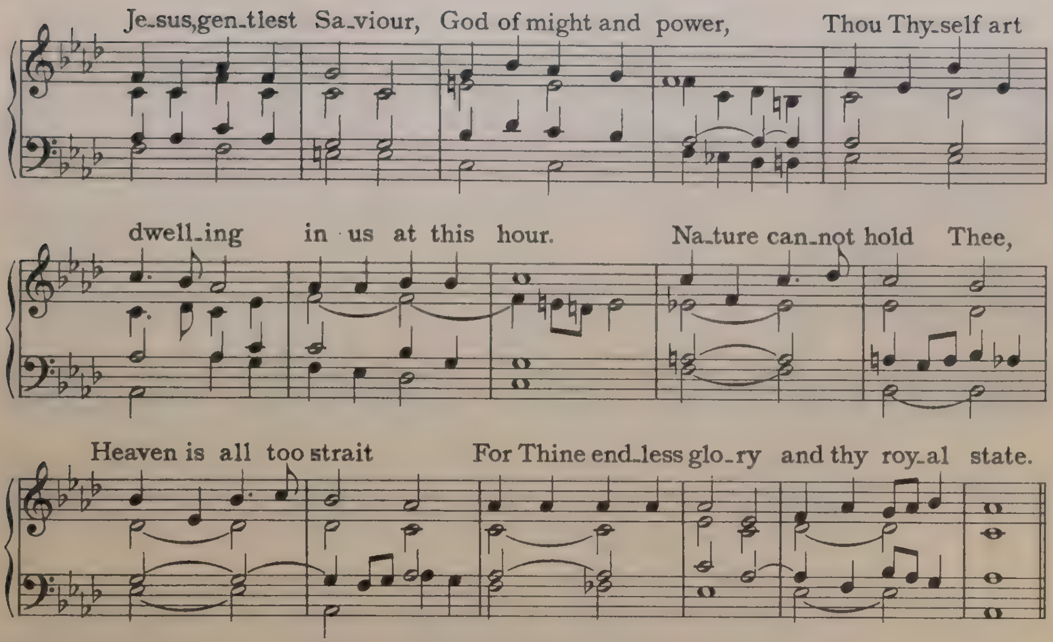
2. O boundless Beauty, Love divine,
Eternal Wisdom, Joy and Might,
Whom neither time nor space confine,
This narrow frame contains Thee quite.
And I am but a little clay,
Which, if Thou loose Thy constant hold,
Would crumble straight to dust away-
Yet now Thyself mine arms enfold.
O Christ, my Lord, be Thou my own,
My heart was made for Thee alone.

(?)

(Novello?)

324a

Jesus gentlest Saviour


Je-sus, gen-tlest Sa-viour, God of might and power, Thou Thy-self art
dwell-ing in us at this hour. Na-ture can-not hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait For Thine end-less glo-ry and thy roy-al state.

1. Jesus, gentlest Saviour, God of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling in us at this hour.
Nature cannot hold Thee, Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory and Thy royal state.

2. Out beyond the shining of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching infinitely far.
Yet the hearts of children hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders loves the lowly spot.

3. As men to their gardens go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts dear Jesus seeks them at all hours.
Jesus, gentlest Saviour, Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness till our hearts o'erflow.

4. Pray the prayer within us that to heaven shall rise;
Sing the song that Angels sing above the skies.
Multiply our graces, chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest- grace to persevere.

5. O how can we thank Thee for a gift like this-
Gift that truly maketh Heaven's eternal bliss?
Ah, when wilt Thou always make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for Heaven- then the day will come.

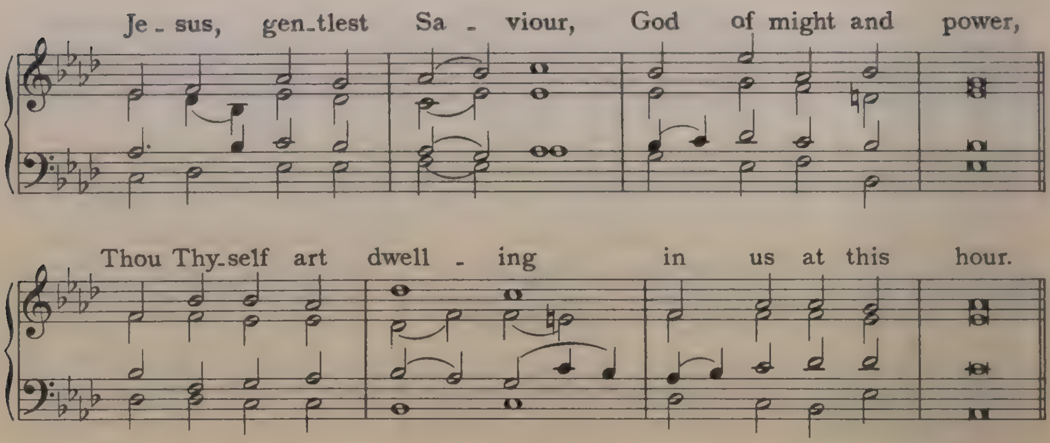
6. Now at least we'll keep Thee all the time we may,
But Thy grace and blessing we will keep alway.
When our hearts Thou leavest, worthless though they be,
Give them to Thy Mother to be kept for Thee.

(Fr. Faber † 1863)

(Melody harmonized by Editor)

324b

Jesus gentlest Saviour


Je - sus, gen-tlest Sa - viour, God of might and power,
Thou Thy-self art dwell - ing in us at this hour.

1. Jesus, gentlest Saviour, God of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling in us at this hour.

2. Nature cannot hold Thee, Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory and Thy royal state.

3. Out beyond the shining of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching infinitely far.

4. Yet the hearts of children hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders loves the lowly spot.

5. As men to their gardens go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts dear Jesus seeks them at all hours.

6. Jesus, gentlest Saviour, Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness till our hearts o'erflow.

7. Pray the prayer within us that to heaven shall rise;
Sing the song that Angels sing above the skies.

8. Multiply our graces, chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest - grace to persevere.

9. O how can we thank Thee for a gift like this-
Gift that truly maketh Heaven's eternal bliss?

10. Ah, when wilt Thou always make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for Heaven - then the day will come.

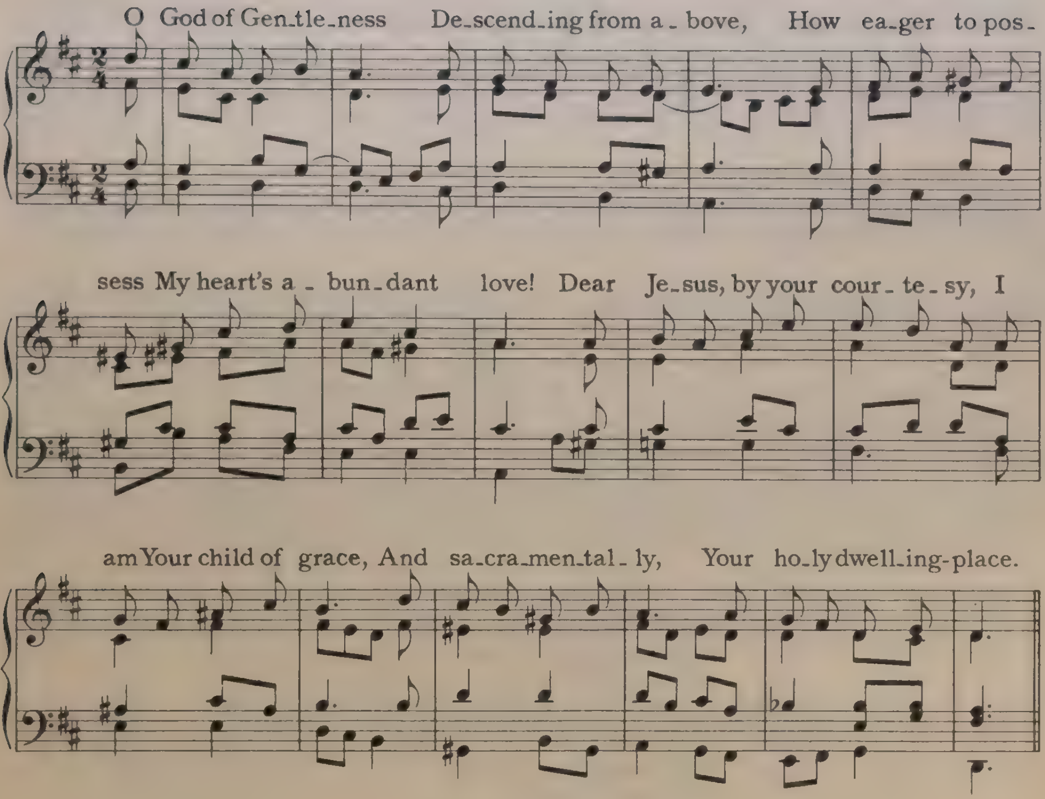
11. Now at least we'll keep Thee all the time we may,
But Thy grace and blessing we will keep alway.

12. When our hearts Thou leavest, worthless though they be,
Give them to Thy Mother to be kept for Thee.

(*Fr Faber* † 1863) (*Sir Richard Terry*)

325

O God of Gentleness


O God of Gen-tle-ness De-scend-ing from a-bove, How ea-ger to pos-
sess My heart's a-bun-dant love! Dear Je-sus, by your cour-te-sy, I
am Your child of grace, And sa-cra-men-tal-ly, Your ho-ly dwell-ing-place.

1. O God of Gentleness
Descending from above,
How eager to possess
My heart's abundant love!
Dear Jesus, by Your courtesy,
I am Your child of grace,
And, sacramentally,
Your holy dwelling-place.

2. I try, but cannot find
A prayer to praise You well;
Your Beauty fills my mind
With thoughts no tongue can tell.
I close my eyes in wonderment,
In helplessness I pray,–
But You will be content
With what I cannot say.

3. Beneath The form of Bread
No splendour I perceive;
But rev'rently my head
I bow, I do believe.
With perfect faith I trust You, Lord,
Within the Sacred Host;
And You will be adored
Because I love You most.

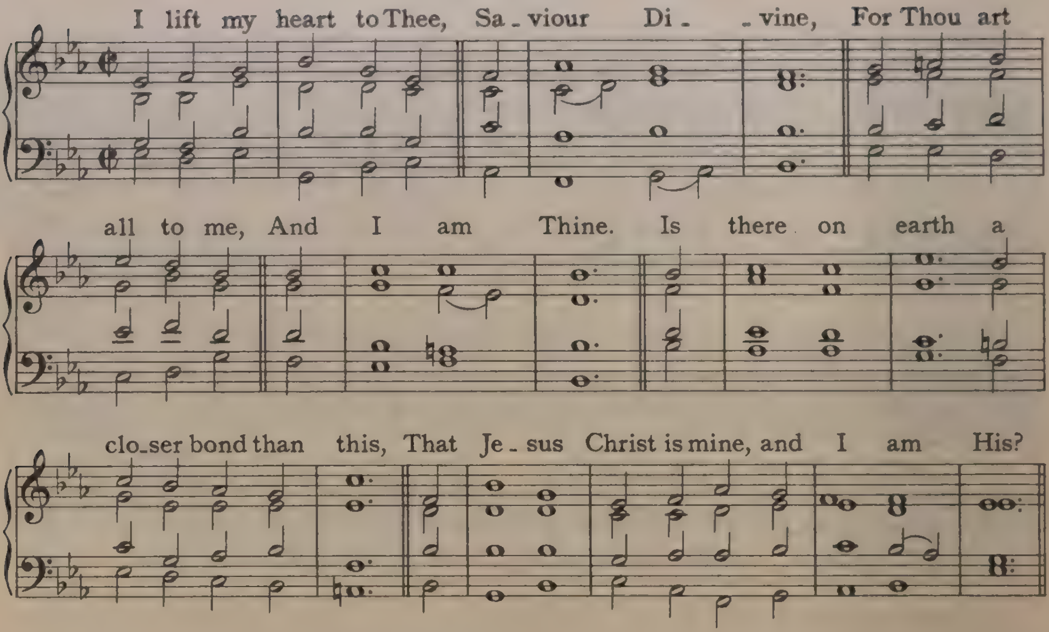
4. O Infinite Delight
And Loveliness supreme,
My Starlight in the night,
My soul's eternal dream!
I worship You in silence, and
I hold Your Heart to mine:
And You will understand,
And make my life divine.

(Fr Feeney S. J.)

(Editor)

326

I lift my heart to Thee


I lift my heart to Thee, Saviour Di-vine, For Thou art all to me, And I am Thine. Is there on earth a clo-ser bond than this, That Je-sus Christ is mine, and I am His?

1. I lift my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine,
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,–
That Jesus Christ is mine, and I am His?

2. Thine am I by all ties,
But chiefly Thine
That through Thy Sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
About me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3. To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe,
All that I have, and am,
All that I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own, Lord, I am Thine.

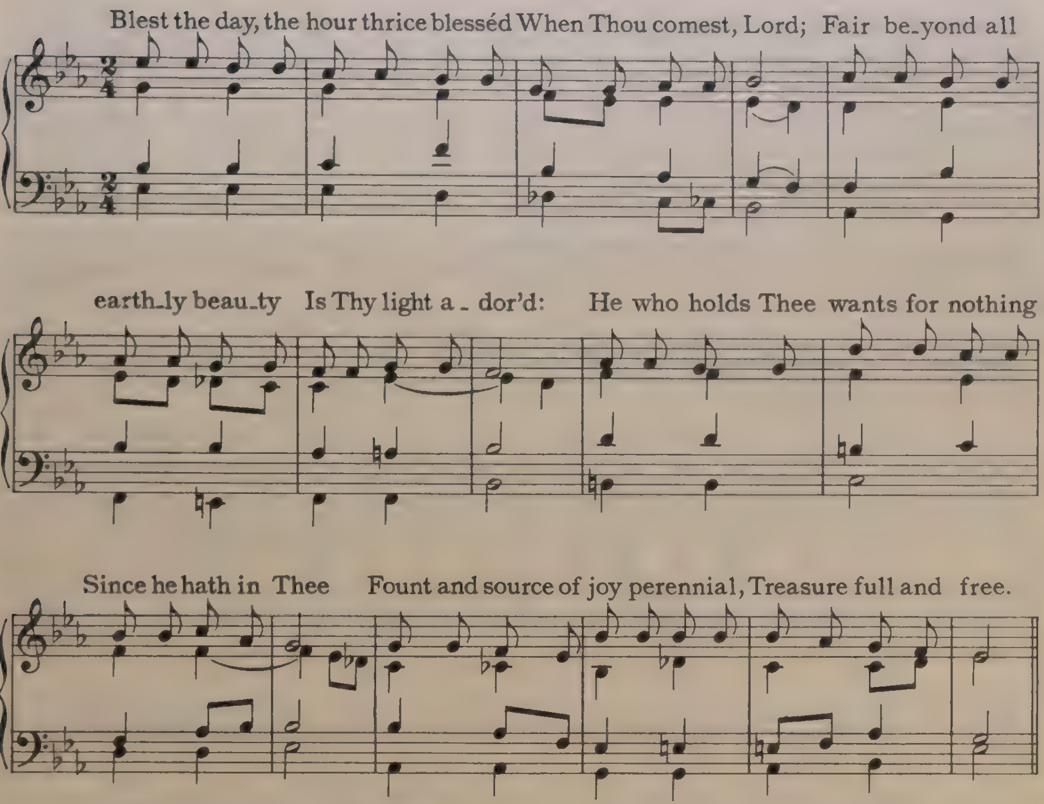
4. How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee, or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee
When Thou hast given Thine own sweet self for me?

5. I pray Thee, Jesus, keep
Me in Thy love,
And in death's holy sleep
Call me above
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

(?) *(Ivor Atkins)*

327

Blest the day, the hour thrice blessed


Blest the day, the hour thrice blessèd When Thou comest, Lord; Fair be-yond all
earth-ly beau-ty Is Thy light a-dor'd: He who holds Thee wants for nothing
Since he hath in Thee Fount and source of joy perennial, Treasure full and free.

1. Blest the day, the hour thrice blessèd
When Thou comest, Lord;
Fair beyond all earthly beauty
Is Thy light ador'd:
He who holds Thee wants for nothing,
Since he hath in Thee
Fount and source of joy perennial,
Treasure full and free.

2. Who is there that Thy great bounty
Doth not awe and thrill?
Wonder at Thy gracious mercy
Every mind must fill.
Thou, great God, to me descendest,
I to Thee arise,
Thy poor servant Thou embracest;
Lost in Thee he lies.

3. May self-love no more be master,
But give way to Thee;
Thou alone be loved, be honoured,
Everlastingly,
Root out from my heart whatever
Pleases not Thy sight;
Make me Thine, all Thine, Thine only,
Shining pure and bright.

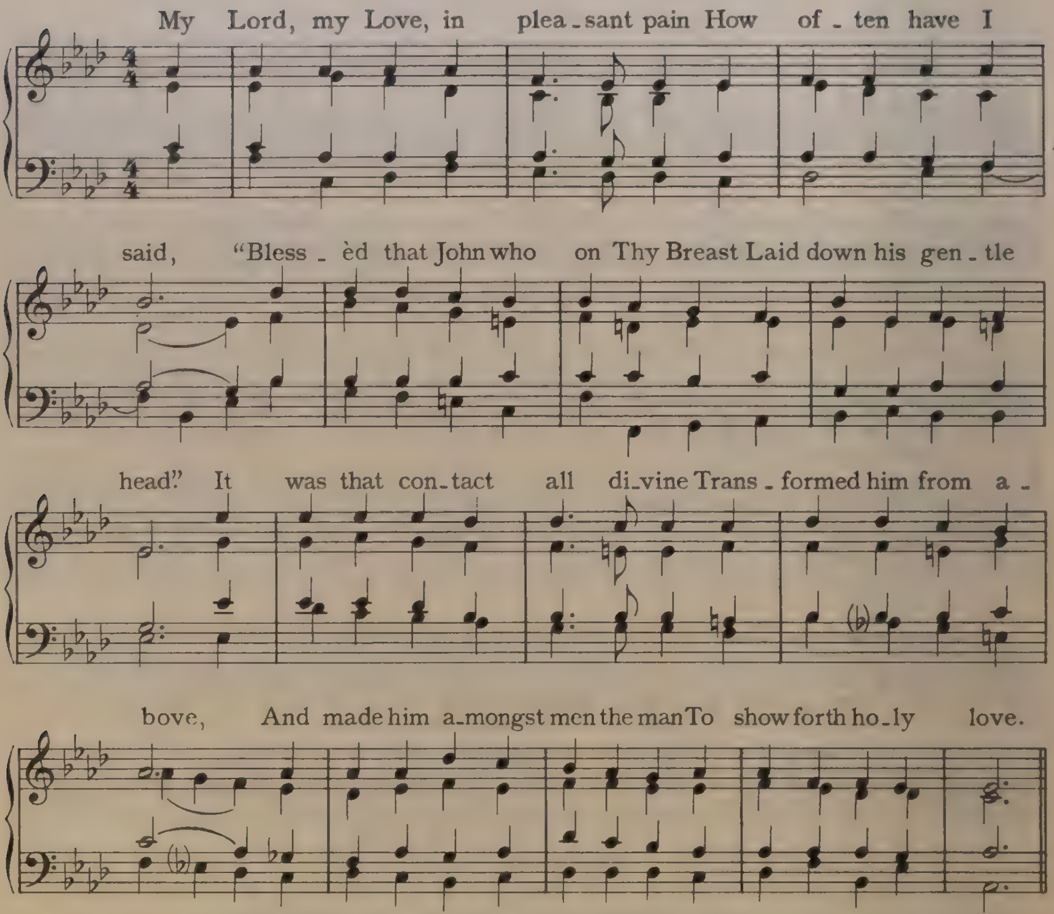
4. Whilst a breath of life remaineth
I Thy praise will sing,
Waiting for the open vision
Of Thy Face, my King.
Then, the veil withdrawn, what raptures
When my Lord I see!
Love and honour with the Angels
For eternity.

(*Prince Hohenlohe* † 1849)

(*Editor*)

328

My Lord, my Love


My Lord, my Love, in plea_sant pain How of_ten have I
said, "Bless_èd that John who on Thy Breast Laid down his gen_tle
head." It was that con_tact all di_vine Trans_formed him from a_
bove, And made him a_mongst men the man To show forth ho_ly love.

1. My Lord, my Love, in pleasant pain
How often have I said,
"Blessèd that John who on Thy Breast
Laid down his gentle head."
It was that contact all divine
Transformed him from above,
And made him amongst men the man
To show forth holy love.

2. Yet shall I envy Blessèd John?
Nay, not so verily,
Now that Thou, Lord, both Man and God,
Dost deign to dwell in me:
Upbuilding with Thy Manhood's might
My frail humanity:
Yea, Thy Divinehood pouring forth,
In fulness filling me.

3. Me, Lord, Thy temple consecrate,
E'en me, to Thee alone;
Lord, reign upon my willing heart
Which is Thy humble throne:
To Thee the Seraphim fall down
Adoring round Thy house;
For which of them hath tasted Thee
My Manna and my Spouse?

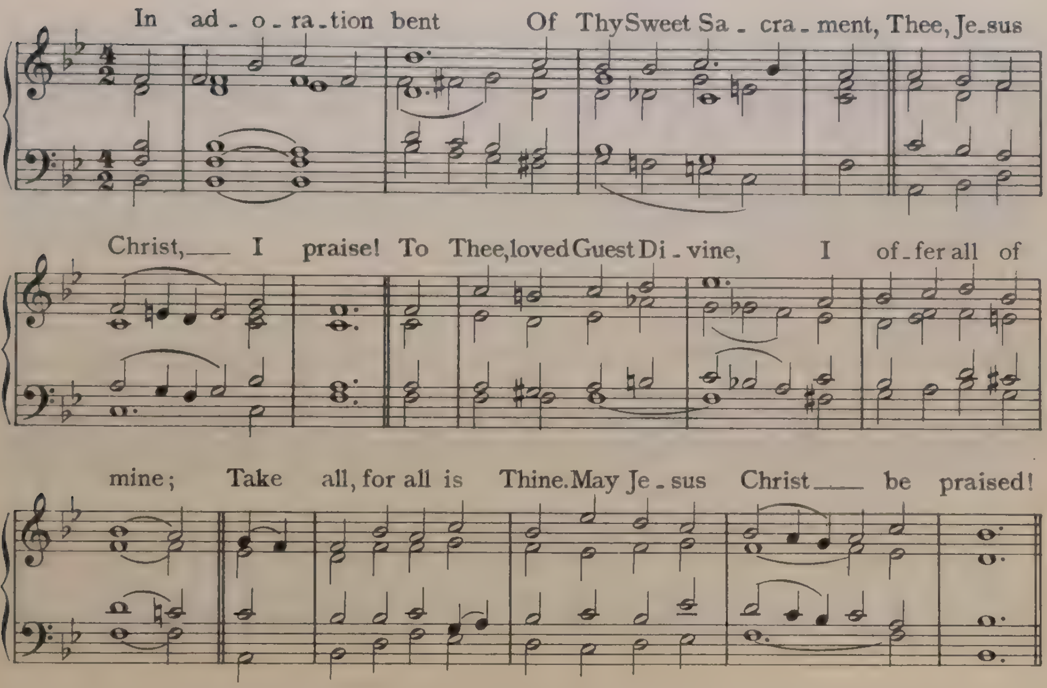
4. Now that Thy life lives in my soul
And sways and warms it through,
I scarce seem lesser than the world,
Which is Thy temple too.
O God, Who dwellest in my heart,
My God, Who fillest me,
The broad immensity itself
Hath not encompassed Thee.

(*Christina Rossetti*)

(*Fr. Leo O.S.F.C. Mus. B*)

329

In adoration bent


In ad - o - ra - tion bent Of Thy Sweet Sa - cra - ment, Thee, Je - sus
Christ, I praise! To Thee, loved Guest Di - vine, I of - fer all of
mine; Take all, for all is Thine. May Je - sus Christ be praised!

1. In adoration bent
Of Thy Sweet Sacrament,
Thee, Jesus Christ, I praise.
To Thee, loved Guest Divine,
I offer all of mine;
Take all, for all is Thine.
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2. My mind, my life, my will,
My understanding fill;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
My body, soul and heart,
My being's every part
O fire with Thy love's dart
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3. I thank Thee, O my Lord,
Sweet Sacrament adored,
O be Thou ever praised.
Praise God, our Lord, most high:
Let earth and sea and sky
And Saints and Angels cry
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

4. O teach me, Master dear,
In times of sadness drear
Thee, Jesus Christ, to praise.
And when Thy Cross doth press,
Teach me Thy hand to bless
And trembling voice to raise
My Father's Will to praise.

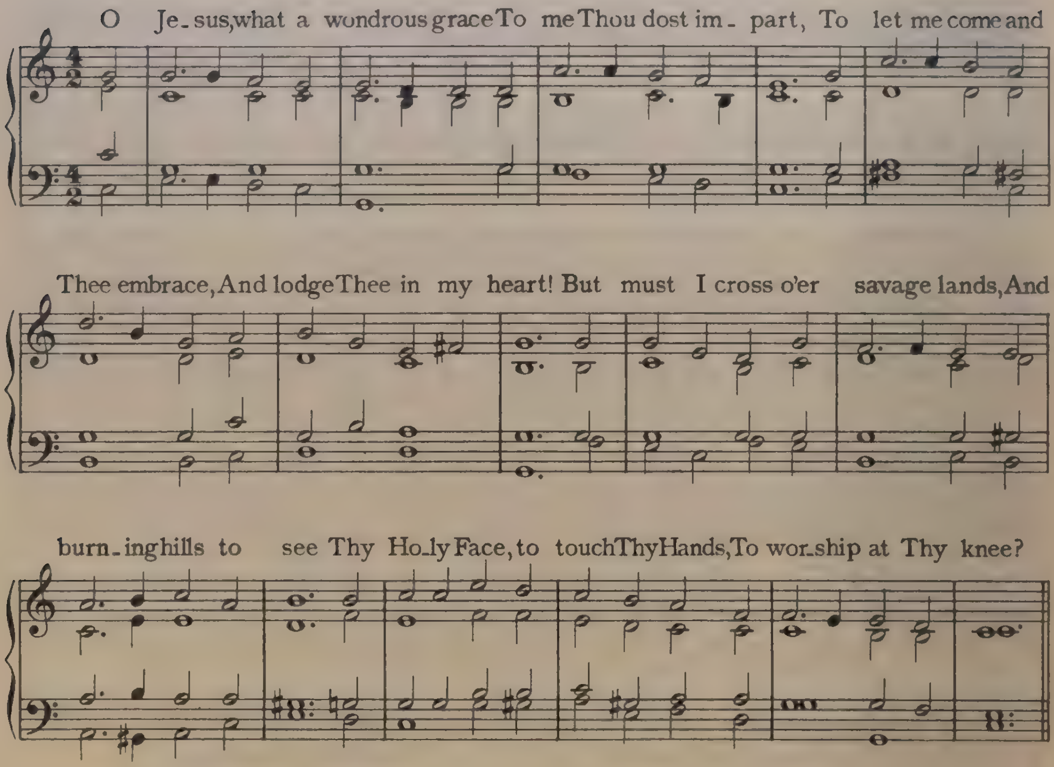
5. My Lord, my God, my King,
Grant us in Heaven to sing
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
May we whom Thou hast fed
With ever-living Bread
In Thy steps ever tread
And to Thy Heart be raised.

6. Our Way, our Truth, our Life,
Our Leader in the strife,
O Jesus Christ, be praised!
To Thee, my God most High,
With deepest love I cry
"May Jesus Christ be praised!
May Jesus Christ be praised!"

(*S. N. D.*) *(H. Shepperd)*

330

O Jesus what a wondrous grace


O Je-sus, what a wondrous grace To me Thou dost im-part, To let me come and Thee embrace, And lodge Thee in my heart! But must I cross o'er savage lands, And burn-ing hills to see Thy Ho-ly Face, to touch Thy Hands, To wor-ship at Thy knee?

1. O Jesus, what a wondrous grace
To me Thou dost impart,
To let me come and Thee embrace
And lodge Thee in my heart!
But must I cross o'er savage lands,
And burning hills to see
Thy Holy Face, to touch Thy Hands,
To worship at Thy knee?

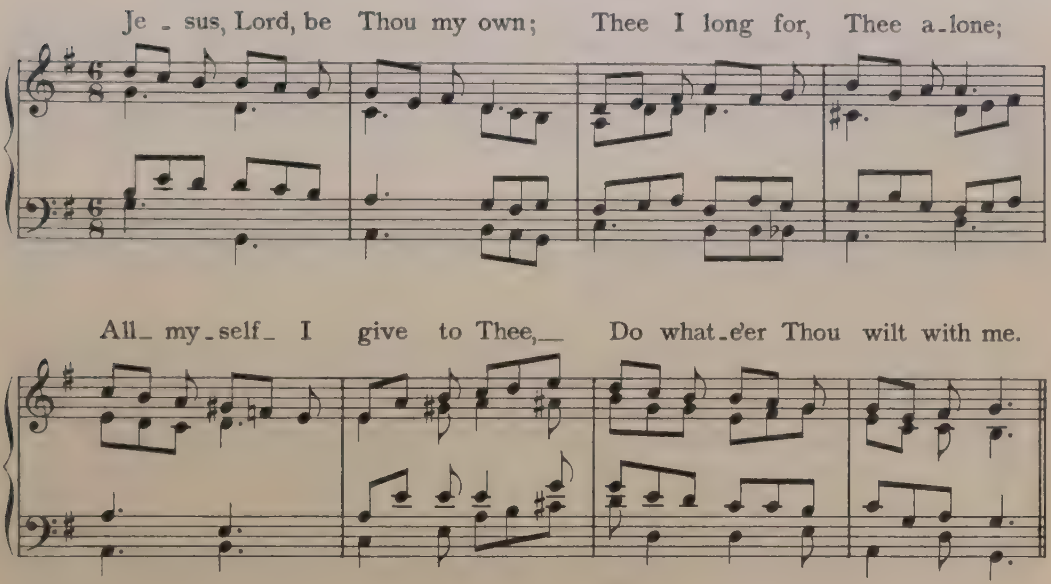
2. Oh no! I have Thy Presence sweet,
On every altar near;
My faith the star that guides my feet,
The voice that calls me here.
By me Thou wouldst be here caressed,
By Thee my soul be fed,
And hence Thou comest, Food and Guest,
In outward form of bread.

3. Thou wouldst not be, O Lord, content
To shed Thy Blood for me,
But livest in Thy Sacrament
My very life to be.
And thus, blest Shepherd, Thou dost feed
The sheep Thou lovest most,
By giving us Thyself indeed,
In Thy all-saving Host.

4. O praised be Thou, dear Lord of Love,
Let earth return Thee praise;
Let Angels praise and bless above
The wisdom of Thy ways.
O holy gift, O loving plan,
God only could invent
To feed the hungry soul of man
With His dear Sacrament.

331

Jesus, Lord, be Thou my own


Je - sus, Lord, be Thou my own; Thee I long for, Thee a-lone;
All_ my-self_ I give to Thee,__ Do what-e'er Thou wilt with me.

1. Jesus, Lord, be Thou my own;
Thee I long for, Thee alone;
All myself I give to Thee,
Do whate'er Thou wilt with me.

2. Life without Thy love would be
Death, O Sovereign Good, to me;
Bound and held by Thy dear chains
Captive now my heart remains.

3. Thou, O God, my heart inflame,
Give that love which Thou dost claim;
Recompense I ask for none,
Love desires but love alone.

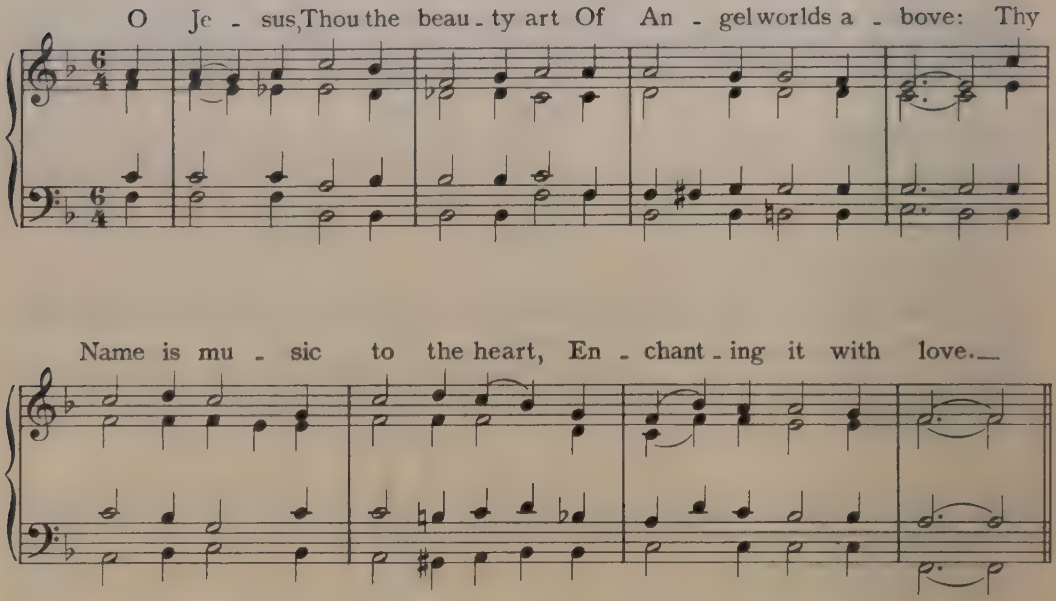
4. God of beauty, Lord of light,
Thy good Will is my delight;
Now henceforth Thy Will Divine
Ever shall in all be mine.

(*St. Alphonsus Liguori* † 1787
Tr: Fr. Vaughan C. S. S. R.)

(*Editor*)

332

O Jesus, Thou the Beauty art


O Je - sus, Thou the beau - ty art Of An - gel worlds a - bove: Thy
Name is mu - sic to the heart, En - chant - ing it with love.

1. O Jesus, Thou the beauty art
Of Angel worlds above:
Thy Name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

2. Celestial sweetness unalloyed,
Who eat Thee hunger still:
Who drink of Thee still feel a void
Which Thou alone canst fill.

3. O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire.

4. Stay with us Lord, and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss:
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

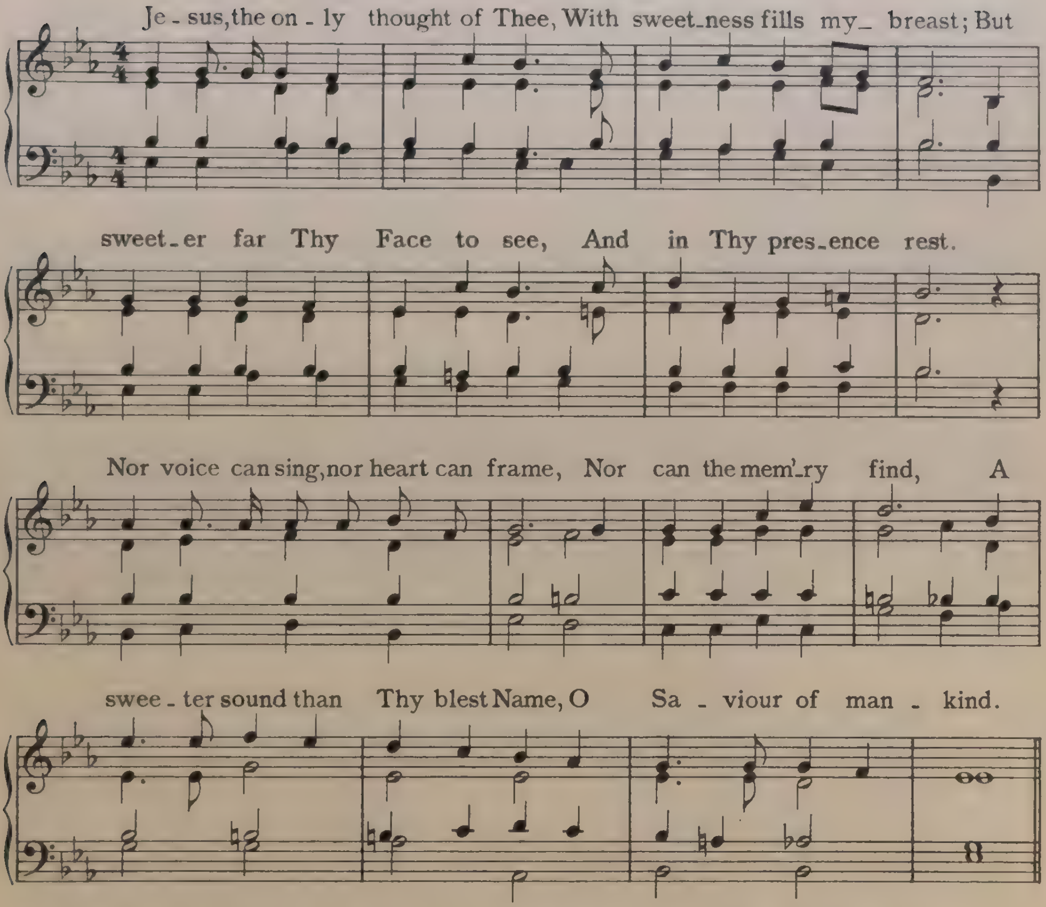
5. O Jesus, spotless Virgin Flower,
Our life and joy,—to Thee
Be praise, beatitude and power,
Through all eternity.

(*Ascribed to St. Bernard* † 1153
Tr: Fr. Caswall)

(*Editor*)

333

Jesus the only thought


Je - sus, the on - ly thought of Thee, With sweet_ness fills my_ breast; But
sweet_er far Thy Face to see, And in Thy pres_ence rest.
Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'_ry find, A
swee - ter sound than Thy blest Name, O Sa - viour of man - kind.

1. Jesus, the only thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see
And in Thy presence rest.
Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.

2. O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!
But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His lovers know.

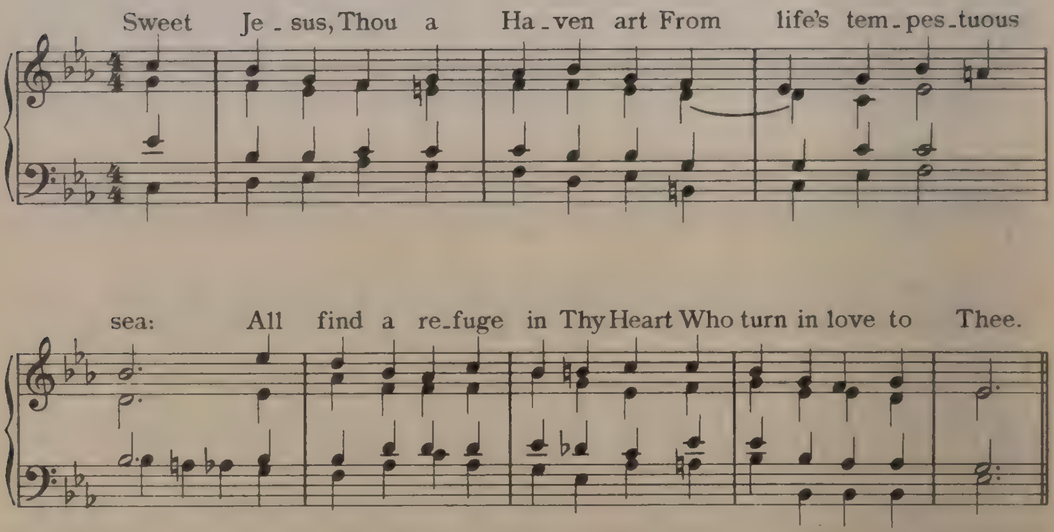
3. May every heart confess Thy Name
And ever Thee adore:
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

(*Ascribed to St. Bernard* † 1153
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(*Old Melody harmonized
by the Editor*)

334

Sweet Jesus, Thou a Haven art


Sweet Je - sus, Thou a Ha - ven art From life's tem - pes - tuous
sea: All find a re - fuge in Thy Heart Who turn in love to Thee.

1. Sweet Jesus, Thou a Haven art
From life's tempestuous sea;
All find a refuge in Thy Heart
Who turn in love to Thee.

2. Thy name falls sweet on exiles' ear,
'Tis music from above;
It stays the mourner's anxious fear,
And telleth nought but love.

3. The broken heart with healing balm
Thy changeless love doth fill:
Thou sayest "Peace,"- the winds are calm,
And every wave is still.

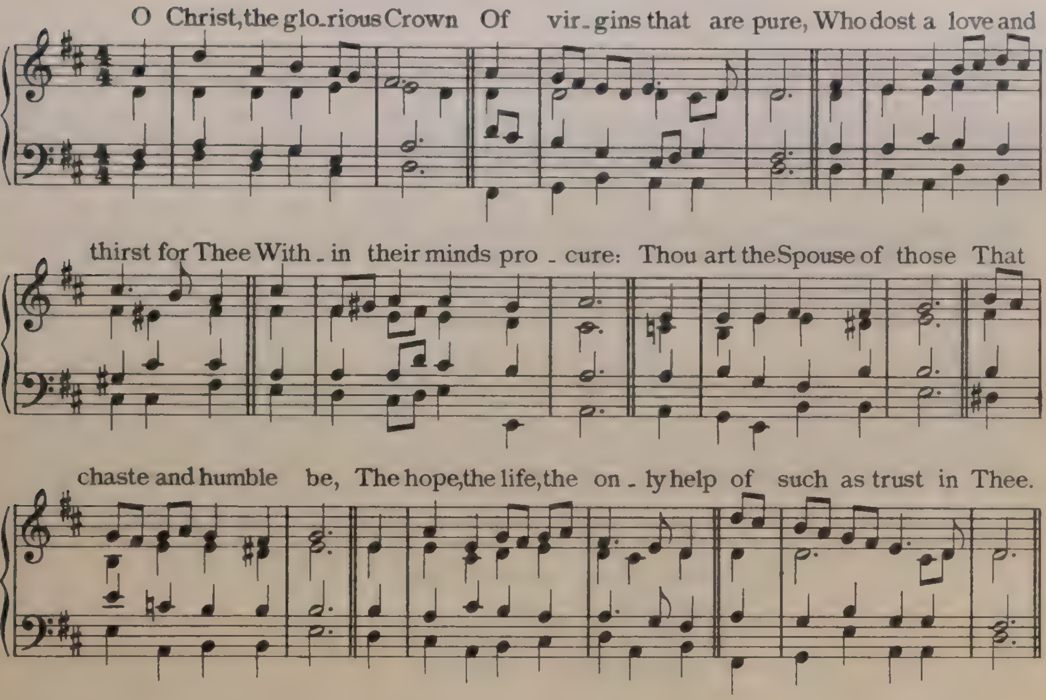
4. O Hope and Joy of life's lone way,
May Thy sweet peace arise,
Which turns the night to blissful day,
And earth to Paradise.

5. Sweet Jesus, when death's night shall fall,
By Thine own love so blest,
May longing exiles hear Thee call
The weary to their rest.

(*Fr. Stanfield*) (*Editor*)

335

O Christ, the glorious Crown


O Christ, the glo-rious Crown Of vir-gins that are pure, Who dost a love and
thirst for Thee With-in their minds pro-cure: Thou art the Spouse of those That
chaste and humble be, The hope, the life, the on-ly help of such as trust in Thee.

1. O Christ, the glorious Crown
Of virgins that are pure,
Who dost a love and thirst for Thee
Within their minds procure;
Thou art the Spouse of those
That chaste and humble be,
The hope, the life, the only help
Of such as trust in Thee.

2. All charity of those
Whose souls Thy love doth warm;
All simple plainness of such minds
As think no kind of harm;
All sweet delights wherewith
The patient hearts abound,
Do praise Thy Name, and with that praise
They make the world resound.

3. The sky, the land, the sea,
And all on earth below,
The glory of Thy Holy Name
Do with their praises show.
The winter yields Thee praise,
And summer doth the same;
The sun, the moon, the stars and all
Do magnify Thy Name.

4. The roses that appear
So fair in outward sight;
The lilies pure which with their scent
Do yield so great delight;
The pearls, the precious stones,
The birds Thy praise do sing,
The woods, the wells and all delights
Which from this earth do spring.

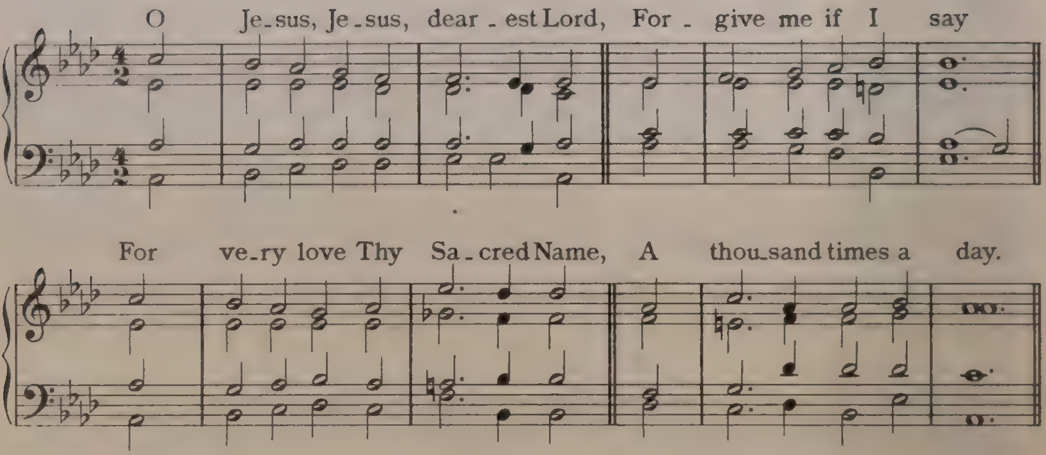
5. What creature, O sweet Lord,
From praising Thee would cease?
Each earthly being, filled with joy,
Thine honour would increase.
Let us therefore, with praise,
Thy mighty works express
With loving heart, and mind, and all
Which we from Thee possess.

(*Ven. Philip Howard
Earl of Arundel* † 1595)

(*J. W. Franck*)

336

O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord


O Je-sus, Je-sus, dear-est Lord, For-give me if I say
For ve-ry love Thy Sa-cred Name, A thou-sand times a day.

1. O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord,
Forgive me if I say
For very love Thy Sacred Name
A thousand times a day.

2. I love Thee so, I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

3. O wonderful that Thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.

4. For Thou to me art all in all,
My honour and my wealth,
My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.

5. What limit is there to thee, Love?
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
On, on, our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

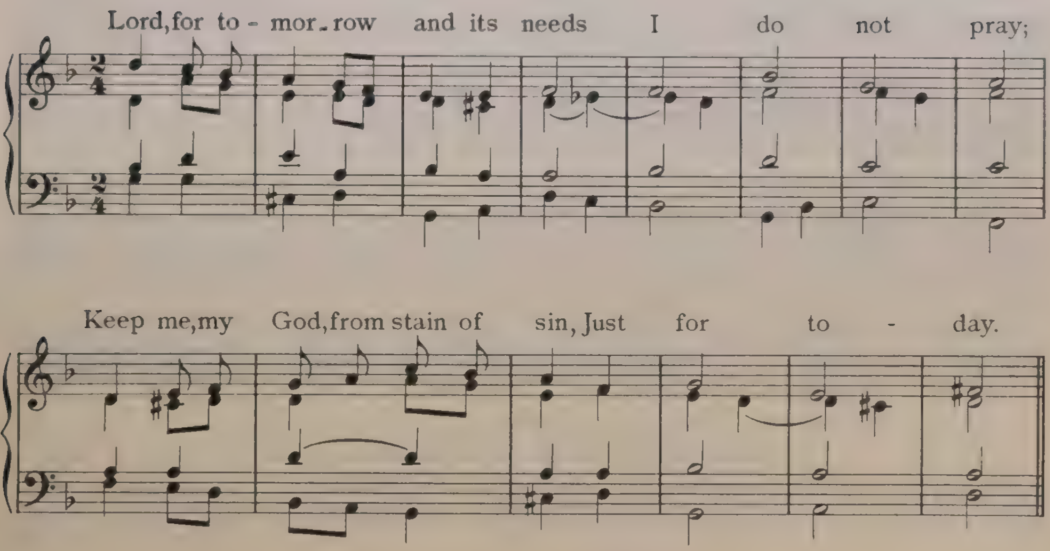
6. O Love of Jesus, Blessed Love,
So will it ever be;
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
No, nor eternity.

(*Fr. Faber* † 1863)

(*F. W. Helmsley*)

337

Lord, for to-morrow


Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to - day.

1. Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

2. Let me both diligently work,
And duly pray,
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

3. Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh,
Just for to-day.

4. Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

5. Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

6. And if to-day my tide of life
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy Sacraments divine,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

7. In Thine own dread but cleansing fires
Brief be my stay;
Oh, bid me, if to-day I die,
Go home to-day.

8. So, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

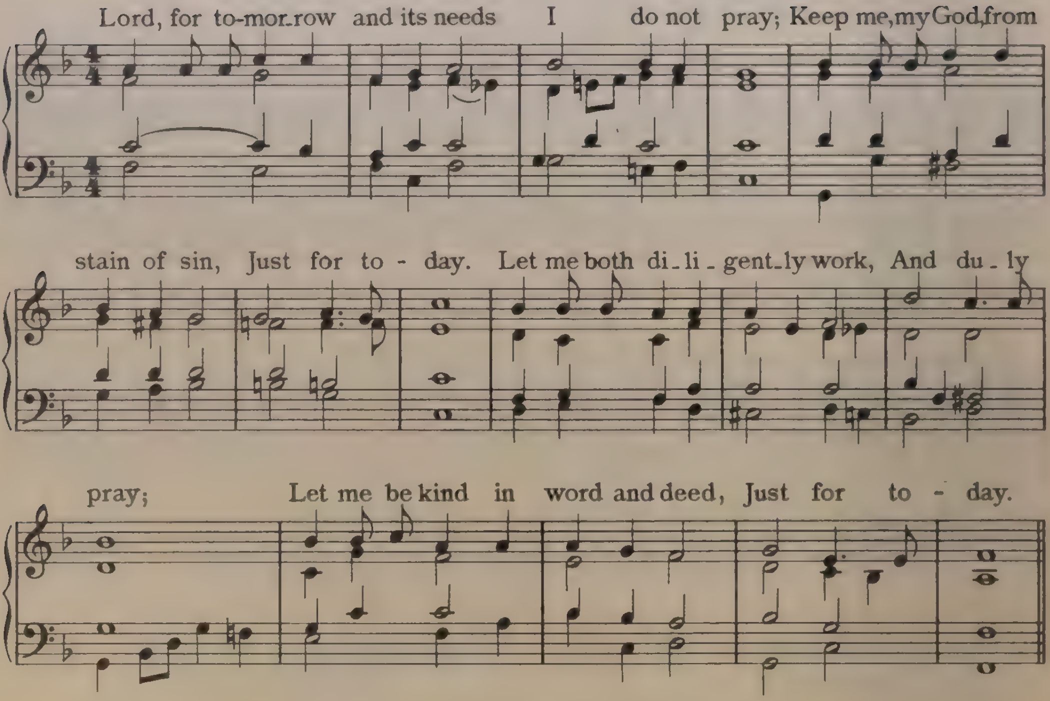
9. Let Thine own Mother's kindly smile
Light up my way,
Let me behave as Mary's child
Just for to-day.

10. Let me with Thee, my own true life,
In spirit stay;
Stay Thou with me, my only strength,
Just for to-day.

(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

338

Lord, for to-morrow


Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to - day. Let me both di-li-gent-ly work, And du-ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to - day.

1. Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.
Let me both diligently work,
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

2. Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh
Just for to-day.
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

3. Let me in season, Lord, be grave
In season, gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.
And if to-day my tide of life
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy Sacraments divine,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

4. In Thine own dread, but cleansing fires
Brief be my stay;
Oh, bid me, if to-day I die,
Go home to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

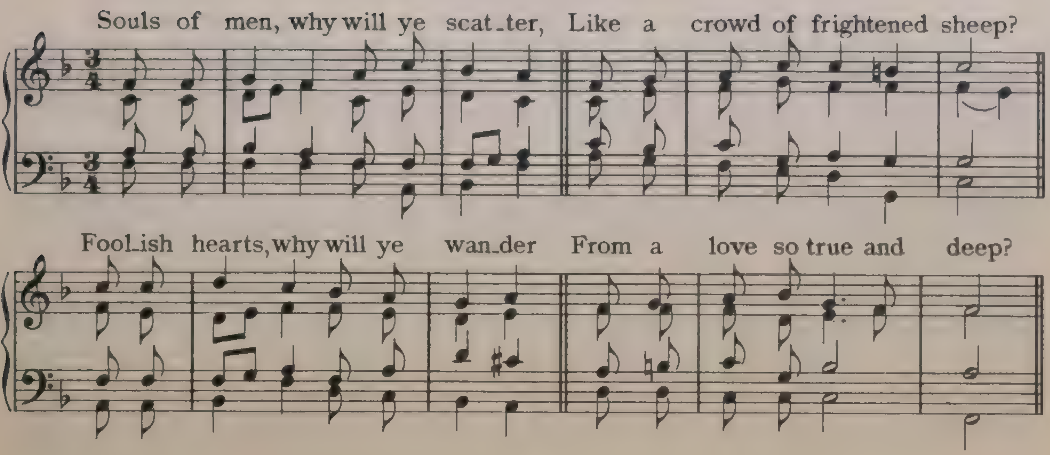
5. Let Thine own Mother's kindly smile
Light up my way,
Let me behave as Mary's child
Just for to-day.
Let me with Thee, my own true life
In spirit stay,
Stay Thou with me, my only strength,
Just for to-day.

(S. N. D.)

(Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S. J.)

339

Souls of men


Souls of men, why will ye scat-ter, Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Fool-ish hearts, why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?

1. Souls of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2. Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His Feet?

3. There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

4. There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

5. For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind

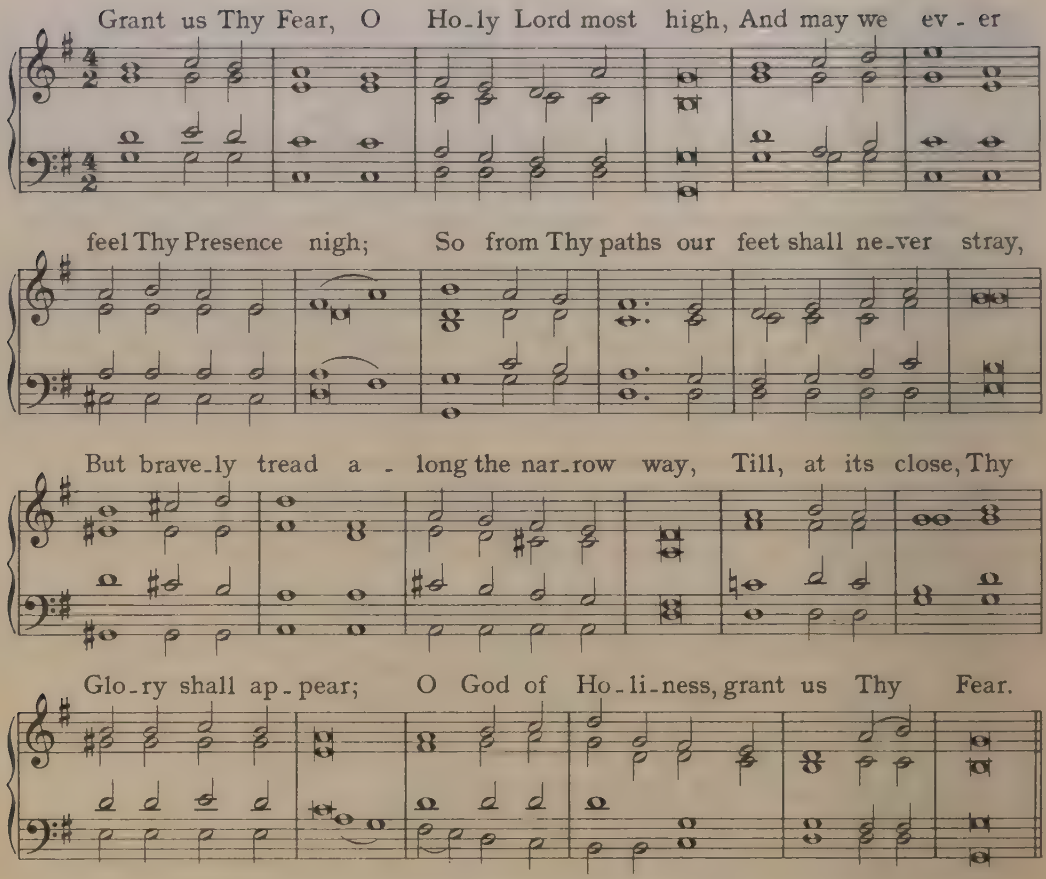
6. There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

7. If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

(*Fr. Faber* † 1863) (*Corner* † 1631)

340

Grant us Thy Fear


Grant us Thy Fear, O Ho-ly Lord most high, And may we ev-er
feel Thy Presence nigh; So from Thy paths our feet shall ne-ver stray,
But brave-ly tread a-long the nar-row way, Till, at its close, Thy
Glo-ry shall ap-pear; O God of Ho-li-ness, grant us Thy Fear.

1. Grant us Thy Fear, O Holy Lord most high,
And may we ever feel Thy Presence nigh;
So from Thy paths our feet shall never stray,
But bravely tread along the narrow way,
Till, at its close, Thy Glory shall appear;
O God of Holiness, grant us Thy Fear.

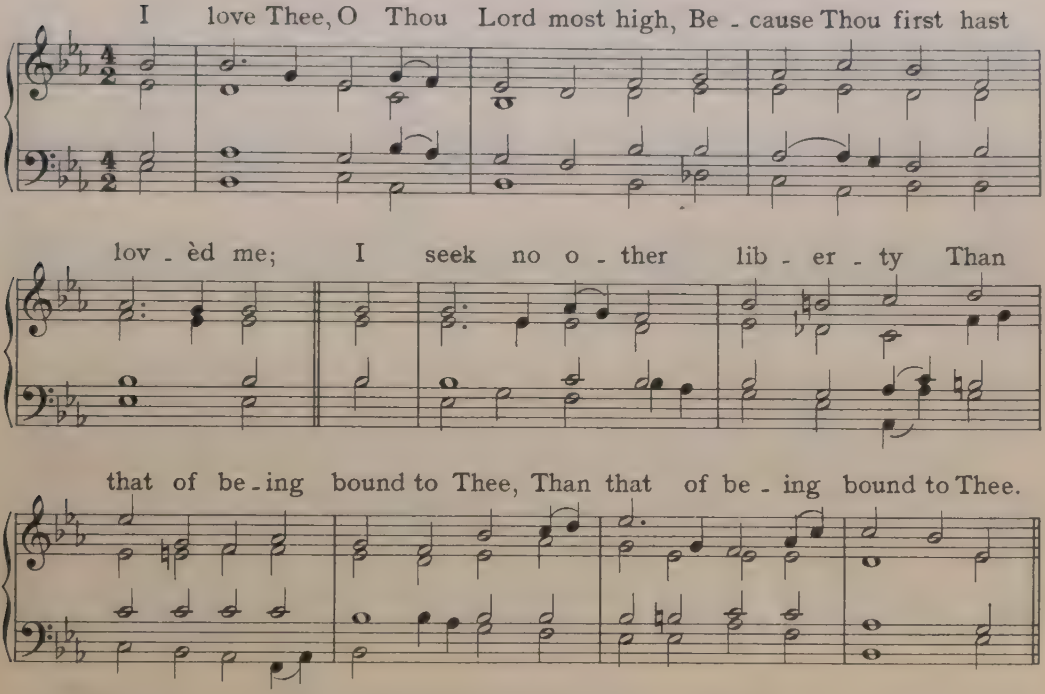
2. Grant us Thy Love, O Lord of boundless Love,
Teach us to fix our hearts on things above,
In all our joys Thy Loving Hand to see,
In all our griefs to raise our hearts to Thee
That we may ever true and faithful prove;
God of Eternal Love, grant us Thy Love.

3. Grant us Thy Peace, O God of Peace and Love,
Who dwellest in the shining worlds above;
Grant us with Thee for ever to abide
Where is no night or falling eventide.
Till the day break and earth's deep shadows cease,
O God of Peace and Love, grant us Thy Peace.

(From "Cantate Domino"
Mother B. Michàlek R.S.C.J.)

341

I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high


I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high, Be - cause Thou first hast
lov - èd me; I seek no o - ther lib - er - ty Than
that of be - ing bound to Thee, Than that of be - ing bound to Thee.

1. I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high,
Because Thou first hast lovèd me;
I seek no other liberty
Than that of being bound to Thee.

2. May memory no thought suggest
But shall to Thy pure glory tend,
My understanding find no rest
Except in Thee, its only end.

3. My God, I here protest to Thee
No other will I have than Thine;
Whatever Thou hast given to me
I here again to Thee resign.

4. All mine is Thine: say but the word,
Whate'er Thou willest shall be done;
I know Thy Love, all-gracious Lord,
I know it seeks my good alone.

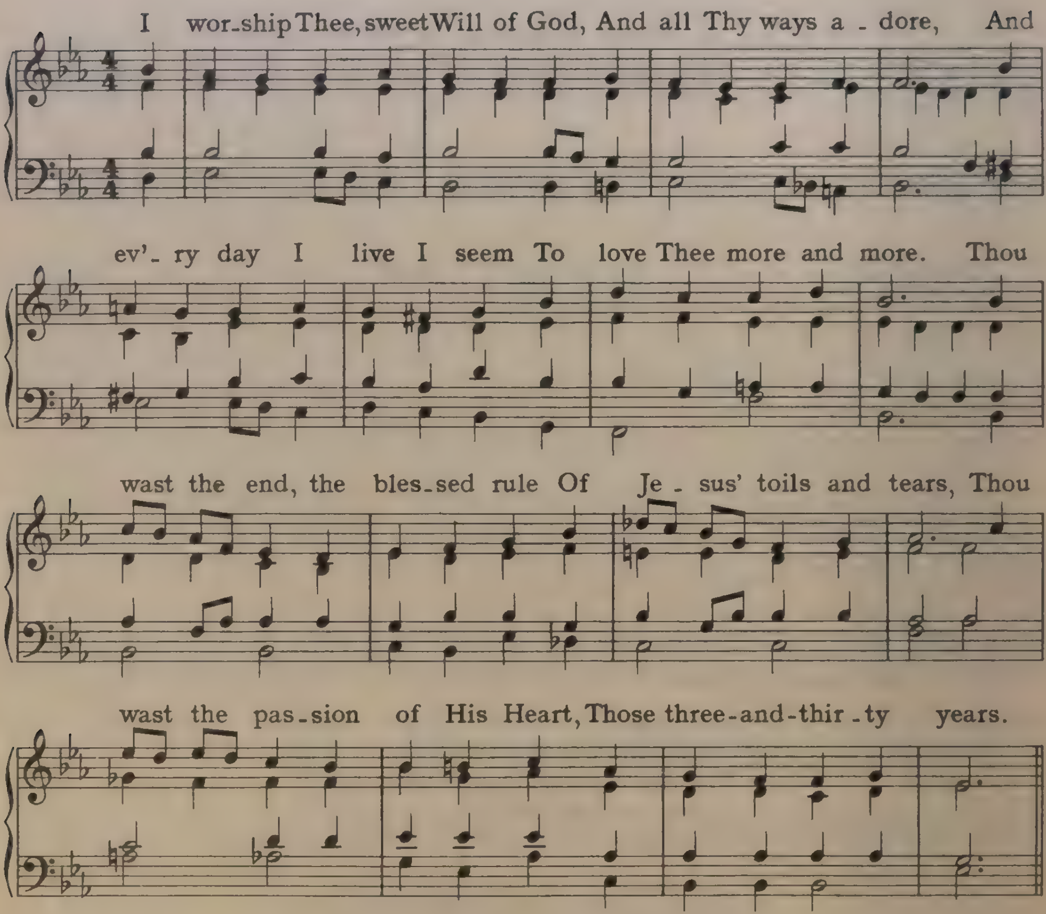
5. Apart from Thee all things are nought;
Then grant, O my supremest Bliss,
Grant me to love Thee as I ought,
Thou givest all in giving this.

(St. Ignatius of Loyola † 1556
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

(Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S. J.)

342

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God


I wor-ship Thee, sweet Will of God, And all Thy ways a - dore, And
ev'- ry day I live I seem To love Thee more and more. Thou
wast the end, the bles-sed rule Of Je - sus' toils and tears, Thou
wast the pas-sion of His Heart, Those three-and-thir - ty years.

1. I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore,
And ev'ry day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more.
Thou wast the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesus' toils and tears,
Thou wast the passion of His Heart,
Those three-and-thirty years.

2. And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of Thee,
A love to lose my will in His
And by that loss be free.
I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen Feet:
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

3. I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will, ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take
The road that Thou hast gone.

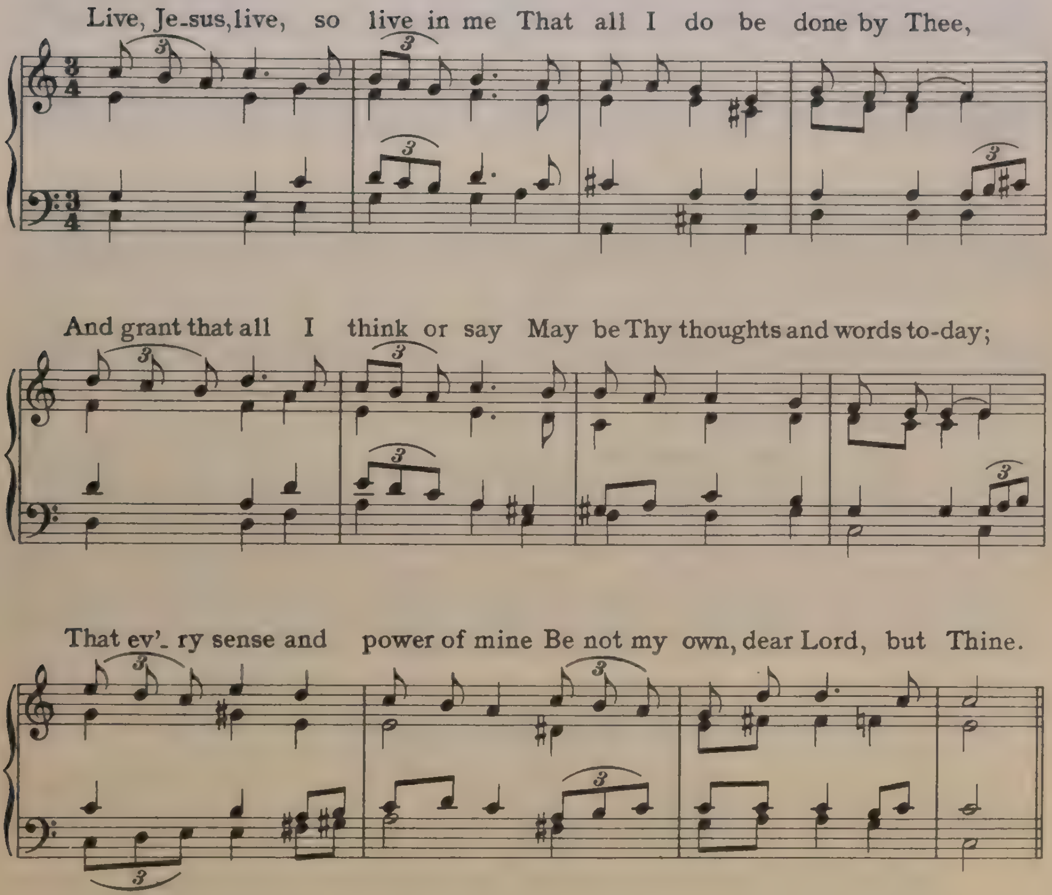
4. He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost,
God's Will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will.

(Fr Faber † 1863)

(Editor)

343

Live, Jesus live


Live, Je-sus, live, so live in me That all I do be done by Thee,
And grant that all I think or say May be Thy thoughts and words to-day;
That ev'-ry sense and power of mine Be not my own, dear Lord, but Thine.

1. Live, Jesus, live, so live in me
That all I do be done by Thee,
And grant that all I think or say
May be Thy thoughts and words to-day,
That ev'ry sense and power of mine
Be not my own, dear Lord, but Thine.

2. Sweet Jesus, dying on the Tree,
Die daily, Lord, again in me;
That through Thy travail sore, and pain,
All evil things in me be slain,
And every power and sense of mine
Be not my own, my Christ, but Thine.

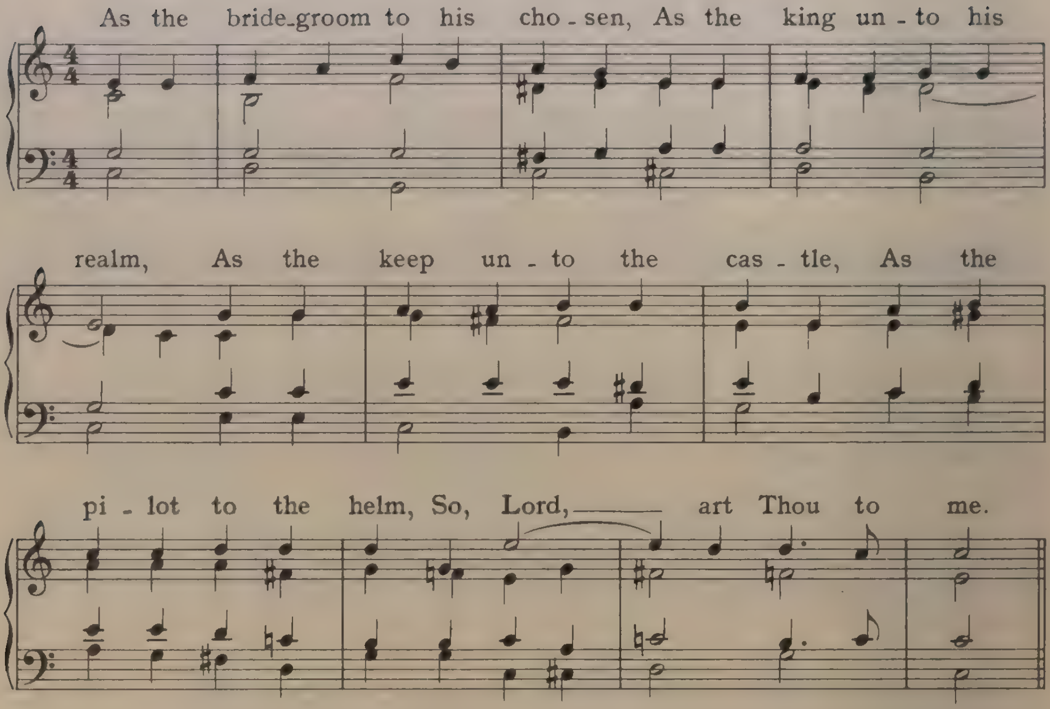
3. O Risen Jesus, summon me,
That I, by loss of all for Thee,
Freed from my baser self's dark prison,
Find my true self in Thee, new-risen,
And every power and sense of mine
Be not my own, O Love, but Thine.

4. My King, my Spouse by right Divine,
Thy kingdom claim - this heart of mine,
And as Thy bride, accord me part
In all Thou hast and all Thou art,
Making each sense and power of mine
Doubly my own, since wholly Thine.

(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

344

As the Bridegroom


As the bride-groom to his cho-sen, As the king un-to his realm, As the keep un-to the cas-tle, As the pi-lot to the helm, So, Lord, art Thou to me.

1. As the bridegroom to his chosen,
As the king unto his realm,
As the keep unto the castle,
As the pilot to the helm,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

2. As the fountain to the garden,
As the candle in the dark,
As the treasure in the coffer,
As the manna in the ark,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

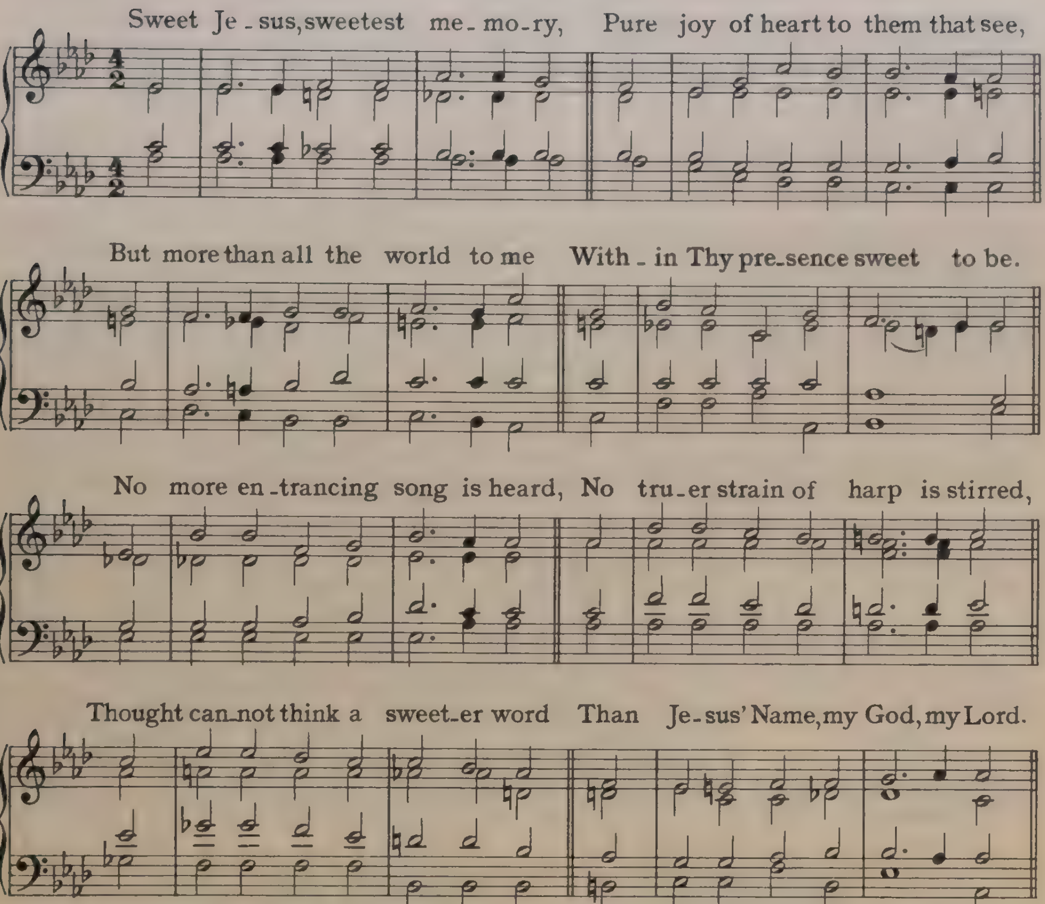
3. As the ruby in the setting,
As the honey in the comb,
As the light within the lantern,
As the Father in the home,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

4. As the sunshine in the heavens,
As the image in the glass,
As the fruit unto the fig-tree,
As the dew unto the grass,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

(*Blessed Henry Suso O.P.* † 1366) (*Editor*)

345

Sweet Jesus, sweetest memory


Sweet Je-sus, sweetest me-mo-ry, Pure joy of heart to them that see,
But more than all the world to me With-in Thy pre-sence sweet to be.
No more en-trancing song is heard, No tru-er strain of harp is stirred,
Thought can-not think a sweet-er word Than Je-sus' Name, my God, my Lord.

1. Sweet Jesus, sweetest memory,
Pure joy of heart to them that see,
But more than all the world to me
Within Thy presence sweet to be.
No more entrancing song is heard,
No truer strain of harp is stirred,
Thought cannot think a sweeter word
Than Jesus' Name, my God, my Lord.

2. Jesus to find shall be my care
Deep in my heart, for He is there;
At home, abroad, in storm and fair,
My love shall seek Him everywhere.
O Jesus, my own peerless King,
Thou Victor o'er all hallowing,
Thou sweetness o'er all uttering,
My one desire, my everything.

3. Jesus, my Lord, beside me stay,
Shed down Thy light upon my way,
Dispel the darkness from my day,
Spread o'er the world Thy soothing sway.
O Love of Jesus, Love most sweet,
Love, life to hearts with Thee that beat,
Love, all consuming in Thy heat,
O Love beyond all love complete.

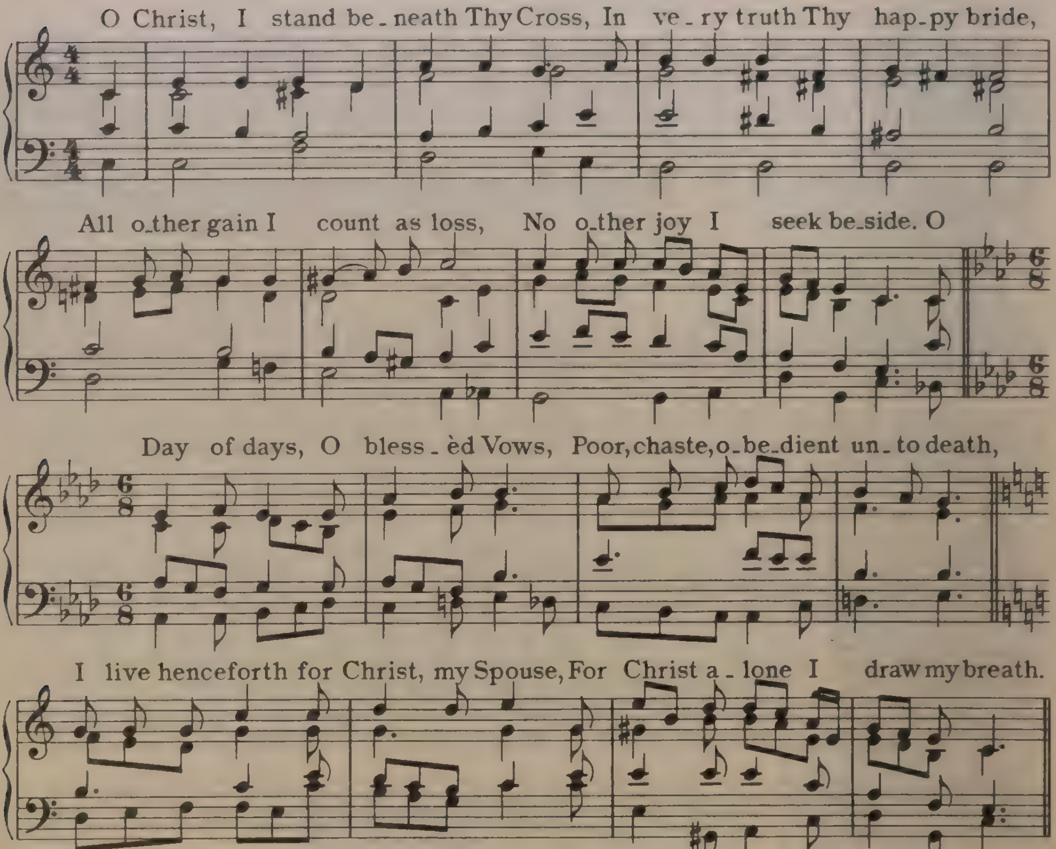
4. Lead, and I follow Thee, my Guide,
We will not part whate'er betide;
I give my heart to Thee to hide
Within Thy Sacred Wounded Side.
Jesus, the Virgin-Mother's Flower,
Jesus, love's ever-blissful bower,
Jesus, our pride in every hour,
Jesus, our strong abiding tower.

*("Jesu dulcis memoria"
Tr. Archbp. Goodier S. J.)*

(F. W. Helmsley)

346

O Christ, I stand beneath Thy Cross


O Christ, I stand be_neath Thy Cross, In ve_ry truth Thy hap_py bride,
All o_ther gain I count as loss, No o_ther joy I seek be_side. O
Day of days, O bless_èd Vows, Poor, chaste, o_be_dient un_to death,
I live henceforth for Christ, my Spouse, For Christ a_lone I draw my breath.

1. O Christ, I stand beneath Thy Cross,
In very truth Thy happy bride,
All other gain I count as loss,
No other joy I seek beside.
O Day of days, O blessèd Vows,
Poor, chaste, obedient unto death,
I live henceforth for Christ, my Spouse,
For Christ alone I draw my breath.

2. I give Him all I have and hold,
With all that might hereafter fall;
He is my Jewels and my Gold,
So, having nothing, have I all.
O Day of days, O blessèd Vows,
Poor will I be until my death,
Rich only in my King and Spouse,
For Whom alone I draw my breath.

3. He is my Love, and out of Him
My heart and flesh no pleasure take,
All beauty by my Lord's is dim,
All sweet is bitter for His sake.
O Day of days, O blessèd Vows,
Pure as the lily unto death,
I only bloom for Christ, my Spouse,
For Christ alone I draw my breath.

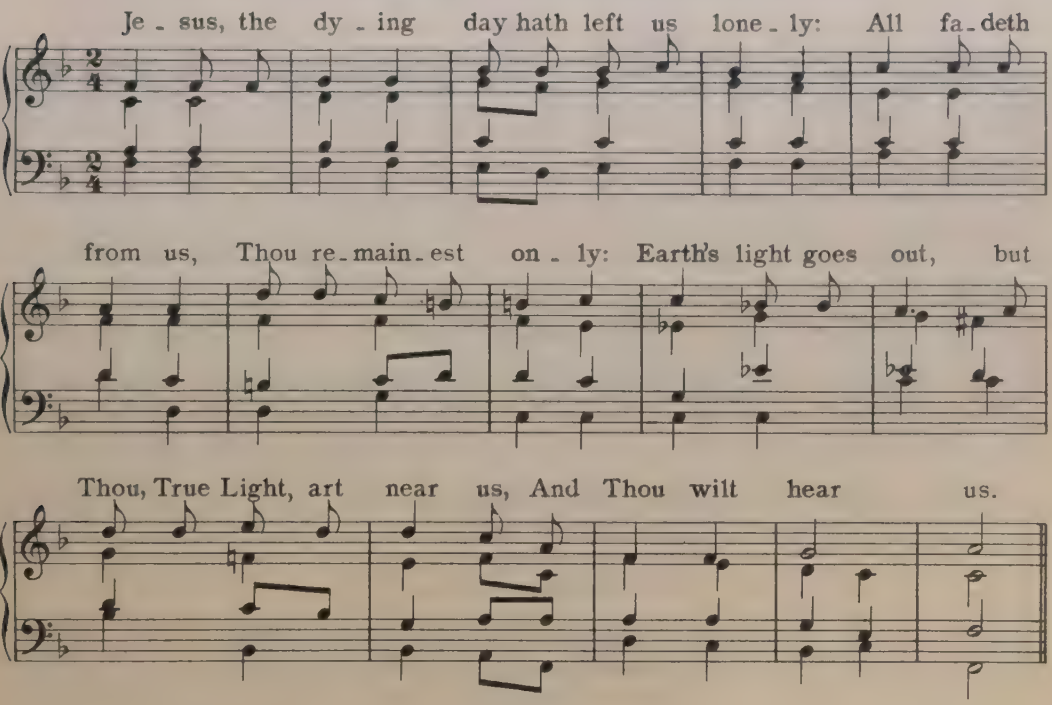
4. I burn my will in holocaust,
I blind, for Him, my judgment's sight,
I give my best, nor count the cost,
For He will be my Staff, my Light.
O Day of days, O blessèd Vows,
In all who rule me till my death
I see but One, my God, my Spouse,
For Him alone I draw my breath.

5. O bridal song of utter bliss,
O bridal-prayer, ring out to-day,
"My Love is mine and I am His,
Sume, mi Jesu, súscipe."
O Day of days, O blessèd Vows,
Poor, chaste, obedient unto death,
I live, henceforth, for Christ, my Spouse,
For Christ alone I draw my breath.

(S.N.D.) *(Editor)*

347

Jesus, the dying day hath left us lonely


Je - sus, the dy - ing day hath left us lone - ly: All fa - deth
from us, Thou re - main - est on - ly: Earth's light goes out, but
Thou, True Light, art near us, And Thou wilt hear us.

1. Jesus, the dying day hath left us lonely:
All fadeth from us, Thou remainest only:
Earth's light goes out, but Thou, True Light, art near us,
And Thou wilt hear us.

2. Bring home the feet that far from Thee have wandered;
The minds that all but Thee all day have pondered;
We yield them evermore, awake or sleeping,
To Thy safe keeping.

3. O let our souls keep day, though night be round us,
So shall the sons of darkness not confound us,
But blameless rest delight Thy gaze paternal,
Untired Eternal.

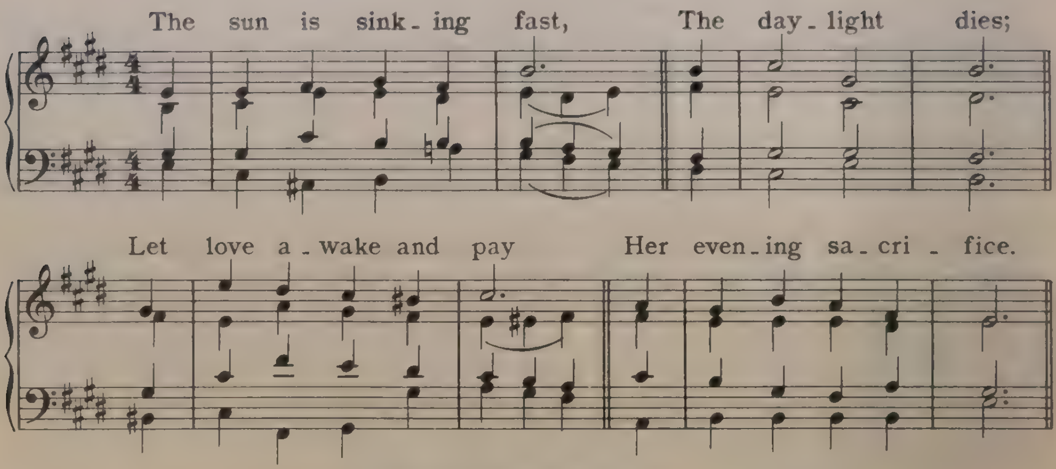
4. White Dove of Peace, Great God of consolation,
Brood o'er the souls that sigh in tribulation,
And with the whisper of serene to-morrows,
Soothe all their sorrows.

5. Mother of Holy Hope, all-Blessèd Mary,
Whose high-throned Mother-love can never vary,
This night, and at our death's deep nightfall aid us,
With Him Who made us.

(Fr. O'Connor). *(Editor)*

348

The sun is sinking fast


The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;
Let love a - wake and pay Her even - ing sa - cri - fice.

1. The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2. As Christ upon the Cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's Hands
His parting Soul resigned,

3. So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In Whom all spirits live.

4. So now beneath His Eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5. Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

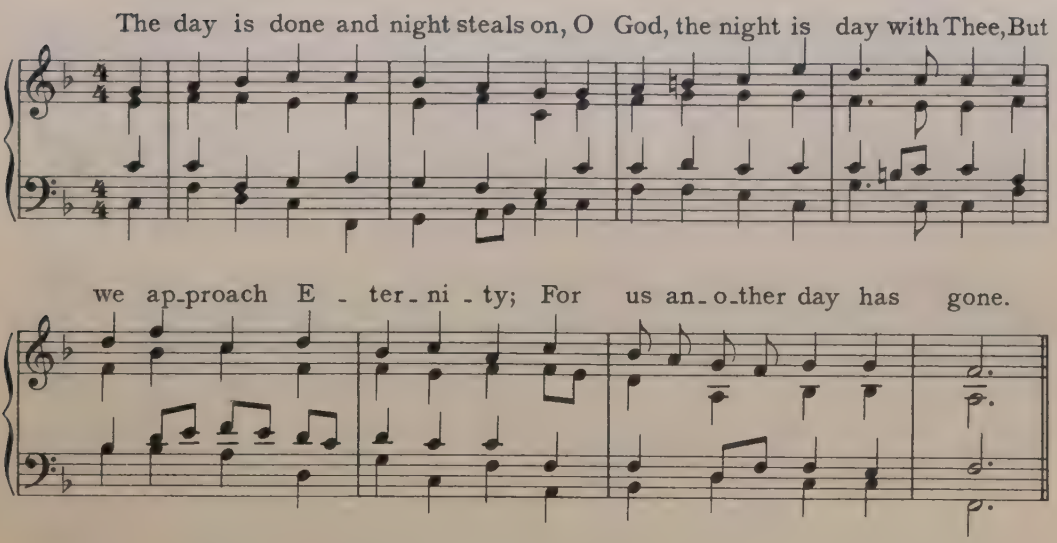
6. Thus would I live;— yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7. One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine.

(Fr. Caswall) *(Danish Melody)*

349

The day is done and night steals on


The day is done and night steals on, O God, the night is day with Thee, But
we ap-proach E - ter - ni - ty; For us an - o - ther day has gone.

1. The day is done and night steals on;
O God, the night is day with Thee,
But we approach Eternity;
For us another day has gone.

2. Jesus, when Thou didst walk on earth,
With Thy fond Mother, Mary mild,
How often didst Thou bless a child,
Thyself a Child of lowly birth.

3. Once Thou didst say: "The children's love
Is dear to Me, I claim it Mine,
For baby-souls are gems, which shine
Like Angels fair in Heaven above."

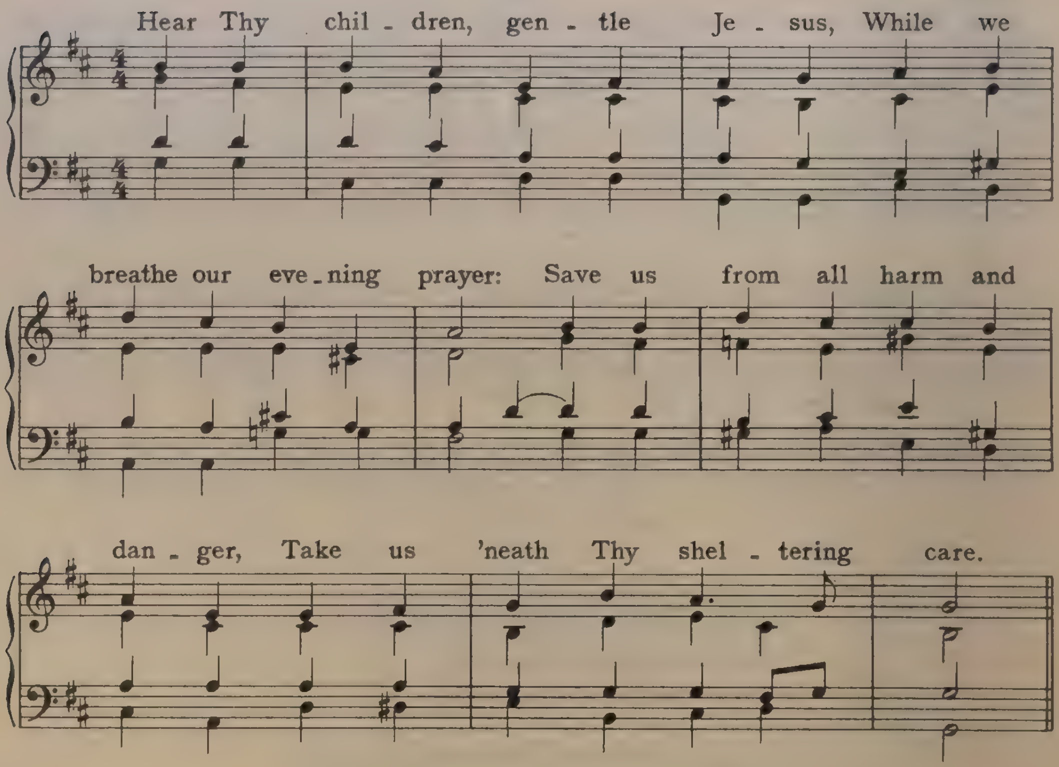
4. Enfold us, Jesus, through the night,
Within Thine own most Sacred Heart,
Until the darkness shall depart
Before the face of morning light.

5. Jesus, we whisper Thee "Good-night,"
O Lady Mary, keep us true,
And dear Saint Joseph, guard us too,
Nor let us stray from out thy sight.

(Fr Martin O.S.F.C.) *(Fr Leo O.S.F.C. Mus. B.)*

350

Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus


Hear Thy chil - dren, gen - tle Je - sus, While we
breathe our eve - ning prayer: Save us from all harm and
dan - ger, Take us 'neath Thy shel - tering care.

1. Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer;
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath Thy sheltering care.

2. Save us from the wiles of Satan
'Mid the lone and sleepful night,
Sweetly may bright Guardian Angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.

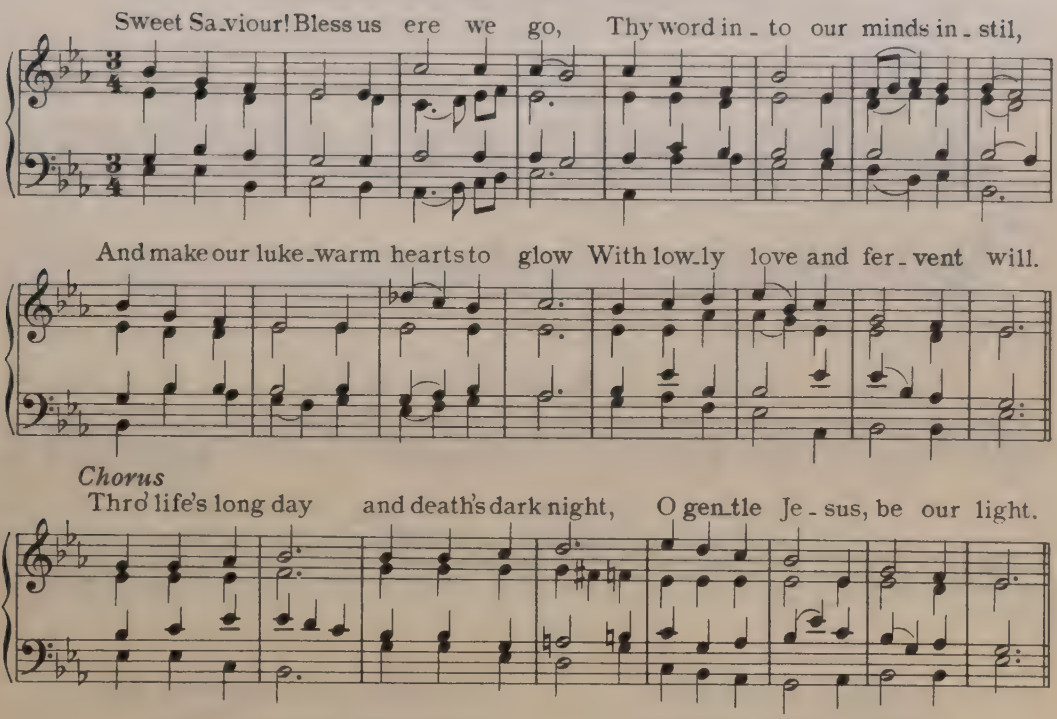
3. Gentle Jesus, look in pity
From Thy great white throne above;
All the night Thy Heart is wakeful
In Thy Sacrament of Love.

4. Shades of even fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom,
When the shades of death fall round us,
Lead Thine exiled children home.

(Fr. Stanfield) *(M. L. Gordon)*

351a

Sweet Saviour! bless us


Sweet Sa-viour! Bless us ere we go, Thy word in-to our minds in-stil,
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low-ly love and fer-vent will.
Chorus
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus, be our light.

1. Sweet Saviour! Bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2. The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, *etc.*

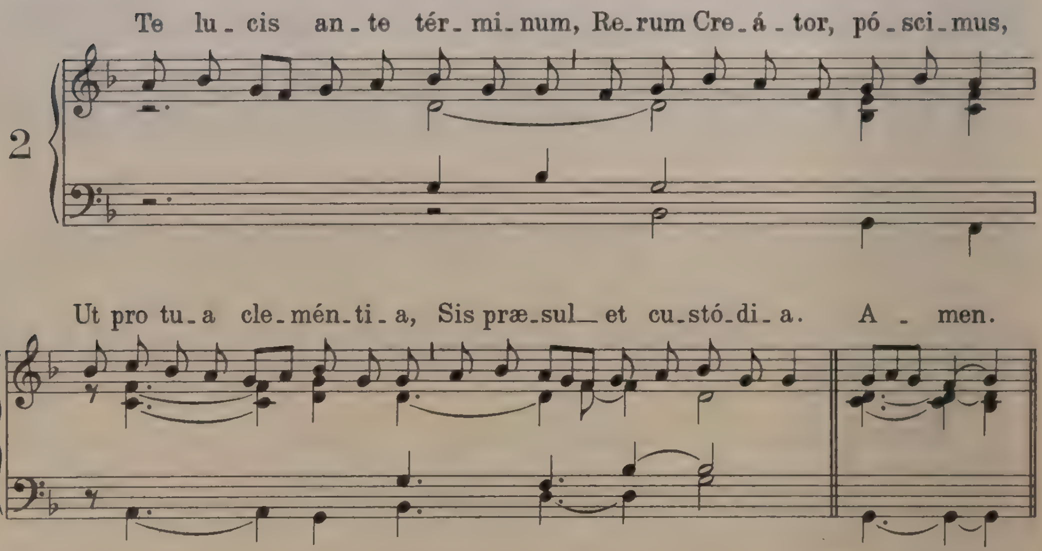
3. For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful,— unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All!
Through life's long day, *etc.*

4. Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Mary and Joseph near us be!
Good Angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day, *etc.*

(Fr Faber †1863) *(G. Herbert)*

351^b

Te lucis ante terminum


Te lu_cis an_te tér_mi_num, Re_rum Cre_á_tor, pó_sci_mus,
2
Ut pro tu_a cle_mén_ti_a, Sis præ_sul_ et cu_stó_di_a. A_men.

1. Te lucis ante términum, Rerum Creátor, póscimus, Ut pro tua cleméntia Sis præsul, et custódia.	*1. Now with the fast-departing light,* *Maker of all, we ask of Thee,* *Of Thy great mercy, through the night* *Our guardian and defence to be.*
2. Procul recédant sómnia, Et nóctium phantásmata; Hostémque nostrum cómprime, Ne polluántur córpora.	*2. Far off let idle visions fly;* *No phantom of the night molest:* *Curb Thou our raging enemy,* *That we in chaste repose may rest.*
3. Præsta, Pater piíssime, Patríque compar Unice, Cum Spíritu Paráclito, Regnans per omne sæculum. Amen.	*3. Father of mercies, hear our cry;* *Hear us, O Sole-Begotten Son,* *Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,* *Reignest while endless ages run.* *Amen.*

(In Paschaltide the last stanza is:—)

Deo Patri sit glória, Et Fílio, qui a mórtuis Surréxit, ac Paráclito, In sempitérna sǽcula. Amen.	*To Thee, Who dead, again dost live,* *All glory, Jesus, ever be:* *Praise to the Father Infinite,* *And Holy Ghost eternally.* *Amen.*

(Ascribed to St. Ambrose
Bishop of Milan † 397
Tr. Fr. Caswall)

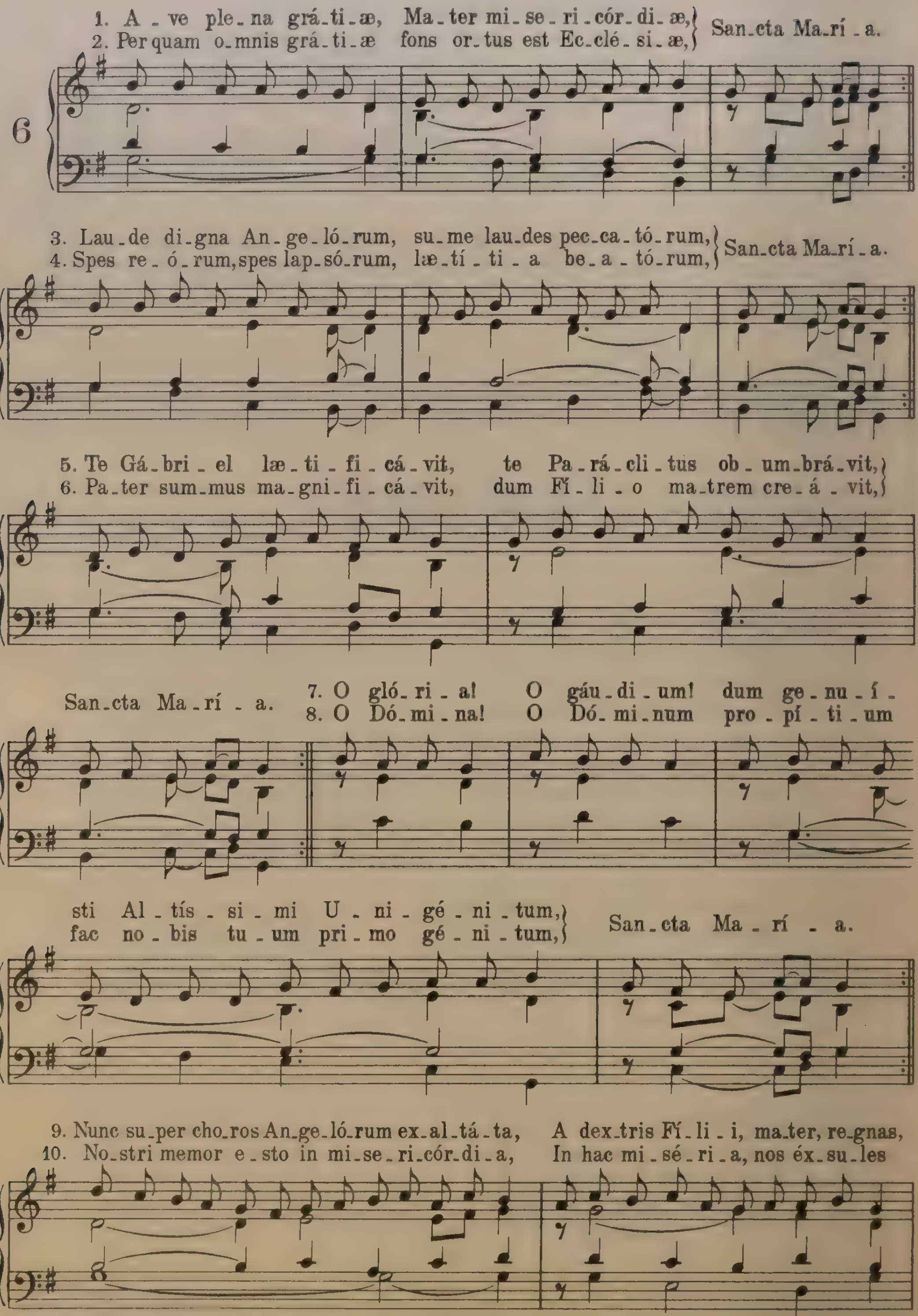
(Compline. (Lent)
Accpt. Julius Bas)

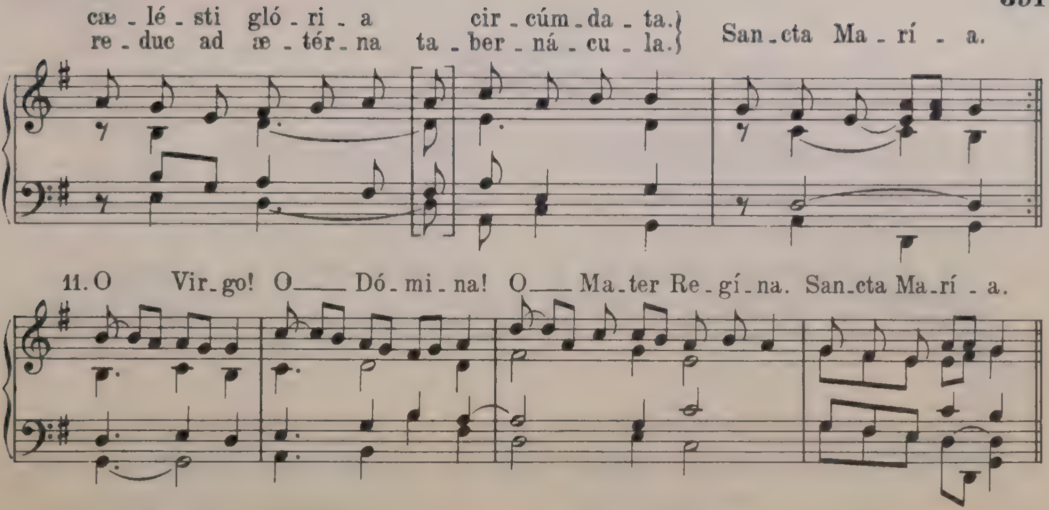
V

OUR LADY

352

Ave plena gratiæ


6
1. A-ve ple-na grá-ti-æ, Ma-ter mi-se-ri-cór-di-æ,
2. Per quam o-mnis grá-ti-æ fons or-tus est Ec-clé-si-æ,
San-cta Ma-rí-a.
3. Lau-de di-gna An-ge-ló-rum, su-me lau-des pec-ca-tó-rum,
4. Spes re-ó-rum, spes lap-só-rum, læ-tí-ti-a be-a-tó-rum,
San-cta Ma-rí-a.
5. Te Gá-bri-el læ-ti-fi-cá-vit, te Pa-rá-cli-tus ob-um-brá-vit,
6. Pa-ter sum-mus ma-gni-fi-cá-vit, dum Fí-li-o ma-trem cre-á-vit,
San-cta Ma-rí-a.
7. O gló-ri-a! O gáu-di-um! dum ge-nu-í-
8. O Dó-mi-na! O Dó-mi-num pro-pí-ti-um
sti Al-tís-si-mi U-ni-gé-ni-tum,
fac no-bis tu-um pri-mo gé-ni-tum,
San-cta Ma-rí-a.
9. Nunc su-per cho-ros An-ge-ló-rum ex-al-tá-ta, A dex-tris Fí-li-i, ma-ter, re-gnas,
10. No-stri memor e-sto in mi-se-ri-cór-di-a, In hac mi-sé-ri-a, nos éx-su-les


cæ - lé - sti gló - ri - a cir - cúm - da - ta.
re - duc ad æ - tér - na ta - ber - ná - cu - la.
San - cta Ma - rí - a.
11. O Vir - go! O — Dó - mi - na! O — Ma - ter Re - gí - na. San - cta Ma - rí - a.

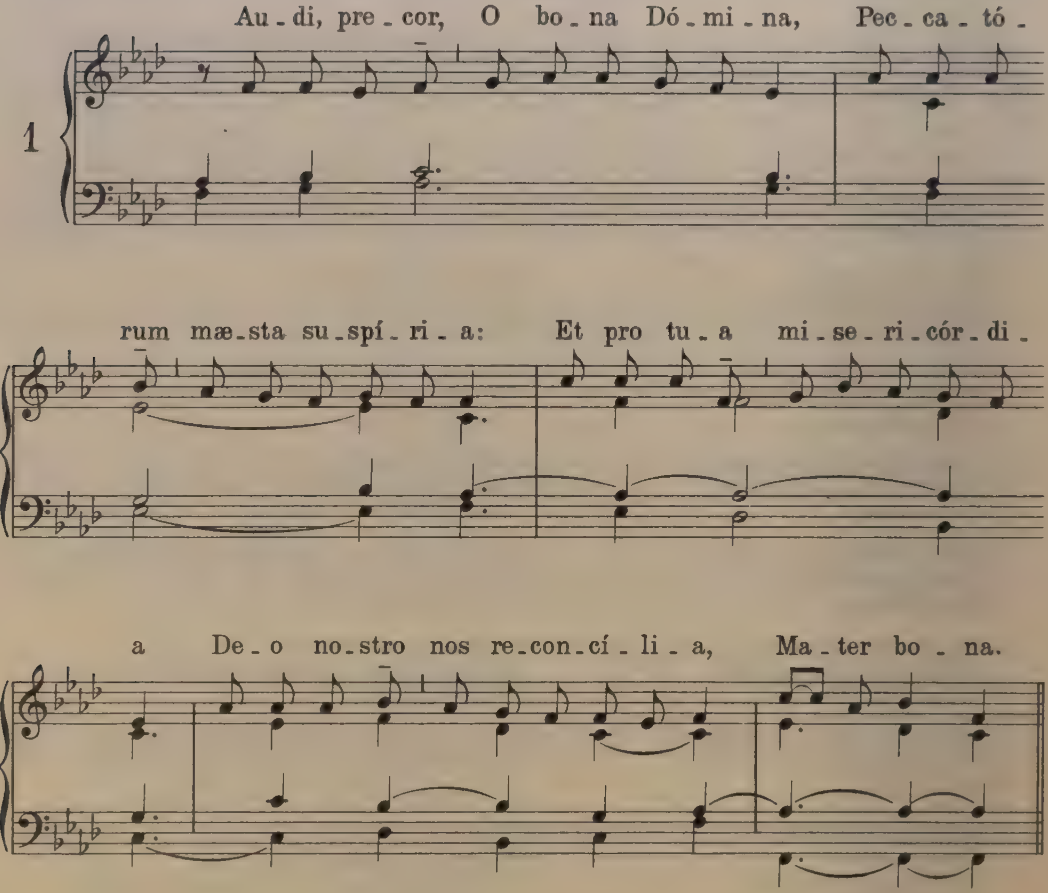
1. Ave plena grátiæ, Mater misericórdiæ, Sancta María.	*1. Hail, full of grace,* *Mother of Mercy,* *Holy Mary!*
2. Per quam omnis grátiæ Fons ortus est Ecclésiæ, Sancta María.	*2. Through thee, O holy Mary,* *The Source of all grace was given* *To the Church.*
3. Laude digna Angelórum, Sume laudes peccatórum, Sancta María.	*3. Thou art worthy of Angels' praise,* *But deign to accept the praises of sinners,* *O Holy Mary!*
4. Spes reórum, spes lapsórum, Lætítia beatórum, Sancta María.	*4. O Hope of the guilty, O Hope of the fallen,* *O Joy of the Blessed,* *O Holy Mary!*
5. Te Gábriel lætificávit, Te Paráclitus obumbrávit, Sancta María.	*5. Gabriel rejoiced thee,* *The Paraclete overshadowed thee,* *O Holy Mary!*
6. Pater summus magnificávit, Dum Fílio matrem creávit, Sancta María.	*6. The Almighty Father exalted thee,* *When He created a Mother for His Son,* *O Holy Mary!*
7. O glória! O gáudium! Dum genuísti Altíssimi Unigénitum, Sancta María.	*7. O glory! O joy!* *When thou didst bring forth* *The Only-Begotten Son of the Most High,* *O Holy Mary!*
8. O Dómina! O Dóminum Propítium fac nobis tuum Primogénitum, Sancta María.	*8. O Lady, make Our Lord,* *Thy first-Begotten Son,* *Propitious to us, O Mary!*
9. Nunc super choros Angelórum exaltáta A dextris Filii, mater, regnas Cælésti glória circúmdata, Sancta María.	*9. Now, O Holy Mary, exalted above all* *The Choirs of Angels, thou dost reign,* *O Blessed Mother, at the right hand* *Of thy Son encompassed with heavenly glory.*
10. Nostri memor esto in misericórdia, In hac miséria, nos éxsules reduc Ad ætérna tabernácula, Sancta María.	*10. In thy mercy be mindful of us,* *Poor exiles: lead us to* *The eternal tabernacles.* *Holy Mary!*
11. O Virgo! O Dómina! O Mater Regína, Sancta María.	*11. O Virgin! O Sovereign Lady!* *Our Mother, and our Queen, Holy Mary!*

(From Cantus Mariales
J. de Gigord, 15 Rue Cassette, Paris)

(Dom Pothier O. S. B.)

352ª

Audi, precor, O bona Domina


1
Au - di, pre - cor, O bo - na Dó - mi - na, Pec - ca - tó - rum mæ - sta su - spí - ri - a: Et pro tu - a mi - se - ri - cór - di - a De - o no - stro nos re - con - cí - li - a, Ma - ter bo - na.

1. Audi, precor, O bona Dómina,
Peccatórum mæsta suspíria:
Et pro tua misericórdia
Deo nostro nos reconcília,
Mater bona.

1. Gentle Lady, we beseech thee,
Hear the sinner's plaintive cry,
In thy sweet and tender mercy
Pardon win from God Most High,
Kindest Mother.

2. Nato, Mater, fac acceptábilem
Peccatórum hanc precem flébilem:
Redde nobis Deum placábilem,
Ne se præstet inexorábilem
Summus Judex.

2. May thy Son, O Dearest Mother,
Grant, through thee, our tearful prayer;
Changed to mercy be God's justice,
Through thy pleading may He spare
Erring children.

3. O intácta Virgo puérpera,
Ad te clamat mens nostra mísera,
Quæ nefánda semper ad scélera,
Ab ætáte nunc usque ténera
Inclinátur.

3. Virgin Mother, pure and spotless,
Wayward souls, to thee we turn,
E'en from childhood prone to evil;
Do not our petitions spurn,
Win us pardon.

4. Pia Mater, errántes vísita,
Pio corde de nobis cógita,
Coram Jesu benígna clámita,
Ut nostrórum remíttat débita
Peccatórum.

4. Loving Mother, when we wander,
With compassion think of us;
In the presence of thy Jesus
Cease not still to ask for us
His sweet pardon.

5. Esto nobis mater propítia,
Quorum soror es atque sócia;
In tuárum laudum præcónia
Corda nostra fac voluntária
Ac devóta.

5. Show thyself to us a Mother,
Sister and Companion kind,
In the singing of thy praises
May we all our solace find.
Holy Mother.

6. Benedícta in muliéribus,
Bénedic te benedicéntibus;
Benedíctis tuis ubéribus
Qui dat escam esuriéntibus,
Hunc lactásti.

6. Blessèd thou above all other,
May thy children all be blest;
Thou didst nourish, Gentle Mother,
Our Creator at thy breast.
Blessèd Mary.

7. Benedíctus sit Pater lúminum,
Benedícta sit Virgo vírginum:
Benedícat cor nostrum Dóminum,
Sitiátque fontem dulcédinum
Sempitérnum. Amen.

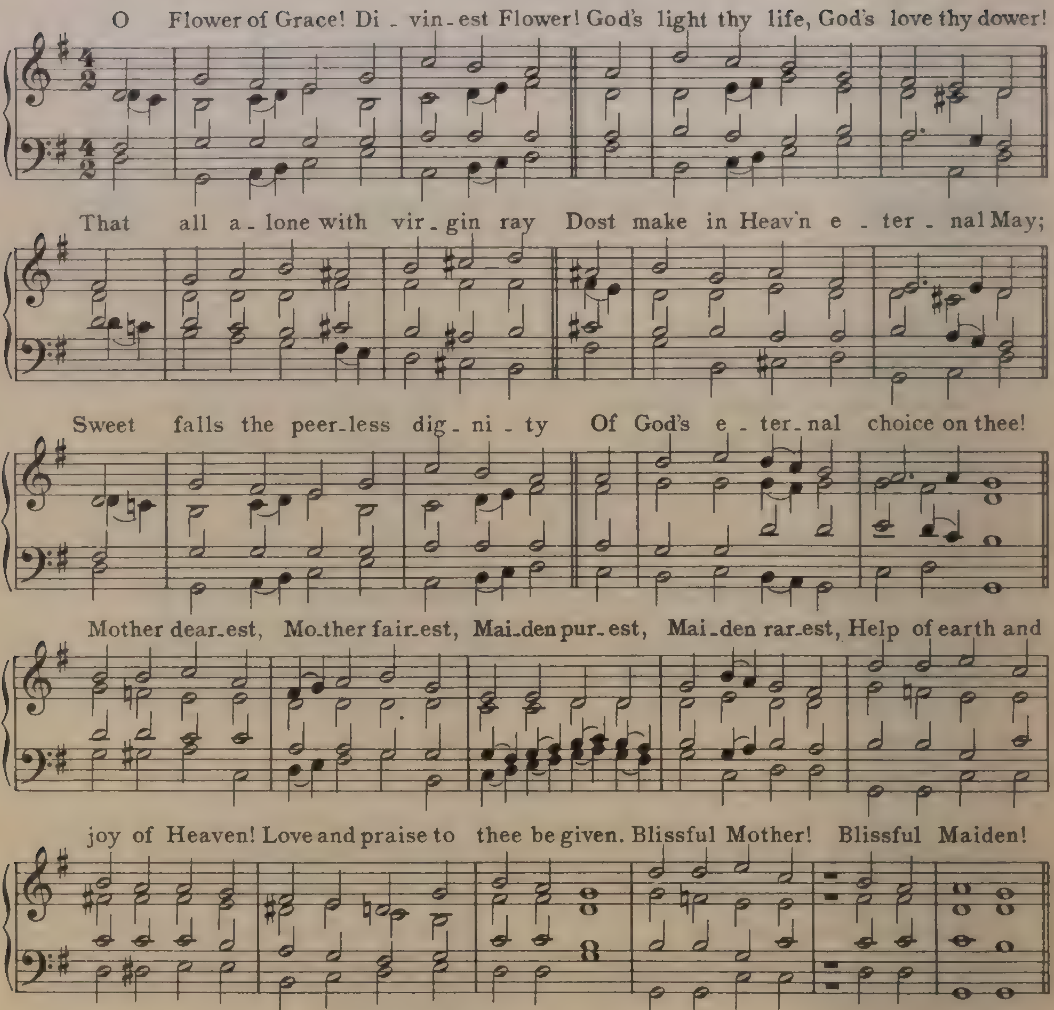
7. May the God of Light be blessèd,
Blessèd be the Virgin pure,
May we thirst for that sweet fountain
Of the joys that will endure
Through all ages. Amen.

(*St. Bernard*
Tr. S. N. D.)

(*Melody from the Reverend*
Benedictine Fathers of Solesmes
Accpt. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.)

353

O Flower of Grace


O Flower of Grace! Di - vin - est Flower! God's light thy life, God's love thy dower!
That all a - lone with vir - gin ray Dost make in Heav'n e - ter - nal May;
Sweet falls the peer - less dig - ni - ty Of God's e - ter - nal choice on thee!
Mother dear - est, Mo - ther fair - est, Mai - den pur - est, Mai - den rar - est, Help of earth and
joy of Heaven! Love and praise to thee be given. Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

1. O Flower of Grace Divinest Flower,
God's light thy life, God's love thy dower,
That all alone with virgin ray
Dost make in heaven eternal May;
Sweet falls the peerless dignity
Of God's eternal choice on thee.
Mother dearest, Mother fairest,
Maiden purest, Maiden rarest,
Help of earth and joy of heaven!
Love and praise to thee be given.
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

2. Choice Flower that bloomest on the breast
Of Jesus, which is now thy rest,
As thine was once the chosen bed
Of His dear Heart and Sacred Head:
O Mary, sweet it is to see
Thy Son's creation graced by thee.
Mother dearest, *etc.*

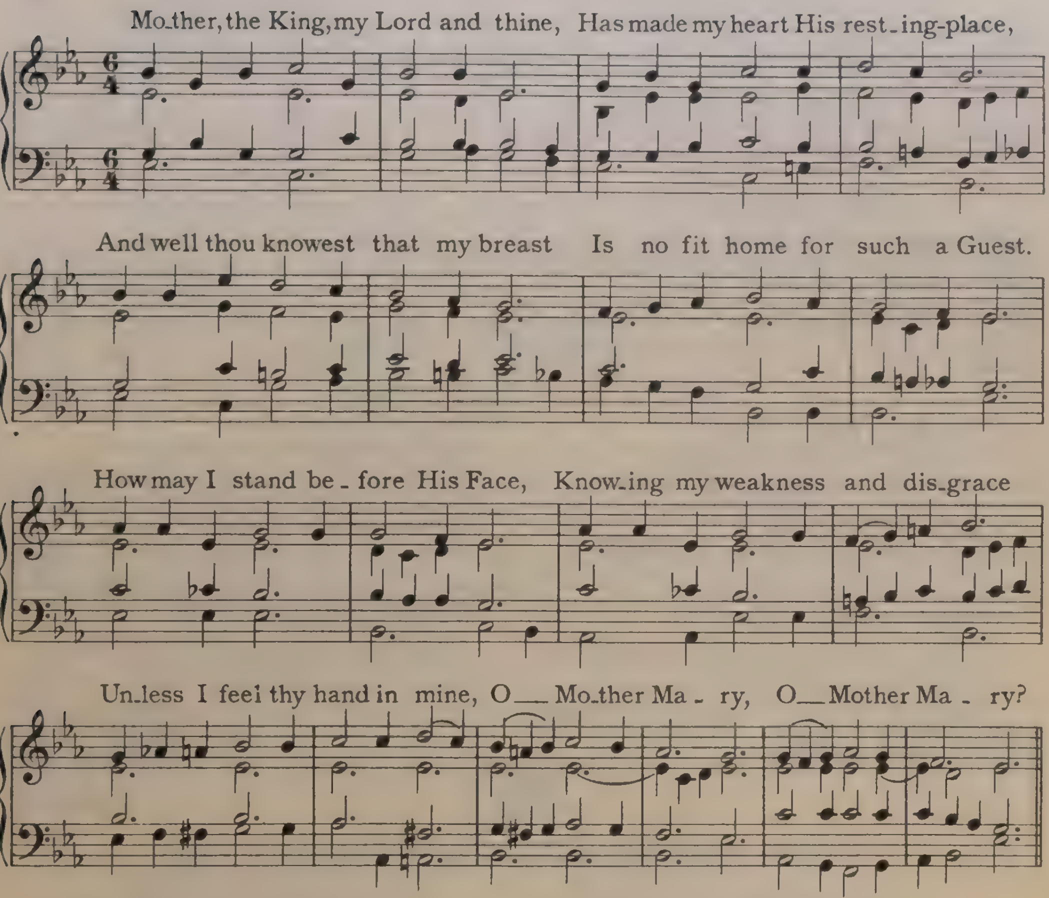
3. O Mary, when we think of thee
Our hearts grow light as light can be:
For thou hast felt as we have felt,
And thou hast knelt as we have knelt,
And so it is, that utterly,
Mother of God, we trust in thee.
Mother dearest, *etc.*

(*Fr. Faber* +1863)

(*Johnson*)

354

Mother, the King, my Lord and thine


Mo-ther, the King, my Lord and thine, Has made my heart His rest-ing-place,
And well thou knowest that my breast Is no fit home for such a Guest.
How may I stand be-fore His Face, Know-ing my weakness and dis-grace
Un-less I feel thy hand in mine, O Mo-ther Ma-ry, O Mother Ma-ry?

1. Mother, the King, my Lord and thine,
Has made my heart His resting-place,
And well thou knowest that my breast
Is no fit home for such a guest.
How may I stand before His Face,
Knowing my weakness and disgrace
Unless I feel thy hand in mine,
|: O Mother Mary? :|

2. With thine own mantle cover me,
Lend me the jewels thou dost wear,
That clinging trust no storm could shake,
That love which made thy true heart break,
Thy deep and self-effacing prayer,
Thy willingness His griefs to share,
So shall He find me like to thee—
|: O Mother Mary? :|

3. Whether He comes with joy and peace,
Or brings His own dear gift of pain,
Help me to give Him welcome meet,
His coming with brave smile to greet.
If thou but aid me, not in vain
Will be my hope His Heart to gain,
And in His Love, thine shall increase,
|: O Mother Mary? :|

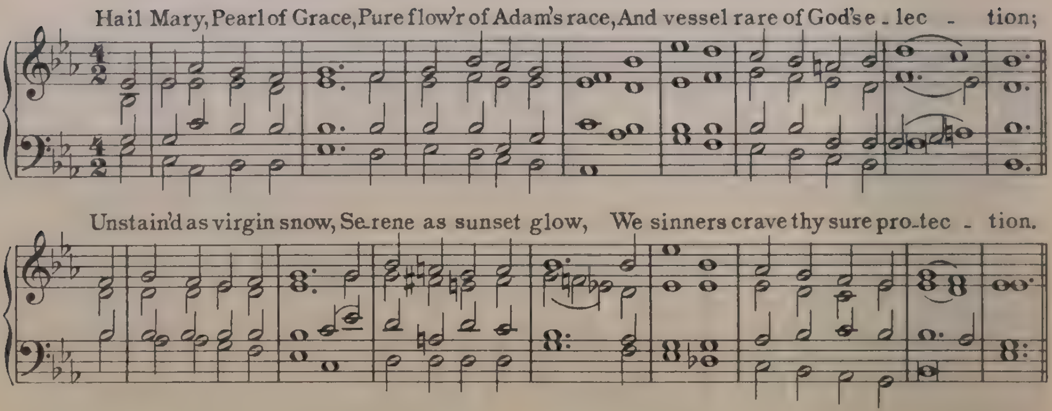
4. Keep in my heart all through the day
The thought of Him like sweetest song,
And though that heart should hotly throb,
Watch that no hurt my peace may rob.
Win me the victory over wrong,
Teach me to suffer and be strong;
From Him and thee, let me not stray,
|: O Mother Mary? :|

(Anon.)

*(Melody harmonized by
the Editor)*

355

Hail Mary, Pearl of Grace


Hail Mary, Pearl of Grace, Pure flow'r of Adam's race, And vessel rare of God's e - lec - tion;
Unstain'd as virgin snow, Se-rene as sunset glow, We sinners crave thy sure pro-tec - tion.

1. Hail Mary, Pearl of Grace,
Pure flower of Adam's race,
And vessel rare of God's election;
Unstained as virgin snow,
Serene as sunset glow,
We sinners crave thy sure protection.

2. Thou Queen of high estate,
Conceived immaculate
To form Incarnate Love's pure dwelling:
The Spirit found His rest
Within thy sinless breast,
And thence flow joys beyond all telling.

3. A fairer, purer Eve,
Didst thou her fall retrieve,
For man's debt giving God in payment:
Thy spotless feet are pressed
Upon the serpent's crest—
God's stars thy crown, His sun thy raiment.

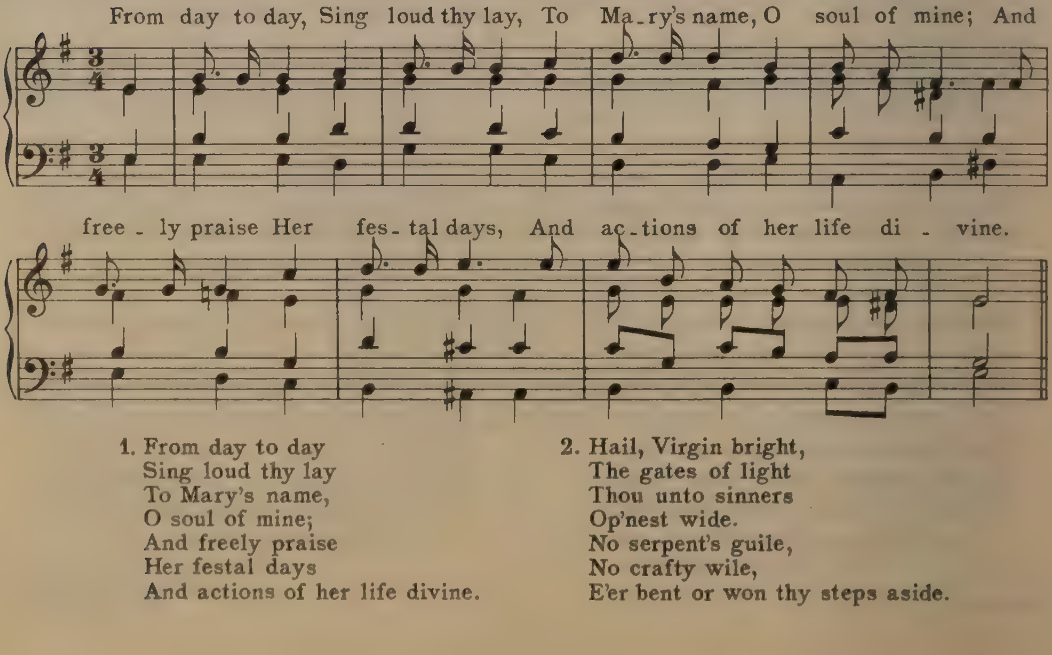
4. Through His dear Blood who died,
By sinners crucified,
Art thou preserved, and we forgiven;
Help us to conquer sin,
That we may enter in,
Through thee, the Golden Gate to Heaven.

(*Dom Bede Camm O.S.B.*)

(*Sir Richard Terry*)

356

From day to day, sing loud thy lay


From day to day, Sing loud thy lay, To Ma-ry's name, O soul of mine; And
free - ly praise Her fes - tal days, And ac - tions of her life di - vine.

1. From day to day
Sing loud thy lay
To Mary's name,
O soul of mine;
And freely praise
Her festal days
And actions of her life divine.

2. Hail, Virgin bright,
The gates of light
Thou unto sinners
Op'nest wide.
No serpent's guile,
No crafty wile,
E'er bent or won thy steps aside.

3. O jewel bright,
O lily white
Of purity,
O fresh-blown rose!
Thou dost command
The virgin band
That aye through heaven rejoicing goes.

4. Deign to commend,
Sweet Mother-friend,
This anxious heart
To Christ thy Child;
Lest, tempest-tost,
My soul be lost
Engulfed beneath the waters wild.

(*"Omni Die"*
Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny †1140
Tr. Fr. Wyse (?))

5. O Blest of Heaven,
Through thee are given
Joys to this world
To grace restored;
A kingdom bright,
The realms of light
To fervent faith a sure reward.

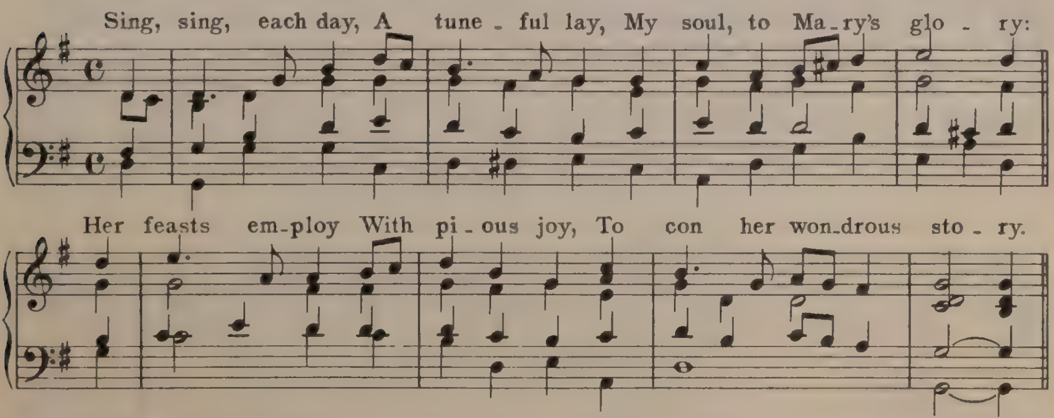
6. And give me aid,
Dear Mother-Maid,
Thy comfort sweet
To all who join
Their songs to praise
Thy festal days,
And actions of thy life divine.

(*Editor*)

357

Sing, sing, each day

Our Lady


Sing, sing, each day, A tune - ful lay, My soul, to Ma - ry's glo - ry:
Her feasts em - ploy With pi - ous joy, To con her won - drous sto - ry.

1. Sing, sing, each day,
A tuneful lay,
My soul, to Mary's glory:
Her feasts employ
With pious joy
To con her wondrous story.

2. Unending lays
Sound forth her praise,
The Queen of all created,
Till note on note
Through Heaven float
Each with her goodness freighted.

3. A sentence dire
From God's just ire
Bore man for Eve's transgression,
Till Mary led
The spendthrift's tread
Back home from sin's oppression.

4. Virgin, rejoice,
Whom every voice
Should join in glorifying;
Whose first sweet look
The prison shook
Where helpless man lay sighing.

5. For when thy birth
Gave joy, the earth
With radiant vest adorning,
It cast away
The dark array
Of ages spent in mourning.

6. For this I cry,
For this I sigh,
Be thou my soul's physician,
Thy gifts of grace
Poured down apace
Requite my soul's petition.

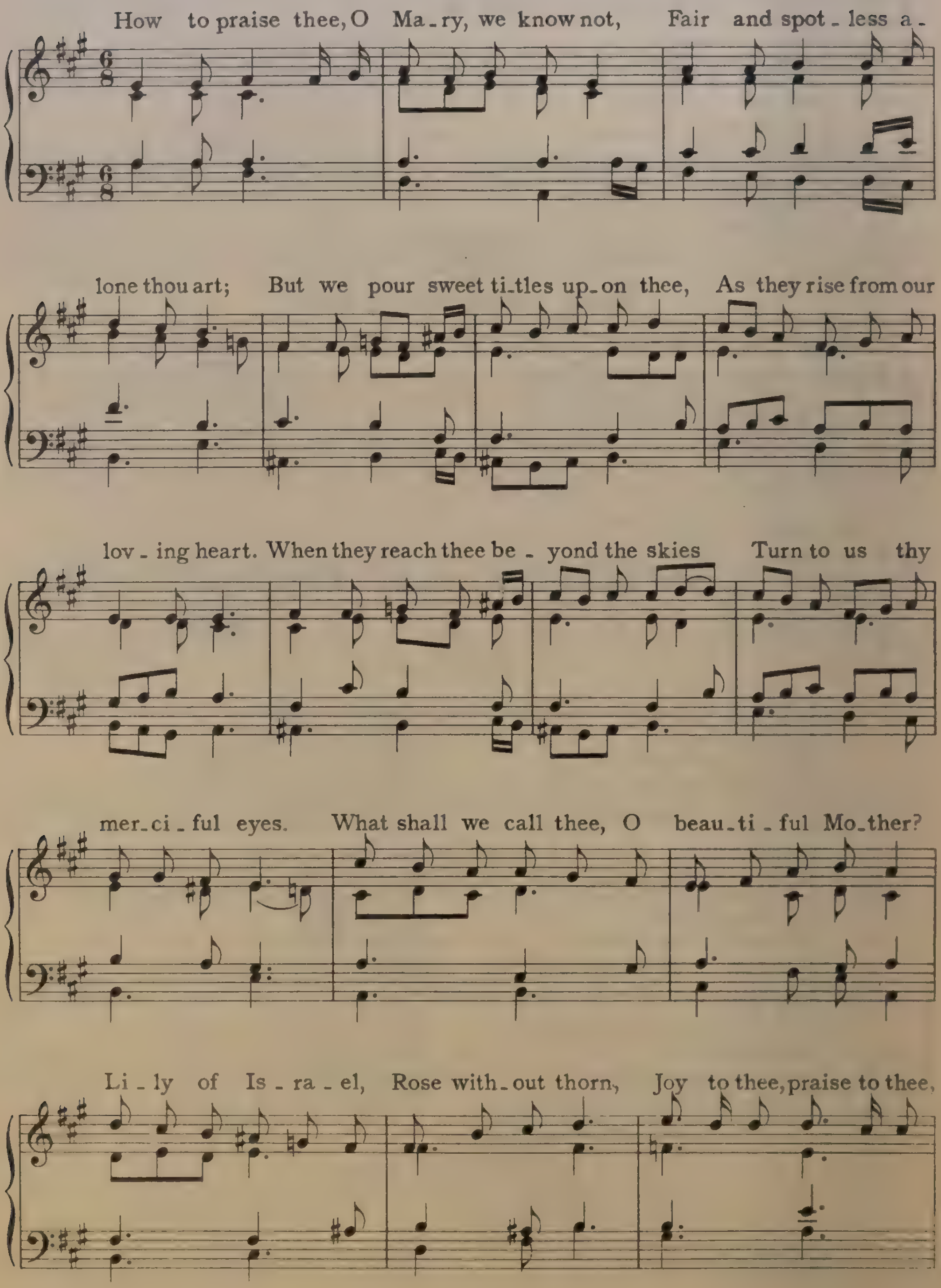
7. Cherish, sustain,
The suppliant train
In thy sweet prayer confiding,
Whatever pains,
Whatever stains
Prevent, in us abiding.

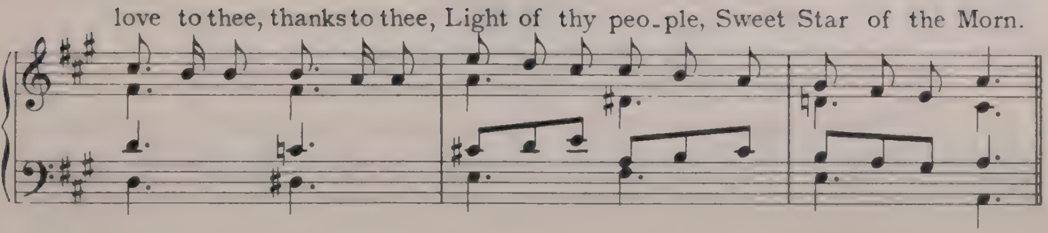
(*"Omni Die"*
Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny †1140
Tr. ?)

(*Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S. J.*)

358

How to praise thee, O Mary


How to praise thee, O Ma - ry, we know not, Fair and spot - less a -
lone thou art; But we pour sweet ti - tles up - on thee, As they rise from our
lov - ing heart. When they reach thee be - yond the skies Turn to us thy
mer - ci - ful eyes. What shall we call thee, O beau - ti - ful Mo - ther?
Li - ly of Is - ra - el, Rose with - out thorn, Joy to thee, praise to thee,


love to thee, thanks to thee, Light of thy peo-ple, Sweet Star of the Morn.

1. How to praise thee, O Mary, we know not,
Fair and spotless alone thou art;
But we pour sweet titles upon thee,
As they rise from our loving heart.
When they reach thee beyond the skies
Turn to us thy merciful eyes.
What shall we call thee, O beautiful Mother?
Lily of Israel, Rose without thorn,
Joy to thee, praise to thee, love to thee, thanks to thee,
Light of thy people, Sweet Star of the Morn.

2. Bright thou art as the sun in its rising,
Fair thou art as the moon at night,
Strong thou art as a battle army,
Tower of hope to all who fight.
Thou art sweetness, and hope, and life,
Health in sickness and help in strife.
What shall we call thee, *etc.*

3. Lifted high as the palm and cedar,
Waving low as the flower of field,
Eastern Gate to the Sun of Justice,
Garden enclosed and fountain sealed.
Glorious things are said of thee,
City of God, so fair to see.
What shall we call thee, *etc.*

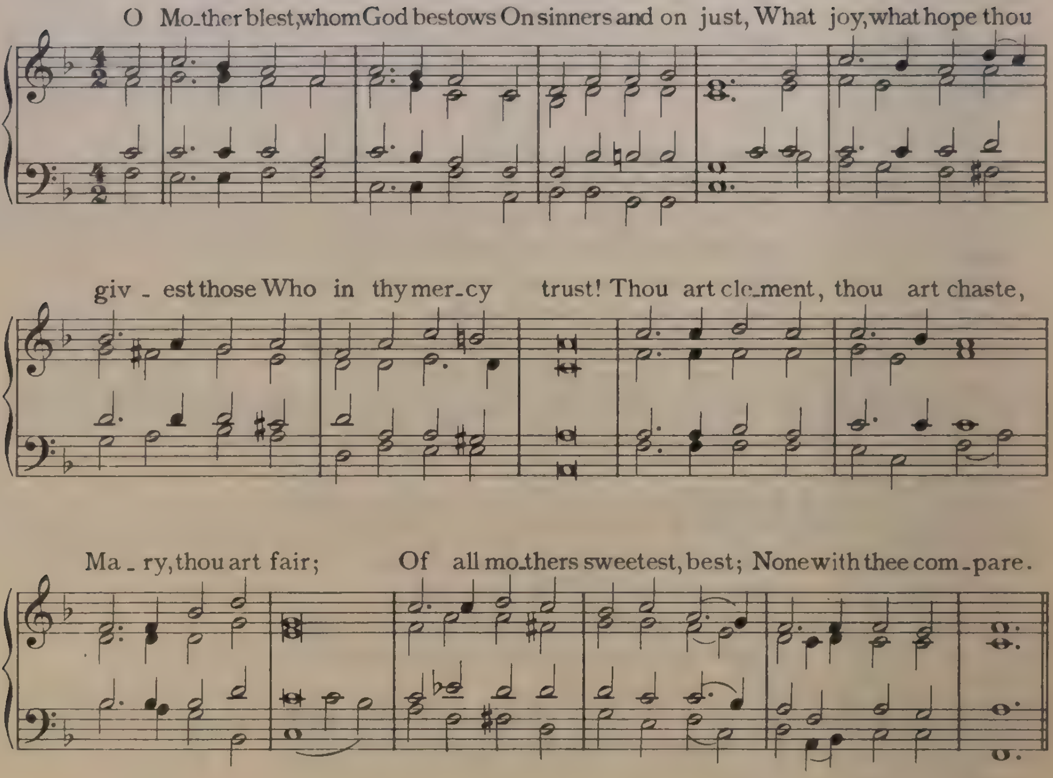
4. Ark of refuge from storm and shipwreck,
Beacon light on the distant hill,
Oil poured out on the troubled waters,
Haven safe where the winds are still,
Wheresoever our barque may be,
Star of the Morn, we look to thee.
What shall we call thee, *etc.*

5. Queen art thou of the shining Angels,
Queen art thou of the happy Saints,
Mother and Queen of exiled children,
Send us help when our courage faints.
Spotless Mother and Queen Divine,
All the love of our hearts is thine.
What shall we call thee, *etc.*

(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

359

O Mother blest


O Mo-ther blest, whom God bestows On sinners and on just, What joy, what hope thou
giv - est those Who in thy mer-cy trust! Thou art cle-ment, thou art chaste,
Ma - ry, thou art fair; Of all mo-thers sweetest, best; None with thee com-pare.

1. O Mother blest, whom God bestows
On sinners and on just,
What joy, what hope thou givest those
Who in thy mercy trust.
Thou art clement, thou art chaste,
Mary, thou art fair;
Of all mothers sweetest, best;
None with thee compare.

2. O heavenly Mother, Mistress sweet!
It never yet was told
That suppliant sinner left thy feet
Unpitied, unconsoled.
Thou art clement, *etc.*

3. O Mother pitiful and mild,
Cease not to pray for me:
For I do love thee as a child,
And sigh for love of thee.
Thou art clement, *etc.*

4. Most powerful Mother, all men know
Thy Son denies thee nought;
Thou askest, wishest it, and, lo!
His power thy will has wrought.
Thou art clement, *etc.*

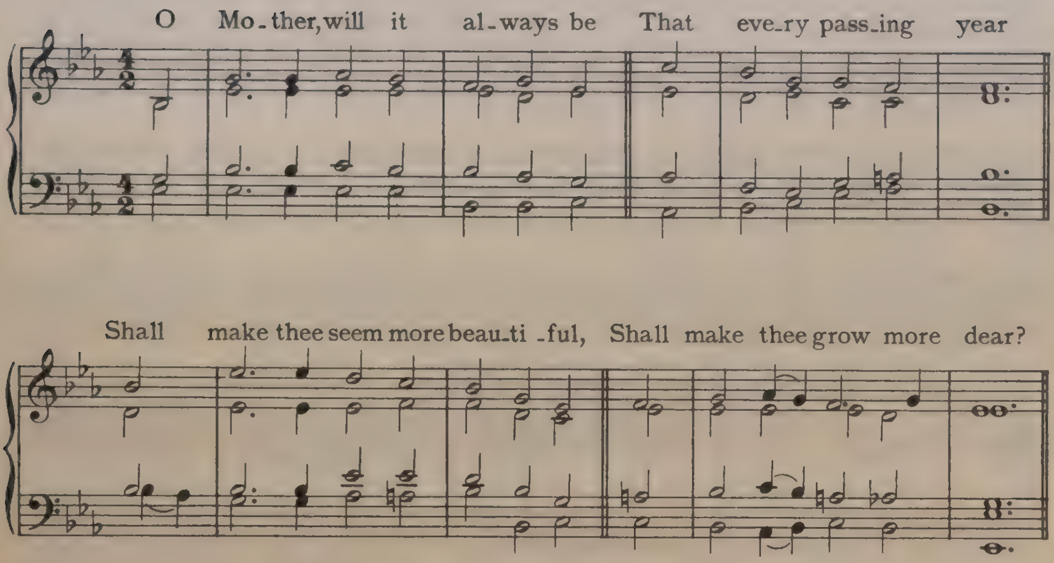
5. O Mother blest, for me obtain,
Ungrateful though I be.
To love that God Who first could deign
To show such love to me.
Thou art clement, *etc.*

(*St. Alphonsus Liguori* † 1787
Tr. Fr. Vaughan C.SS. R.)

(*F. Westlake*)

360

O Mother, will it always be


O Mo-ther, will it al-ways be That eve-ry pass-ing year
Shall make thee seem more beau-ti-ful, Shall make thee grow more dear?

1. O Mother, will it always be
That every passing year
Shall make thee seem more beautiful,
Shall make thee grow more dear?

2. We know thou art not infinite,
And yet thou dost unfold
Fresh glories every feast that comes,
New grandeurs yet untold.

3. We knew thee to be free from stain
As is the sun's white beam;
We knew God's Mother must be great
Above what we could dream.

4. Yet now it seems we knew thee not;
Each feast-day we begin
To know thee in a truer way,
And truer love to win.

5. O Mother, thou art like the life
The blessèd lead above,
Unchangeable, yet growing still
In glory and in love.

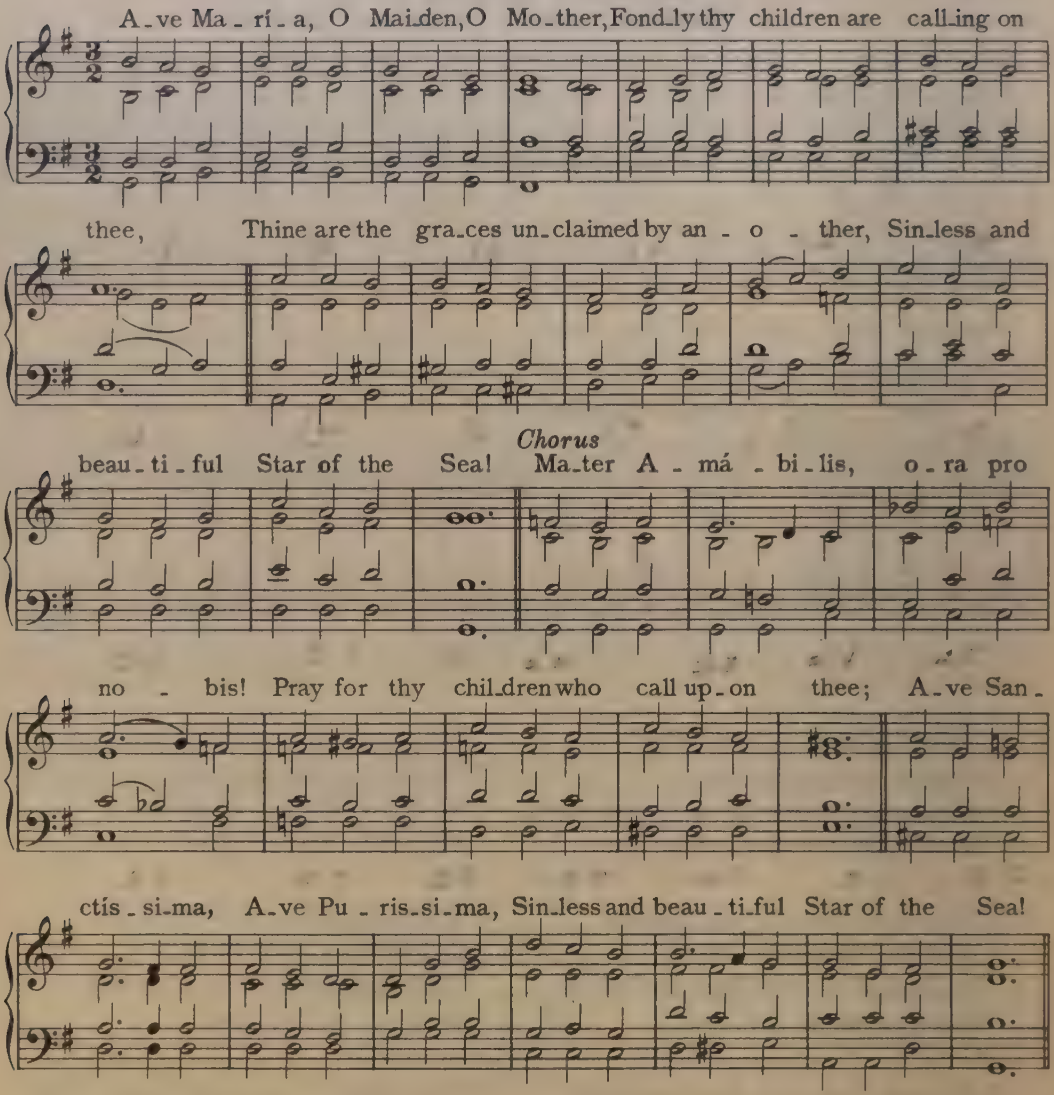
6. How close to God, how full of God,
Dear Mother, must thou be,
For still the more we know of God,
The more we think of thee.

7. This is thy gift — O give it us —
To make God better known:
Ah! Mother, make Him in our hearts
More grand and more alone.

(*Fr. Faber* † 1863) (*Staniforth*)

361

Ave Maria! O Maiden, O Mother


A-ve Ma-rí-a, O Mai-den, O Mo-ther, Fond-ly thy children are call-ing on thee, Thine are the gra-ces un-claimed by an-o-ther, Sin-less and beau-ti-ful Star of the Sea!
Chorus
Ma-ter A-má-bi-lis, o-ra pro no-bis! Pray for thy chil-dren who call up-on thee; A-ve San-ctís-si-ma, A-ve Pu-rís-si-ma, Sin-less and beau-ti-ful Star of the Sea!

1. Ave María, O Maiden, O Mother,
Fondly thy children are calling on thee,
Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea!
Mater Amábilis, ora pro nobis,
Pray for thy children who call upon thee,
Ave Sanctíssima, Ave Puríssima,
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!

2. Ave María, the night shades are falling,
Softly our voices arise unto thee,
Earth's lonely exiles for succour are calling,
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!
Mater Amábilis, *etc.*

3. Ave María, thy children are kneeling,
Words of endearment are murmured to thee,
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea!
Mater Amábilis, ora pro nobis,
Pray for thy children who call upon thee,
Ave Sanctíssima, Ave Puríssima,
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!

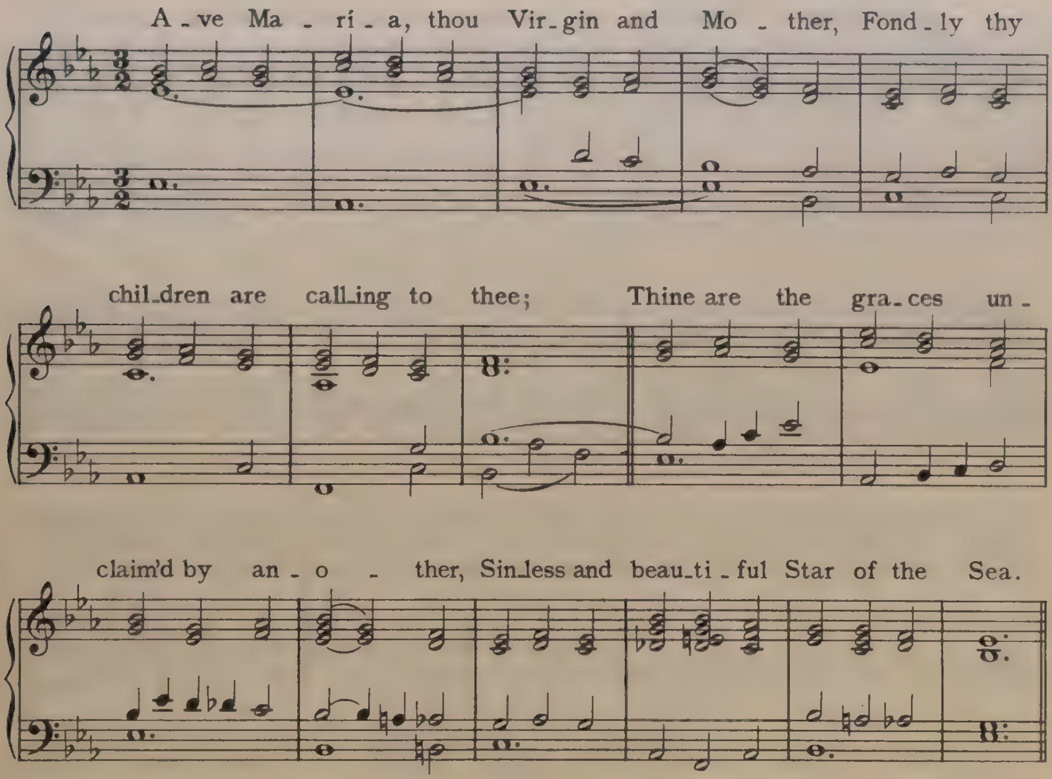
4. Ave María, thou portal of Heaven,
Harbour of refuge, to thee do we flee,
Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds driven,
Shine on our pathway, fair Star of the Sea!
Mater Amábilis, *etc.*

(*Sister M.*)

(*L. Ampleforth*)

362ᵃ

Ave Maria! thou Virgin and Mother


A - ve Ma - rí - a, thou Vir - gin and Mo - ther, Fond - ly thy
chil - dren are call - ing to thee; Thine are the gra - ces un -
claim'd by an - o - ther, Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.

1. Ave María, thou Virgin and Mother,
Fondly thy children are calling to thee;
Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!

2. Ave María, the night shades are falling,
Softly our voices arise unto thee;
Earth's lonely exiles for succour are calling,
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!

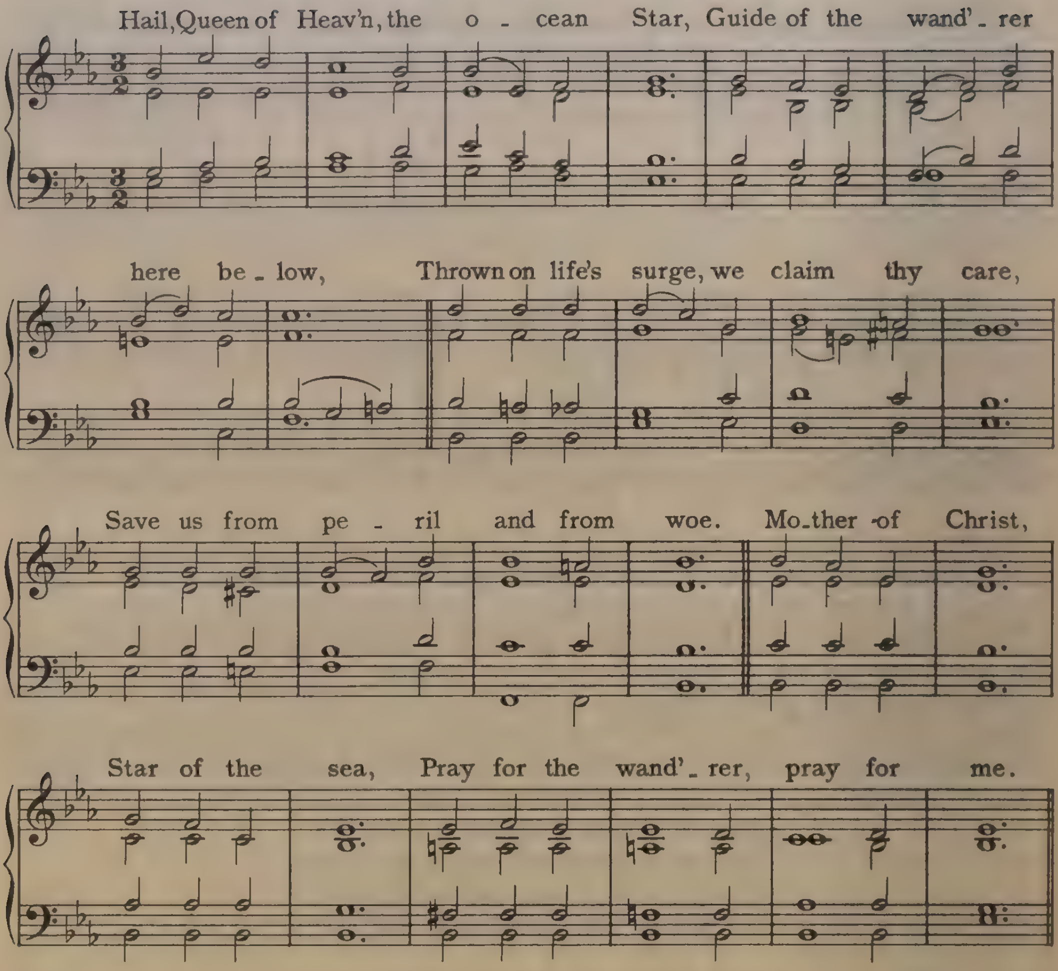
3. Ave María, thy children are kneeling—
Words of endearment are whispered to thee;
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!

4. Ave María, thy arms are extending,
Gladly within them for shelter we flee,
Are thy sweet eyes on thy lonely ones bending?
Sinless and beautiful—Star of the Sea!

(*A. E. Tozer*)

362^b

Hail, Queen of Heaven


Hail, Queen of Heav'n, the o - cean Star, Guide of the wand' - rer
here be - low, Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,
Save us from pe - ril and from woe. Mo-ther of Christ,
Star of the sea, Pray for the wand' - rer, pray for me.

1. Hail, Queen of Heav'n, the ocean Star,
Guide of the wanderer here below,
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,
Save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, Star of the sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

2. O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,
We sinners make our prayer through thee,
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, Star of the sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

3. Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest Advocate, we cry;
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

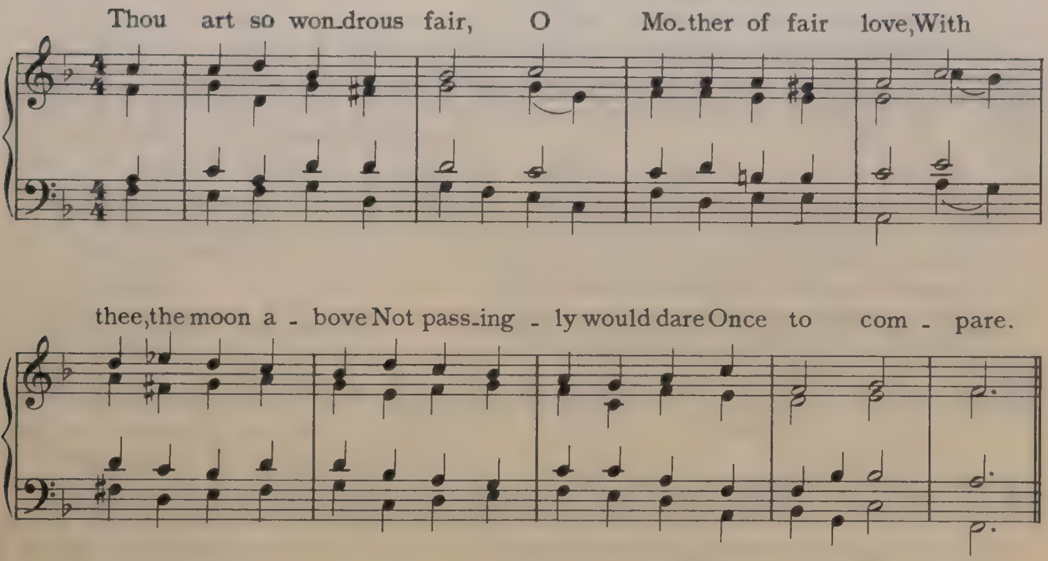
4. And while to Him Who reigns above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The Source of Life, of Grace, of Love,
Homage we pay on bended knee,
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

(*Dr Lingard*)

(*Sir Richard Terry*)

363

Thou art so wondrous fair


Thou art so won-drous fair, O Mo-ther of fair love, With
thee, the moon a - bove Not pass-ing - ly would dare Once to com - pare.

1. Thou art so wondrous fair,
O Mother of fair love,
With thee, the moon above
Not passingly would dare
Once to compare.

2. O Charity Divine,
O True Love's priceless boon,
When, on that fearful noon,
My God, dear Queen, and thine
Did make thee mine.

3. Thou sawest Jesus dead,
Yet in that dreadful loss
Didst thou beneath His Cross,
Bowing thy regal head,
Take man instead.

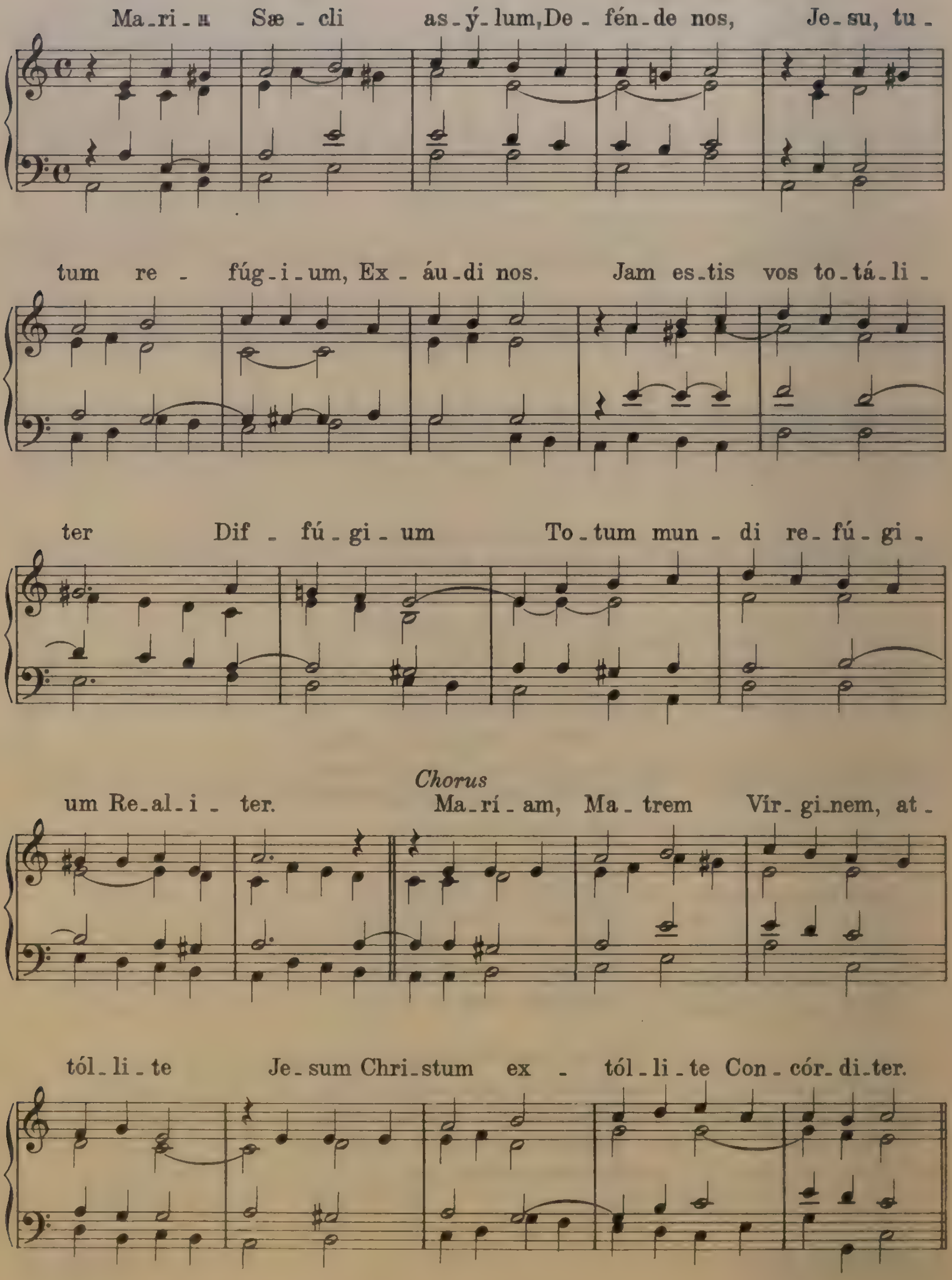
4. Thou moon of earth's black night,
And pride of our poor race,
Shade not thy glorious face,
Dwell always in our sight
To give us light.

(Fr. Martin O. S. F. C.)

(Fr Leo O. S. F. C. Mus. B.)

364

Maria Sæcli asylum


Ma-ri-a Sæ-cli as-ý-lum, De-fén-de nos, Je-su, tu-
tum re-fúg-i-um, Ex-áu-di nos. Jam es-tis vos to-tá-li-
ter Dif-fú-gi-um To-tum mun-di re-fú-gi-
um Re-al-i-ter.
Chorus
Ma-rí-am, Ma-trem Vír-gi-nem, at-
tól-li-te Je-sum Chri-stum ex-tól-li-te Con-cór-di-ter.

1. María, sæcli asýlum,
Defénde nos.
Jesu, tutum refúgium,
Exáudi nos.
Jam estis vos totáliter
Diffúgium,
Totum mundi refúgium,
Reáliter.
Maríam, Matrem Vírginem, attóllite,
Jesum Christum extóllite
Concórditer.

1. Refuge of sinners, O Mary, defend us,
Jesus, salvation of man, ever hear us:
None can we flee to for aid and protection
Mary, save thee and thy dear Blessed Son.
Glorify Mary, the sweet Virgin Mother,
Praise Jesus Christ with unanimous song.

2. Jesu, supréma bónitas
Veríssima,
María dulcis píetas
Gratíssima,
Amplíssima, confórmiter.
Sit cáritas
Ad nos, quos pellit vánitas
Enórmiter.
Maríam, Matrem Vírginem *etc.*

2. Jesus, true Beauty and One with the Father,
Mary most gracious, His Mother so tender,
Guard us, your children, from pitfalls of vanity,
Wrap us around with your mantle of charity.
Glorify Mary, the sweet etc.

3. María, Virgo húmilis,
Te cólimus,
Jesu desiderábilis,
Te quærimus
Et vólumus mentáliter.
In súperis
Frui cum sanctis ángelis
Perénniter.
Maríam, Matrem Vírginem *etc.*

3. Mary, O Virgin most lowly, all praise to thee,
Jesus, for ages so longed for, we seek to see,
Ardently, prayerfully, sigh we with love,
Angelic praises to join in above.
Glorify Mary, the sweet etc.

4. Jesu, pro peccatóribus,
Qui passus es,
María, sta pro ómnibus
Quæ mater es,
Nam omnes nos labíliter
Subsístimus,
Juvári unde pétimus
Flebíliter.
Maríam, Matrem Vírginem *etc.*

4. Jesus, sweet Saviour, Who died for mankind,
Mary, in whom a true Mother we find,
Feeble and falt'ring we cry unto you,
Each time we need you, O help us anew.
Glorify Mary, the sweet etc.

5. María, facta sǽculis
Salvátio,
Jesu, damnáti hóminis
Redémptio,
Pugnáte quam viríliter
Pro fámulis,
Percússis diris jáculis
Atróciter.
Maríam, Matrem Vírginem *etc.*

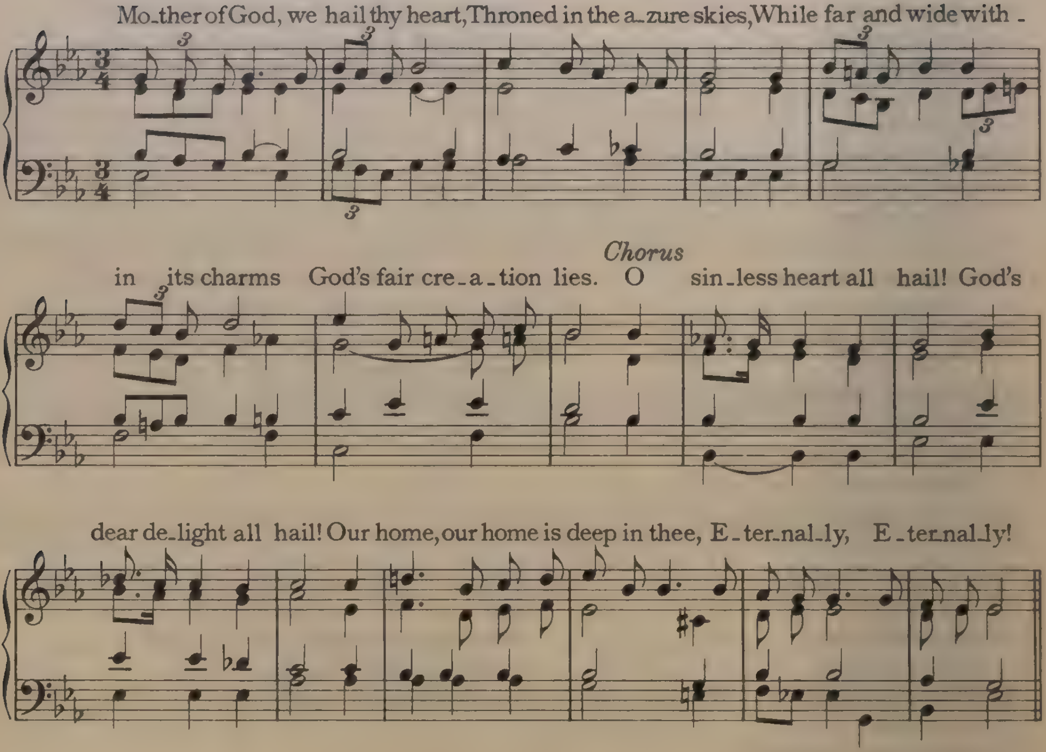
5. Mary, through whom our salvation began,
Jesus, Salvation of poor, fallen man,
Rescue and guard us, sad victims of sin,
Weak though we be, let us victory win.
Glorify Mary, the sweet etc.

(Tr. S. N D.)

(*Ancient Melody*)

365

Mother of God, we hail thy heart


Mo-ther of God, we hail thy heart, Throned in the a-zure skies, While far and wide with-
in its charms God's fair cre-a-tion lies.
Chorus
O sin-less heart all hail! God's
dear de-light all hail! Our home, our home is deep in thee, E-ter-nal-ly, E-ter-nal-ly!

1. Mother of God, we hail thy heart,
Throned in the azure skies;
While far and wide within its charms
God's fair creation lies.
O sinless heart! all hail, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail,
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally!

2. Mother of God, from out thy heart
Our Saviour fashioned His;
The fountains of the Precious Blood
Rose in thy depths of bliss.
O sinless heart! *etc.*

3. Mother of God, when near thy heart,
The unborn Saviour lay,
He taught it how to burn with love,
For sinners gone astray.
O sinless heart! *etc.*

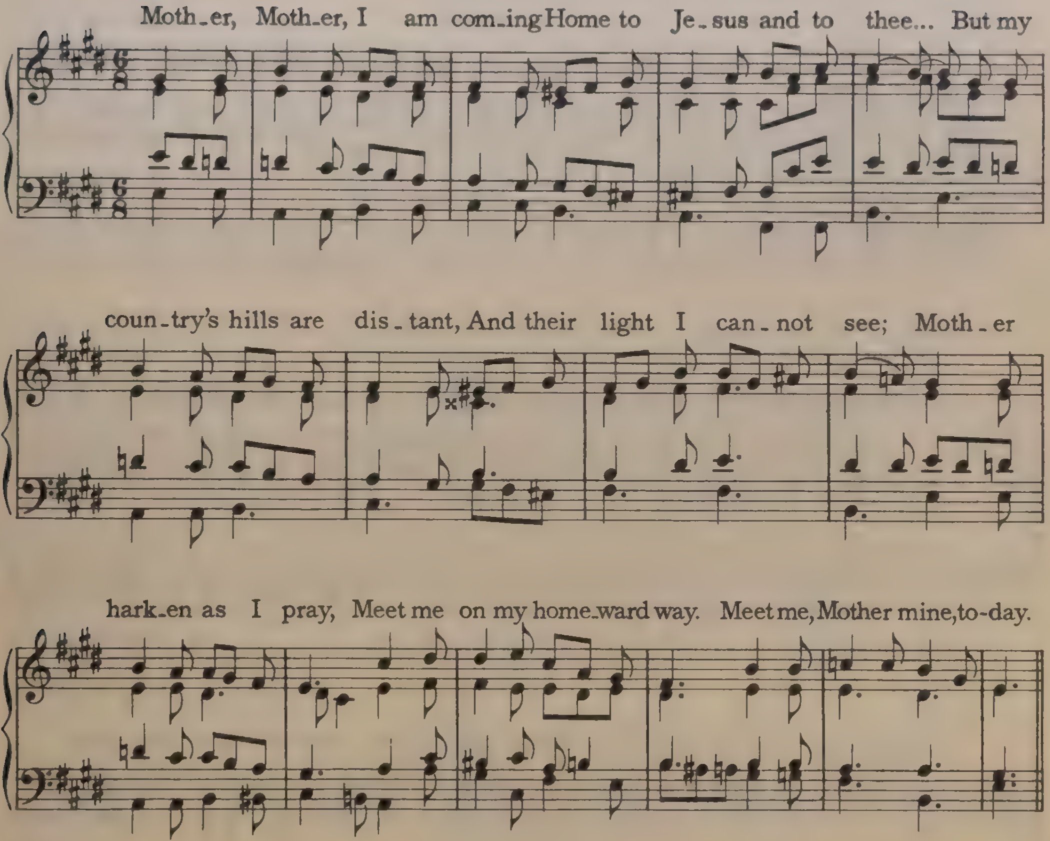
4. Mother of God, He broke thy heart,
That it might wider be;
That in the vastness of its love
There might be room for me.
O sinless heart! *etc.*

5. Mother of God, thy heart hath heights
On which God loves to dwell,
And yet the lowliest child of earth
Is welcome there as well.
O sinless heart! *etc.*

(*Fr. Faber* † 1863) (*Editor*)

366

Mother, Mother, I am coming


Moth-er, Moth-er, I am com-ing Home to Je-sus and to thee... But my
coun-try's hills are dis-tant, And their light I can-not see; Moth-er
hark-en as I pray, Meet me on my home-ward way. Meet me, Mother mine, to-day.

1. Mother, Mother, I am coming
Home to Jesus and to thee,
But my country's hills are distant,
And their light I cannot see;
Mother, hearken as I pray,
Meet me on my homeward way,
Meet me, Mother mine, to-day.

2. Oftentimes my skies are clouded,
I can see nor sun, nor star,
And the road is rough and narrow,
And the end seems very far;
Lest perchance my feet should stray,
Meet me, Mother, on my way,
Meet me, Mother mine, to-day.

3. I must cross the burning desert,
I shall thirst, O Mother mine,
Fill thy vessel at the fountain
Of thy Son's sweet Heart Divine
Lest I faint upon the way,
Tender Mother, stoop, I pray,
Give my soul to drink to-day.

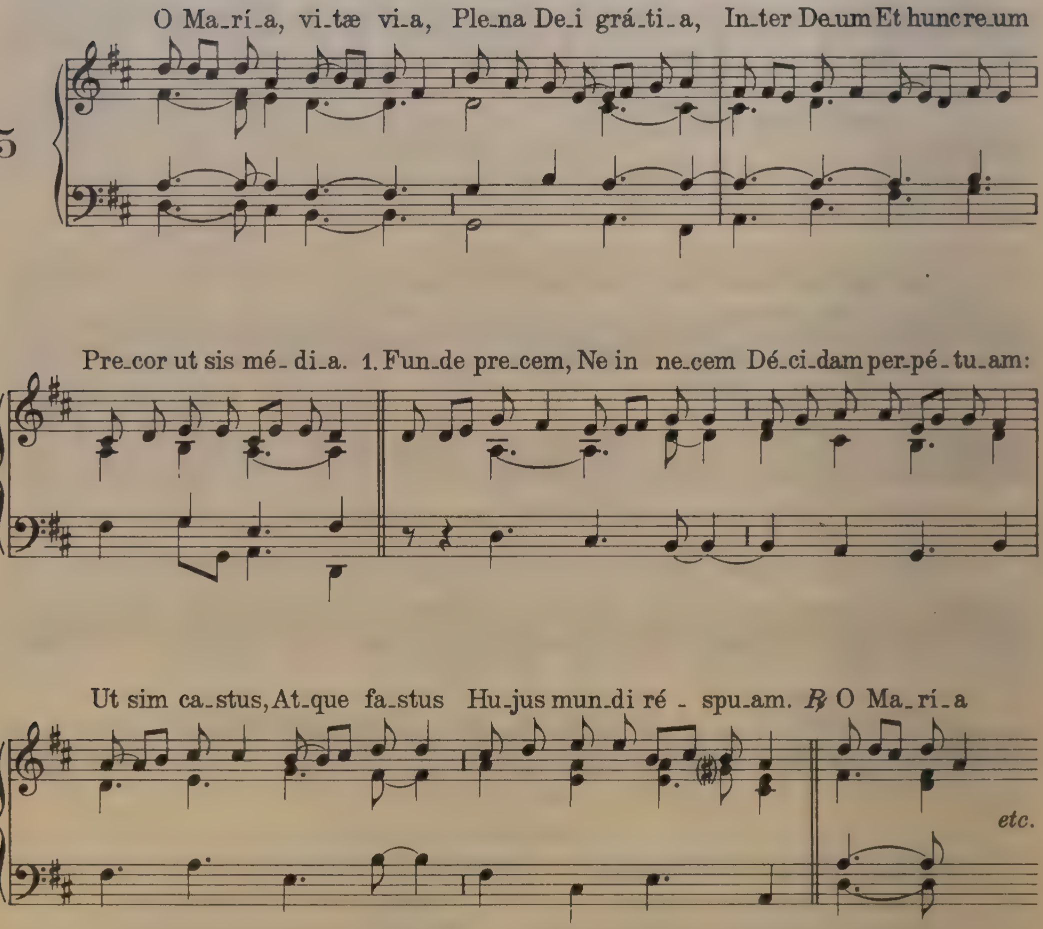
4. Do not wait until to-morrow,
For I need thee here and now,
Wait not till I come to meet thee,
Rather, Mother, meet me thou.
Oh in all I do or say,
Come and meet me on my way,
Mother Mary, every day.

(S. N. D.) *(Editor)*

367

O Maria, vitæ via

5


O Ma_rí_a, vi_tæ vi_a, Ple_na De_i grá_ti_a, In_ter De_um Et hunc re_um
Pre_cor ut sis mé_di_a. 1. Fun_de pre_cem, Ne in ne_cem Dé_ci_dam per_pé_tu_am:
Ut sim ca_stus, At_que fa_stus Hu_jus mun_di ré_spu_am. ℟ O Ma_rí_a
etc.

O María, vitæ via,
Plena Dei grátia,
Inter Deum
Et hunc reum
Precor ut sis média.

O Mary, through life and in death be my way,
Thou vessel of grace by God's Angel declared,
Be thou to my weakness a hope and a stay,
O mediate, pray that my guilt be repaired.

1. Funde precem,
Ne in necem
Décidam perpétuam:
Ut sim castus,
Atque fastus
Hujus mundi réspuam, O María.

1. By day and by night let thy prayers intercede
Lest I into death everlasting may fall,
That chaste I may be both in word and in deed,
Rejecting earth's snares that I be not sin's thrall.
O Mary, etc.

2. Ille ductor
Et instrúctor
Adsit mihi Spíritus,
Qui te mundam
Et fecúndam
Fecit esse cǽlitus. O María.

2. For guide and instructor I fain would aspire
To Him, Love Subsistent in Godhead above.
A Mother He made thee, though Virgin entire
By brooding upon thee with heavenly love.
O Mary, etc.

3. Illa, inquam,
Ne delínquam,
Me consérvet grátia,
Qua replévit
Te qui flevit
Inter tua bráchia. O María.

3. From sin O defend me, and may I not lose
That grace which to thee in its fulness He gave,
Who deigned for His Mother His handmaid to choose,
And wept in thine arms in poor Bethlehem's cave.
O Mary, etc.

4. Orbis rector,
Et protéctor
Noster clementíssime,
Nos invíse,
Ut elísæ
Convaléscant ánimæ. O María.

4. O Maker of all things and Lord of the world,
Protector most clement of souls who yet strive,
In pity regard us now, lest we be hurled
To ruin, and never in Heaven arrive.
O Mary, etc.

5. Lumen sparge
Tuæ largæ
Super nos cleméntiæ:
Atque mæstis
Da cæléstis
Sólamen lætítiæ. O María.

5. Abundantly, Lord, we beseech Thee to send
Thy plentiful mercy as light in our gloom,
That heavenly comfort and joy may attend
Our souls sick with sorrow awaiting our doom.
O Mary, etc.

6. Dei Fili
Ex hostíli
Serva me fallácia:
Da ut fiam,
Per Maríam,
Tua dignus grátia. O María.

6. O Son of my God, e'er preserve and defend
My soul from the enemy's snares and from sin;
Through Mary, to whom all my needs I commend,
O grant that Thy grace I may worthily win.
O Mary, etc.

7. Ob amórem
Et honórem
Matris tuæ tríbue,
Ut cum bonis
Fruar donis
Quiétis perpétuæ. O María.

7. O measure Thy bounty to me, I beseech,
In terms of the love and the honour which Thou
E'er givest to Mary, and thus I shall reach
The joys which the Blessed in Heaven reap now.
O Mary, etc.

8. Te rogámus,
Et laudámus,
Per ipsíus méritum,
Ut ætérni
Nobis regni
Clemens pandas áditum. O María.

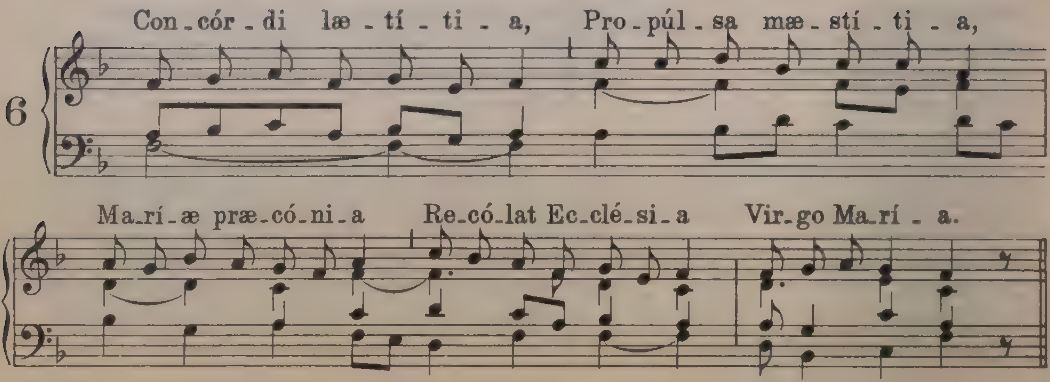
8. We praise Thee and beg Thee, O merciful Lord,
Through love of Thy Mother, now throned on Thy Right,
To open wide Heaven's gates thus to afford
An entrance for us to Thy Kingdom of Light.
O Mary, etc.

(From "Cantus Mariales"
J. de Gigord. Paris. Tr. S. N. D.)

(Dom Pothier O. S. B.)

368

Concordi lætitia


Con-cór-di læ-tí-ti-a, Pro-púl-sa mæ-stí-ti-a,
6
Ma-rí-æ præ-có-ni-a Re-có-lat Ec-clé-si-a Vir-go Ma-rí-a.

1. Concórdi lætítia,
Propúlsa mæstítia,
Maríæ præcónia
Recólat Ecclésia:
Virgo María!

2. Quæ felíci gáudio,
Resurgénte Dómino,
Flóruit ut lílium,
Vivum cernens Fílium:
Virgo María!

3. Quam concéntu párili
Chori laudant cælici,
Et nos cum cæléstibus
Novum melos pángimus:
Virgo María!

4. O Regína vírginum,
Votis fave súpplicum,
Et post mortis stádium,
Vitæ confer præmium:
Virgo María!

5. Gloriósa Trínitas,
Indivísa Unitas,
Ob Maríæ mérita
Nos salva per sæcula:
Virgo María!
Amen.

1. With voice of joy and gladness,
And banishing of sadness,
Let holy Church unite
And Mary's praise recite.
O Virgin Mary!

2. That happy Easter morn,
Like lily fresh at dawn,
She saw with joy God-given
Her Blessed Son had risen.
O Virgin Mary!

3. The Angels sing her praises,
And Earth her voice too raises
That all a song quite new
May sing in praise of you.
O Virgin Mary!

4. O Queen of Virgins fair,
Now hear thy suppliant's prayer,
Steer us through Death's dark door,
To Heaven for evermore.
O Virgin Mary!

5. O Glorious Three in One,
O Jesus, Mary's Son,
Give us eternal rest
In love of Mary blest.
O Virgin Mary!
Amen.

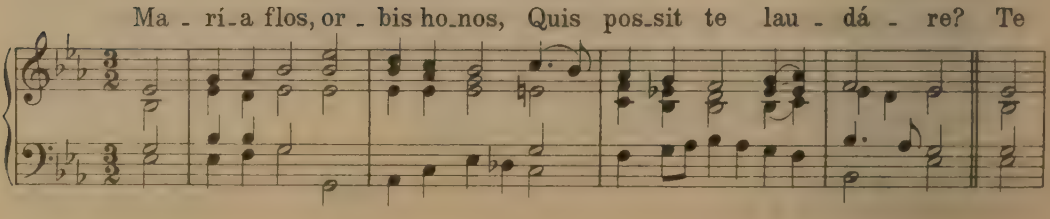
(*Tr. S. N. D.*)

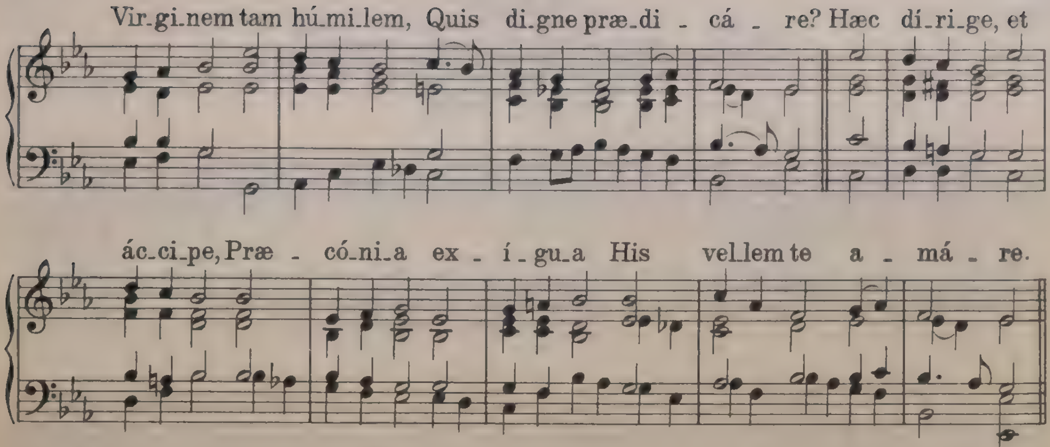
(*Dom Pothier O. S. B.*)

369

Our Lady

Maria Flos


Ma-rí-a flos, or-bis ho-nos, Quis pos-sit te lau-dá-re? Te


Vir_gi_nem tam hú_mi_lem, Quis di_gne præ_di - cá - re? Hæc dí_ri_ge, et
ác_ci_pe, Præ - có_ni_a ex - í - gu_a His vel_lem te a - má - re.

1. María flos, orbis honos,
Quis possit te laudáre?
Te Vírginem tam húmilem,
Quis digne prædicáre?
Hæc dírige, et áccipe,
Præcónia exígua,
His vellem te amáre.

1. O Mary, Flower of God and glory of the earth,
O who can praise, Pure Virgin, thy humility?
Who can, with words that falter, not proclaim thy worth?
The most I say of thee is short of verity.
Direct and teach me and accept my praise,
Poor stammerings of my love as unto thee I gaze.

2. María flos, orbis honos,
Deum supérno rore,
María spes, O mira res,
Salvo tulit pudóre.
Infántulum, tenéllulum,
Per Spíritum Paráclitum
Inusitáto more.

2. O Mary, Flower of God and glory of the earth,
Thou art our Hope; our feeble minds with wonder thrill
Before the mystic marvel of that wondrous Birth.
A Mother's love was thine, and yet a Virgin still,
When shadowed by the love of God's own Paraclete
Thou nursed a tender Babe and worshipped at His Feet.

3. María flos, orbis honos,
Quam mira fæcunditáte,
Amábilis, laudábilis,
In tua Virginitáte.
Nos frágiles, ac débiles,
Fac húmiles et símiles
Jam tibi castitáte.

3. O Mary, Flower of God and pearl of sanctity,
We love and venerate thy sacred Motherhood,
Which tarnished not, but graced thy Virgin purity.
Thy sinful children, weak and fickle in all good,
Beseech thine aid to imitate thy chastity
And win thy Son's regard by our humility.

4. María flos, orbis honos,
Fructum osténde ventris,
Amæna lux, orcíque crux,
Spes omnis una géntis,
Lucífera, nos líbera
A spículis perículis,
Præbe quiétem mentis.

4. O Mary, Flower of God and Virgin full of grace,
Show unto us the Blessed Fruit of thy chaste womb;
Thou art the one and only hope of our poor race,
Thy lustrous beams enlighten death's dark tomb.
Uplift thy light in dangers, bid all troubles cease,
And to our hearts and minds bring God's own gift of peace.

5. María flos, orbis honos,
Spes fida miserórum,
Eja omnes O hómines,
En stella deviórum.
Nos próteget, recípiet,
In pátriam ad glóriam
Per sæcula sæculórum.

5. O Mary, Flower of God, through ages magnified,
Thou art the hope and anchor of each sin-tossed soul.
O come, behold, ye fearful and ye sorely-tried,
This star whose shining light points out the wanderer's goal.
She will protect and guard us in our earthly strife
That she may welcome us unto eternal life.

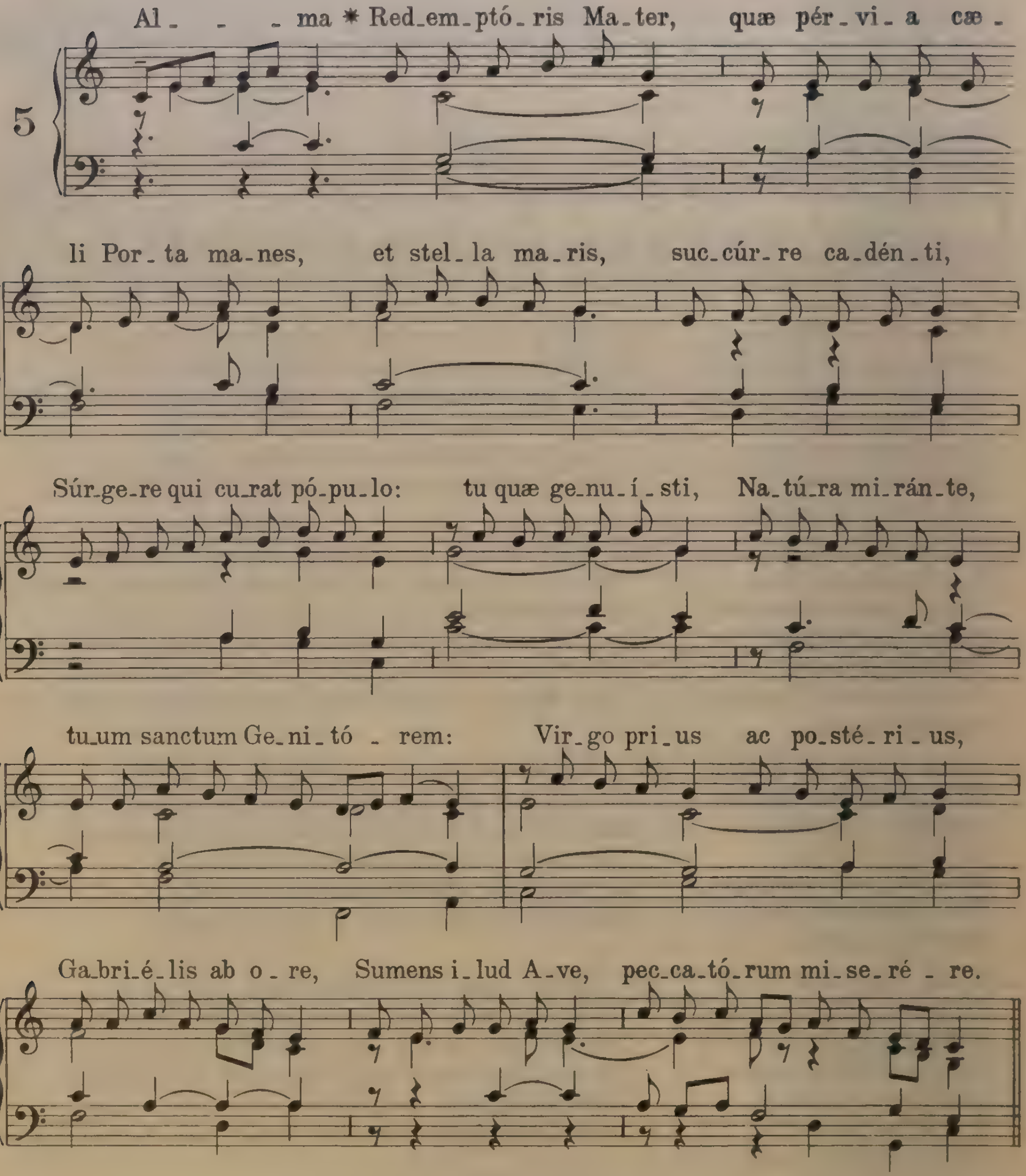
(*Tr. S. N. D.*)

(*Ancient Melody*)

370a

Alma Redemptoris Mater

(Simple Tone)


5
Al- - - ma * Red-em-ptó-ris Ma-ter, quæ pér-vi-a cæ-
li Por-ta ma-nes, et stel-la ma-ris, suc-cúr-re ca-dén-ti,
Súr-ge-re qui cu-rat pó-pu-lo: tu quæ ge-nu-í-sti, Na-tú-ra mi-rán-te,
tu-um sanctum Ge-ni-tó - rem: Vir-go pri-us ac po-sté-ri-us,
Ga-bri-é-lis ab o-re, Sumens i-lud A-ve, pec-ca-tó-rum mi-se-ré - re.

Mother of Christ, hear thou thy people's cry,
Star of the deep and portal of the sky,
Mother of Him Who thee from nothing made,
Sinking we strive and call to thee for aid:
O by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee,
Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy see.

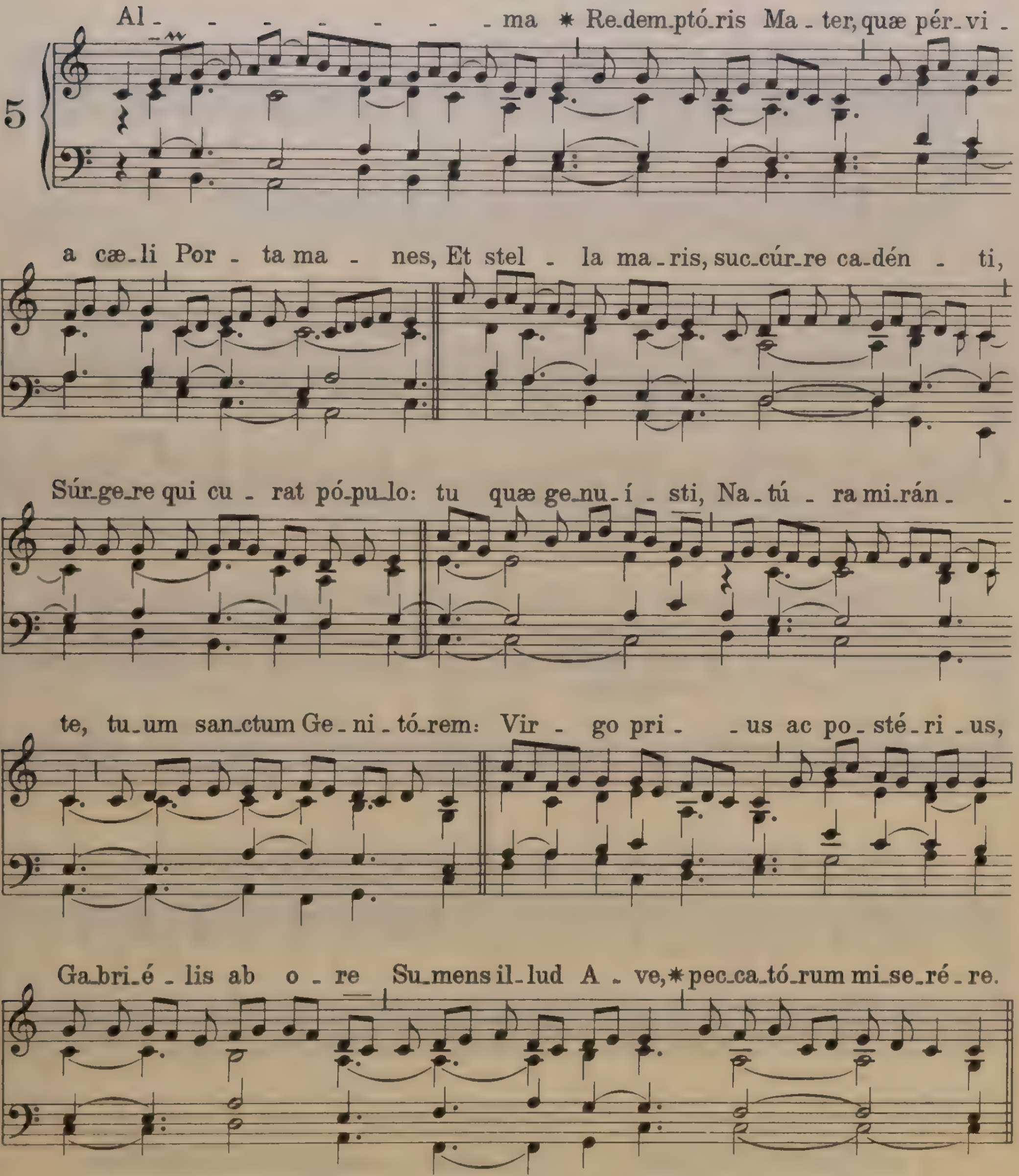
(*Hermann Contractus* † 1054
Tr. Day Hours)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

370^b

Alma Redemptoris Mater

(Solemn Tone)


5
Al - - - - - - - - ma ✱ Re_dem_ptó_ris Ma - ter, quæ pér_vi -
a cæ_li Por - ta ma - nes, Et stel - la ma - ris, suc_cúr_re ca_dén - ti,
Súr_ge_re qui cu - rat pó_pu_lo: tu quæ ge_nu_í - sti, Na_tú - ra mi_rán - -
te, tu_um san_ctum Ge_ni_tó_rem: Vir - go pri - - us ac po_sté_ri_us,
Ga_bri_é - lis ab o - re Su_mens il_lud A - ve,✱pec_ca_tó_rum mi_se_ré_re.

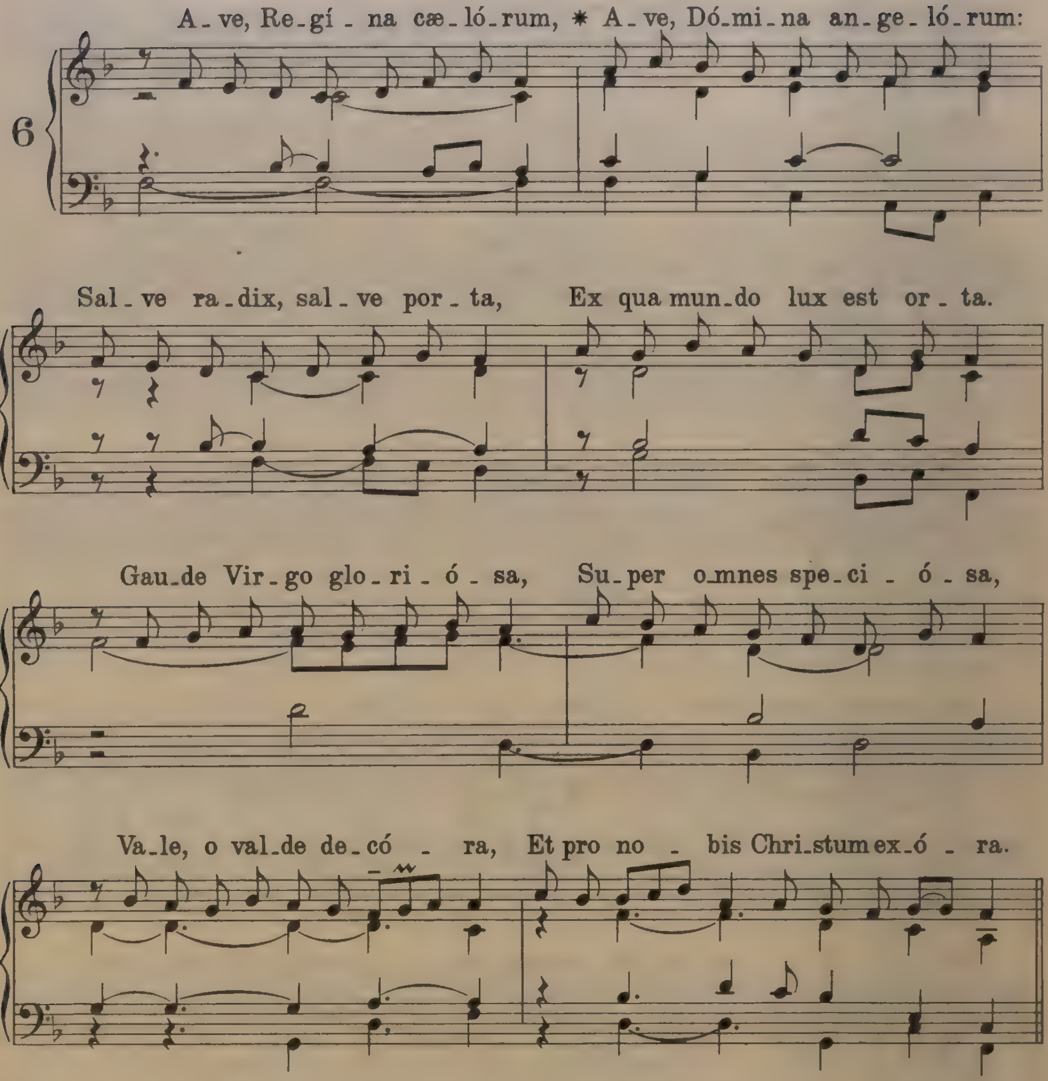
Mother of Christ, hear thou thy people's cry,
Star of the deep and portal of the sky,
Mother of Him Who thee from nothing made,
Sinking we strive and call to thee for aid:
O by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee,
Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy see.

(*Hermann Contractus* † 1054
Tr. Day Hours)

371a

Ave Regina Cælorum

(Simple Tone)


6
A_ve, Re_gí _ na cæ_ló_rum, ✱ A_ve, Dó_mi_na an_ge_ló_rum:
Sal_ve ra_dix, sal_ve por_ta, Ex qua mun_do lux est or_ta.
Gau_de Vir_go glo_ri_ó_sa, Su_per o_mnes spe_ci_ó_sa,
Va_le, o val_de de_có _ ra, Et pro no _ bis Chri_stum ex_ó _ ra.

1. Ave, Regína cælórum,
Ave, Dómina angelórum:
Salve radix, salve porta,
Ex qua mundo lux est orta.

2. Gaude, Virgo gloriósa,
Super omnes speciósa,
Vale, o valde decóra,
Et pro nobis Christum exóra.

1. Hail, O Queen of heaven enthroned,
Hail, by angels Mistress owned.
Root of Jesse, Gate of morn,
Whence the world's true Light was born:

2. Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,
Loveliest whom in heaven they see:
Fairest thou where all are fair,
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

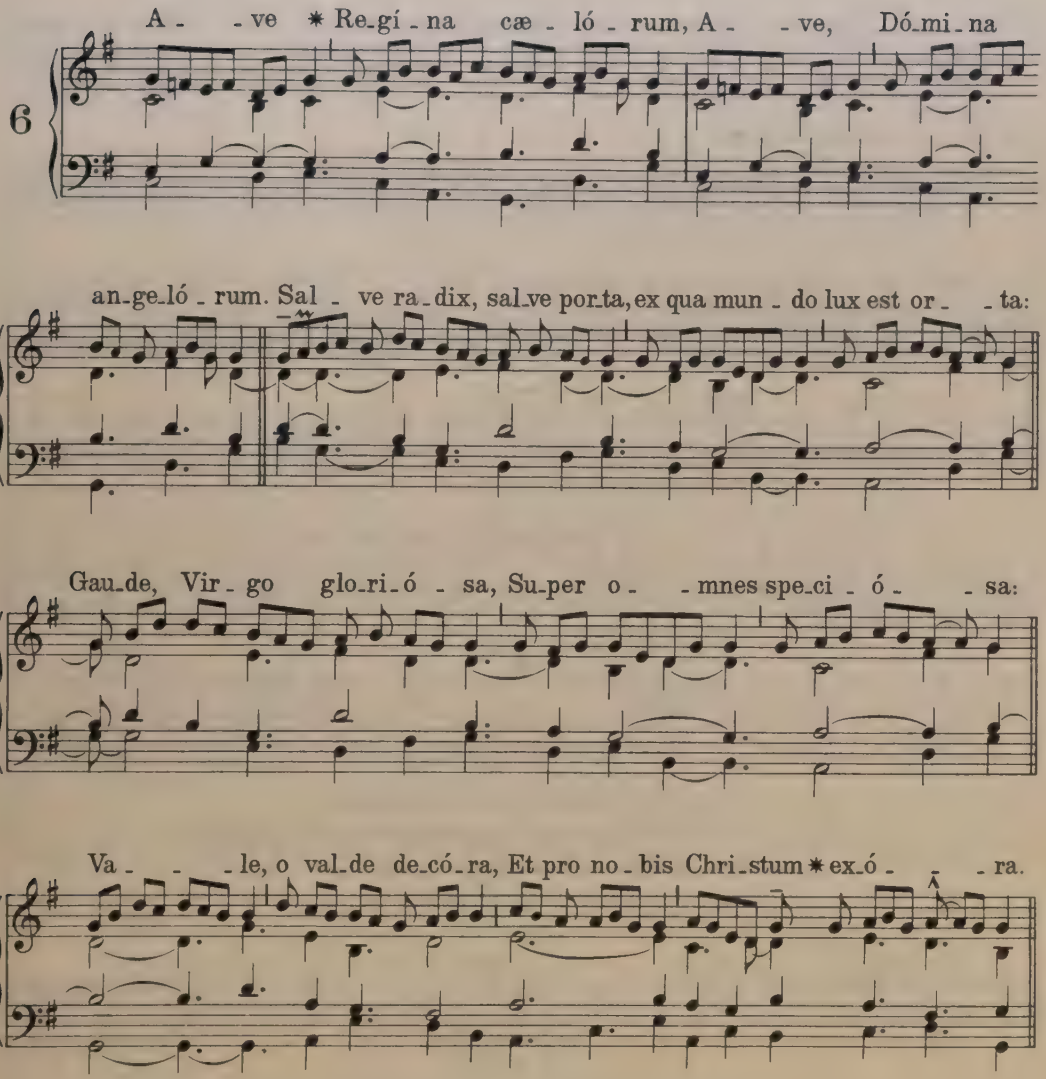
(*Hermann Contractus* † 1054)

(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

371^{b}

Ave Regina Cælorum

(Solemn Tone)


6
A - ve * Re-gí - na cæ - ló - rum, A - ve, Dó-mi-na
an-ge-ló - rum. Sal - ve ra - dix, sal-ve por-ta, ex qua mun - do lux est or - ta:
Gau-de, Vir - go glo-ri-ó - sa, Su-per o - mnes spe-ci - ó - sa:
Va - le, o val-de de-có-ra, Et pro no - bis Chri-stum * ex-ó - ra.

1. Ave, Regína cælórum,
   Ave, Dómina angelórum:
   Salve radix, salve porta,
   Ex qua mundo lux est orta.

2. Gaude, Virgo gloriósa,
   Super omnes speciósa,
   Vale, o valde decóra,
   Et pro nobis Christum exóra.

1. Hail, O Queen of heaven enthroned,
Hail, by angels Mistress owned.
Root of Jesse, Gate of morn,
Whence the world's true Light was born:

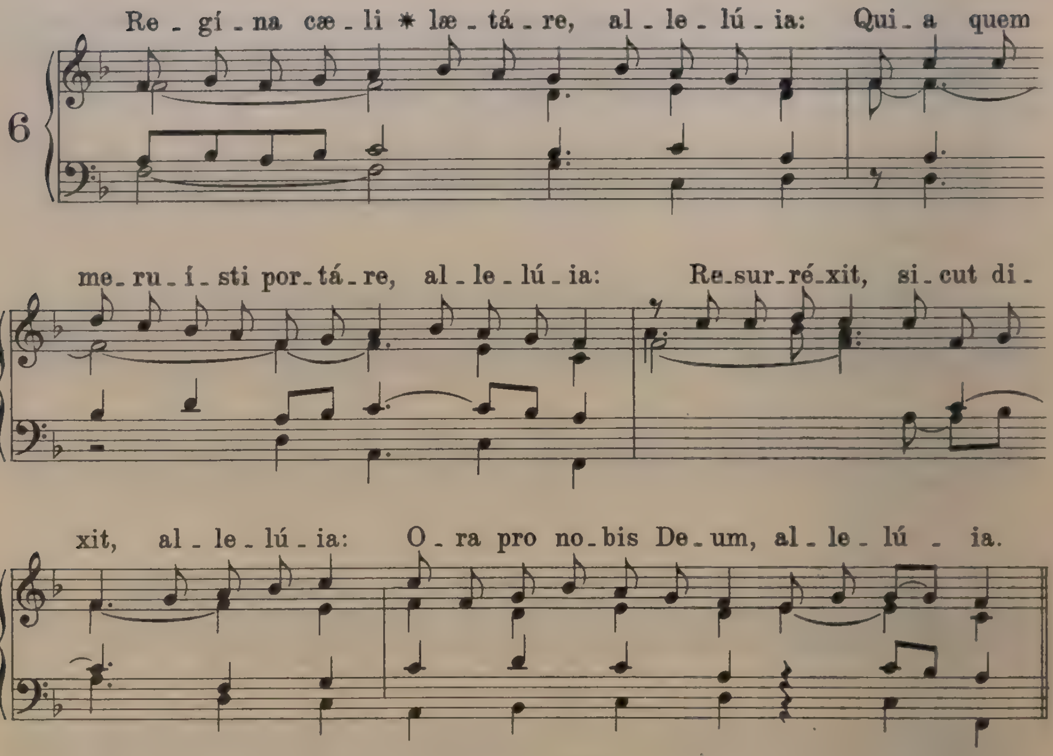
2. Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,
Loveliest whom in heaven they see:
Fairest thou where all are fair,
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

(*Hermann Contractus* † 1054)

372^a

Regina cæli lætare

(Simple Tone)


6
Re - gí - na cæ - li * læ - tá - re, al - le - lú - ia: Qui - a quem
me - ru - í - sti por - tá - re, al - le - lú - ia: Re - sur - ré - xit, si - cut di -
xit, al - le - lú - ia: O - ra pro no - bis De - um, al - le - lú - ia.

O Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia,
For He Whom thou didst merit to bear, alleluia,
Hath risen as He said, alleluia.
Pray for us to God, alleluia.

(Attributed to
St. Gregory the Great † 604)

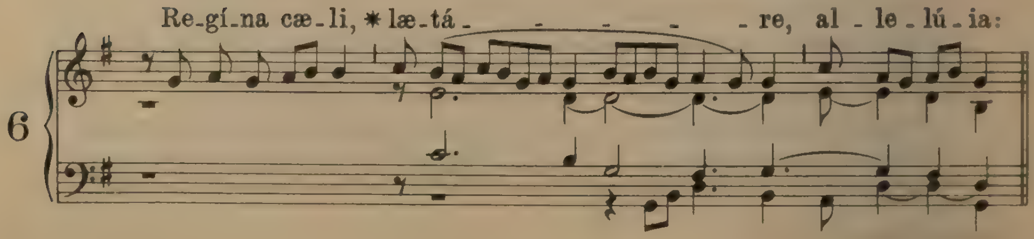
(Accpt. Julius Bas)

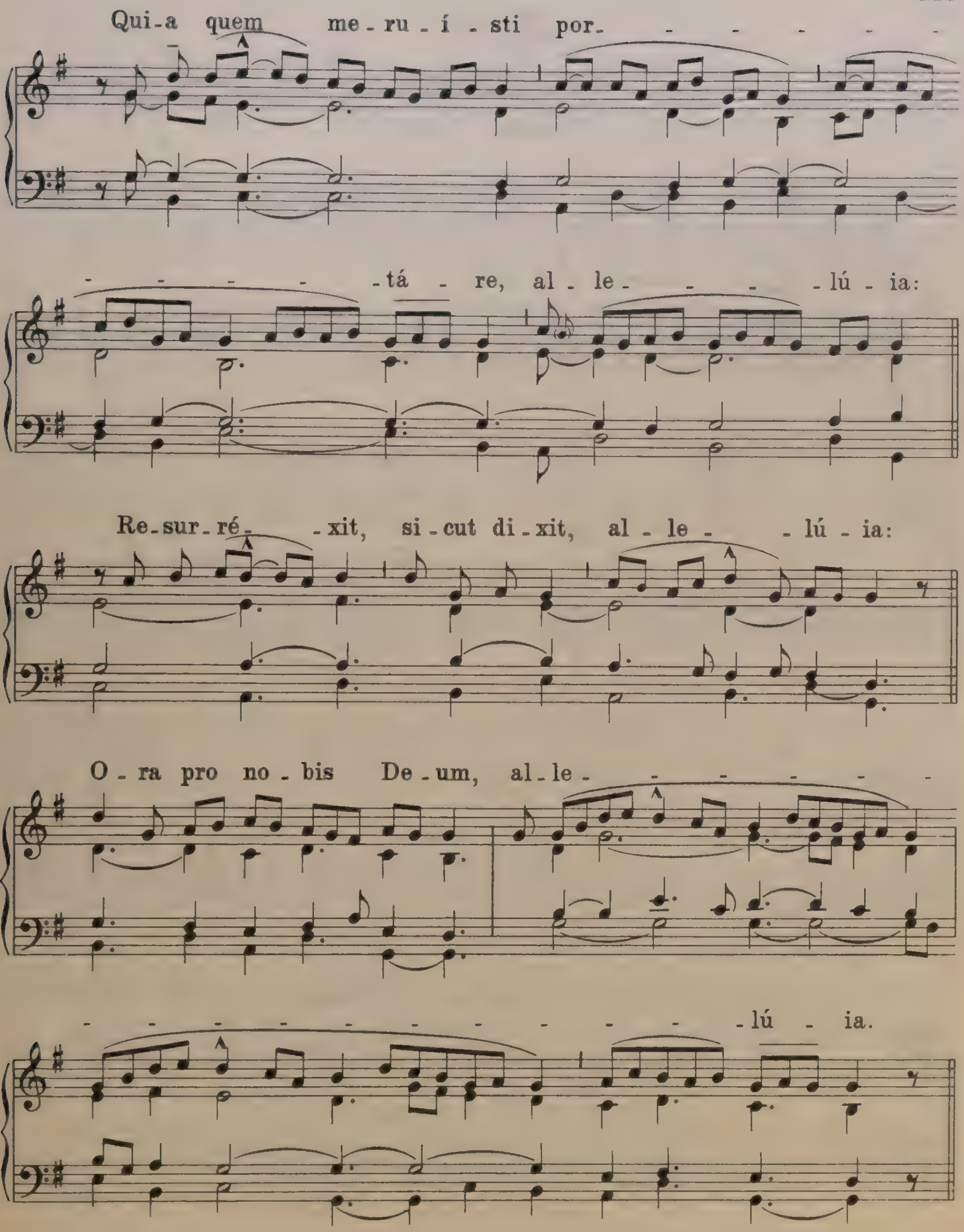
372^b

Our Lady

Regina cæli lætare

(Solemn Tone)


6
Re - gí - na cæ - li, * læ - tá - - - - - re, al - le - lú - ia:


Qui-a quem me-ru-í-sti por-
-tá-re, al-le-lú-ia:
Re-sur-ré-xit, si-cut di-xit, al-le-lú-ia:
O-ra pro no-bis De-um, al-le-
-lú-ia.

O Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia,
For He Whom thou didst merit to bear, alleluia,
Hath risen as He said, alleluia.
Pray for us to God, alleluia.

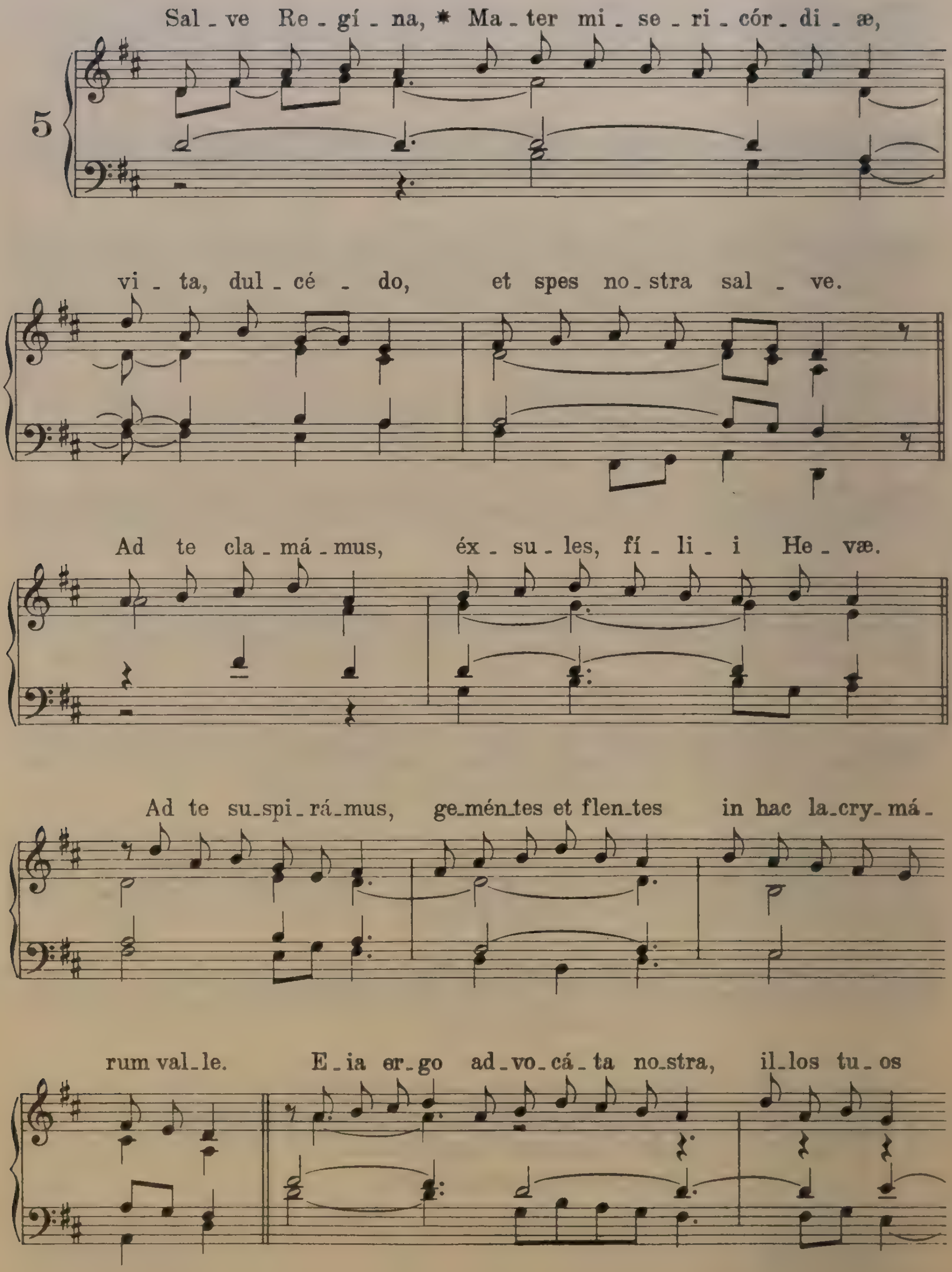
(Attributed to
St. Gregory the Great † 604)

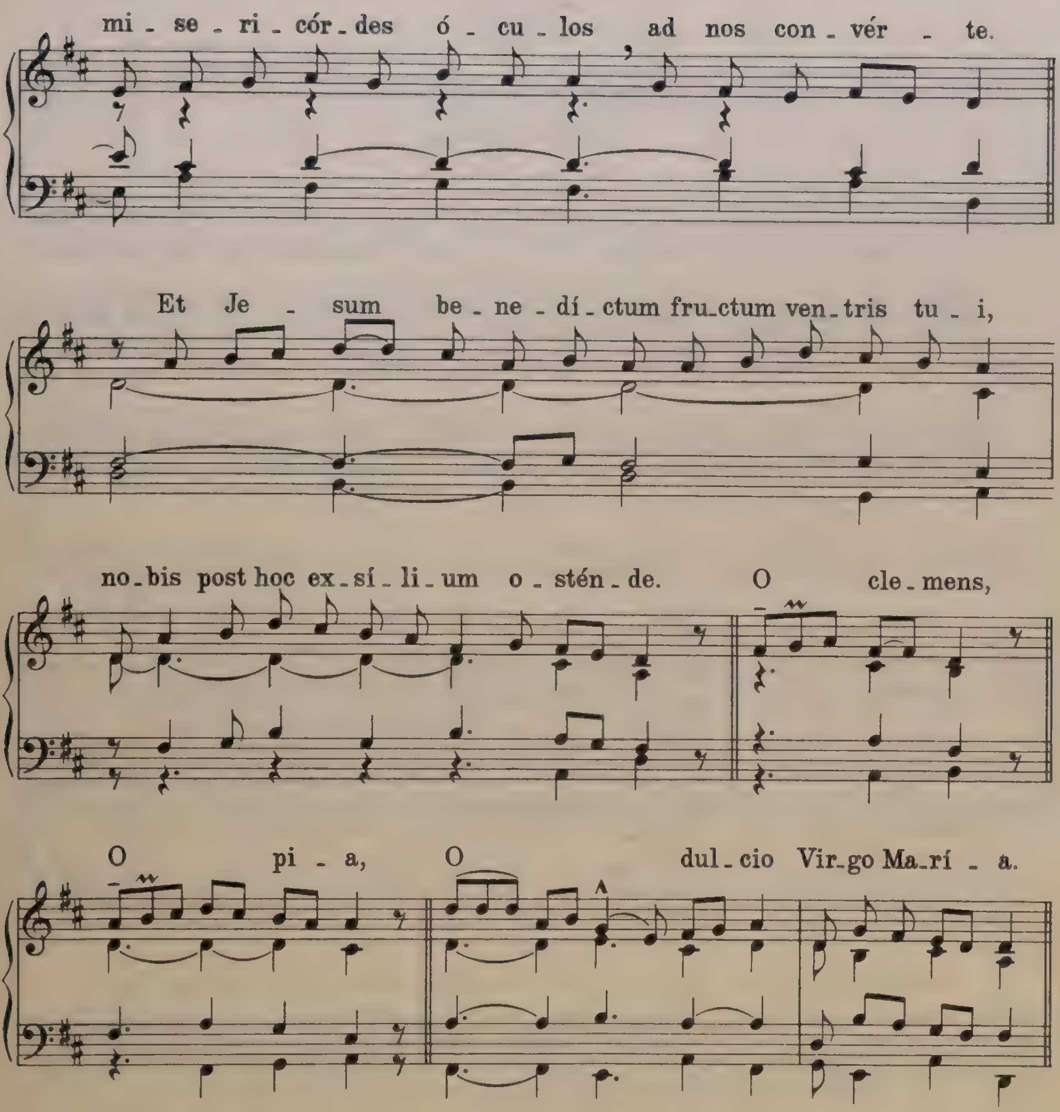
(Accpt. A. le Guennant
H. Hérelle, Paris)

373^{a}

Salve Regina

(Simple Tone)


5
Sal_ve Re_gí_na, * Ma_ter mi_se_ri_cór_di_æ,
vi_ta, dul_cé_do, et spes no_stra sal_ve.
Ad te cla_má_mus, éx_su_les, fí_li_i He_væ.
Ad te su_spi_rá_mus, ge_mén_tes et flen_tes in hac la_cry_má_
rum val_le. E_ia er_go ad_vo_cá_ta no_stra, il_los tu_os


mi - se - ri - cór - des ó - cu - los ad nos con - vér - te.
Et Je - sum be - ne - dí - ctum fru - ctum ven - tris tu - i,
no - bis post hoc ex - sí - li - um o - stén - de. O cle - mens,
O pi - a, O dul - cis Vir - go Ma - rí - a.

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy, hail
our life, our sweetness, and our hope.
To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve;
to thee do we send up our sighs,
mourning and weeping in this vale of tears.
Turn then, most gracious advocate,
thine eyes of mercy towards us;
and after this our exile show
unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

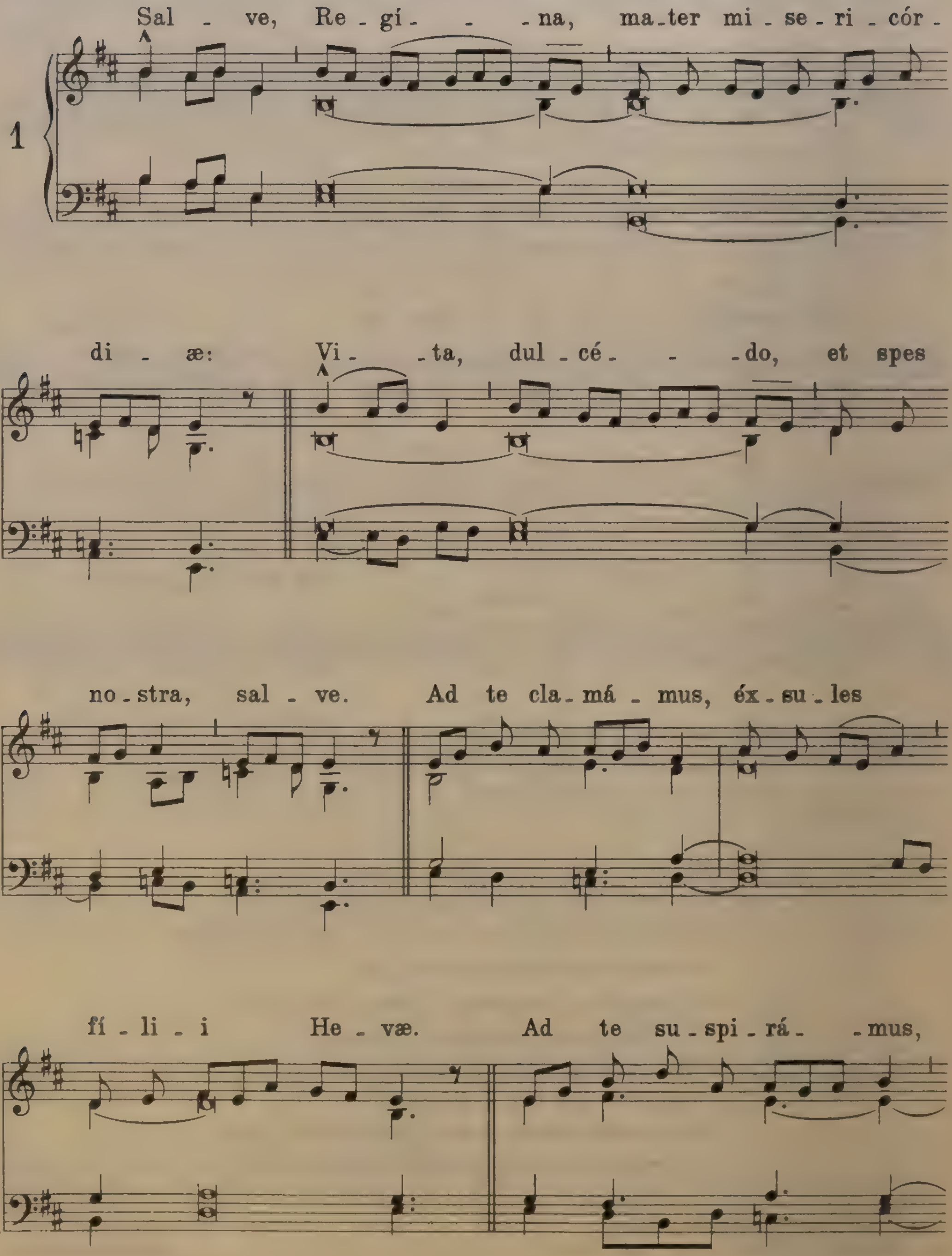
(*Hermann Contractus* † 1054
or *Adhemar de Monteil Bp. of Puy* † 1098)

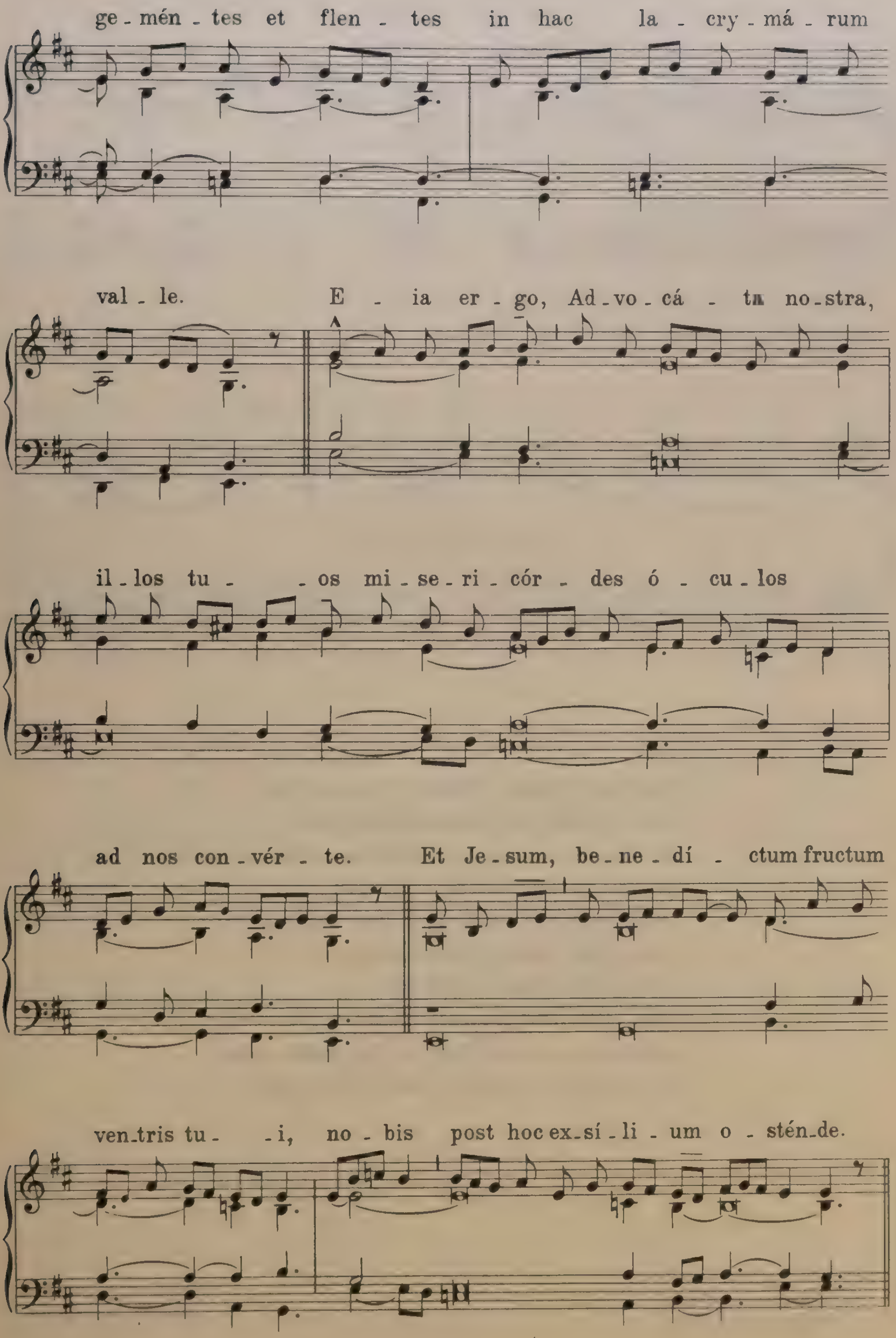
(*Accpt. Julius Bas*)

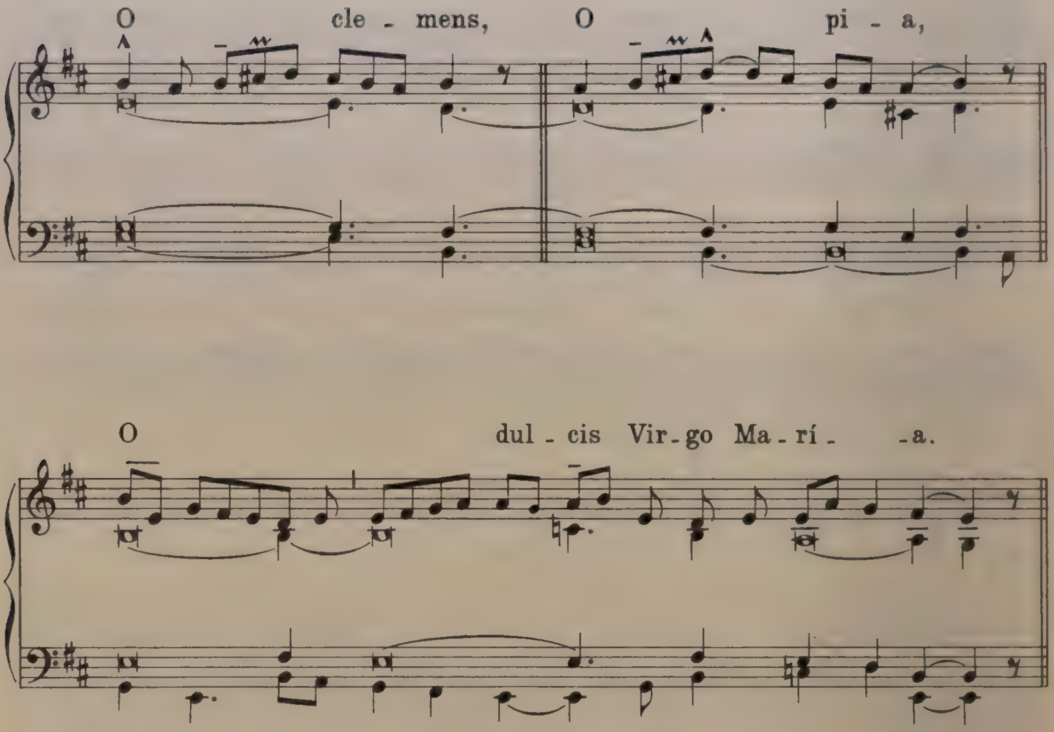
373^{b}

Salve Regina

(Solemn Tone)


1
Sal - ve, Re - gí - - - na, ma - ter mi - se - ri - cór -
di - æ: Vi - - ta, dul - cé - - - do, et spes
no - stra, sal - ve. Ad te cla - má - mus, éx - su - les
fí - li - i He - væ. Ad te su - spi - rá - - mus,


ge - mén - tes et flen - tes in hac la - cry - má - rum
val - le. E - ia er - go, Ad - vo - cá - ta no - stra,
il - los tu - - os mi - se - ri - cór - des ó - cu - los
ad nos con - vér - te. Et Je - sum, be - ne - dí - ctum fructum
ven - tris tu - - i, no - bis post hoc ex - sí - li - um o - stén - de.



Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy, hail
our life, our sweetness, and our hope.
To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve;
to thee do we send up our sighs,
mourning and weeping in this vale of tears.
Turn then, most gracious advocate,
thine eyes of mercy towards us;
and after this our exile show
unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

(*Hermann Contractus* + 1054
or *Adhemar de Monteil*
Bp. of Puy + 1098)

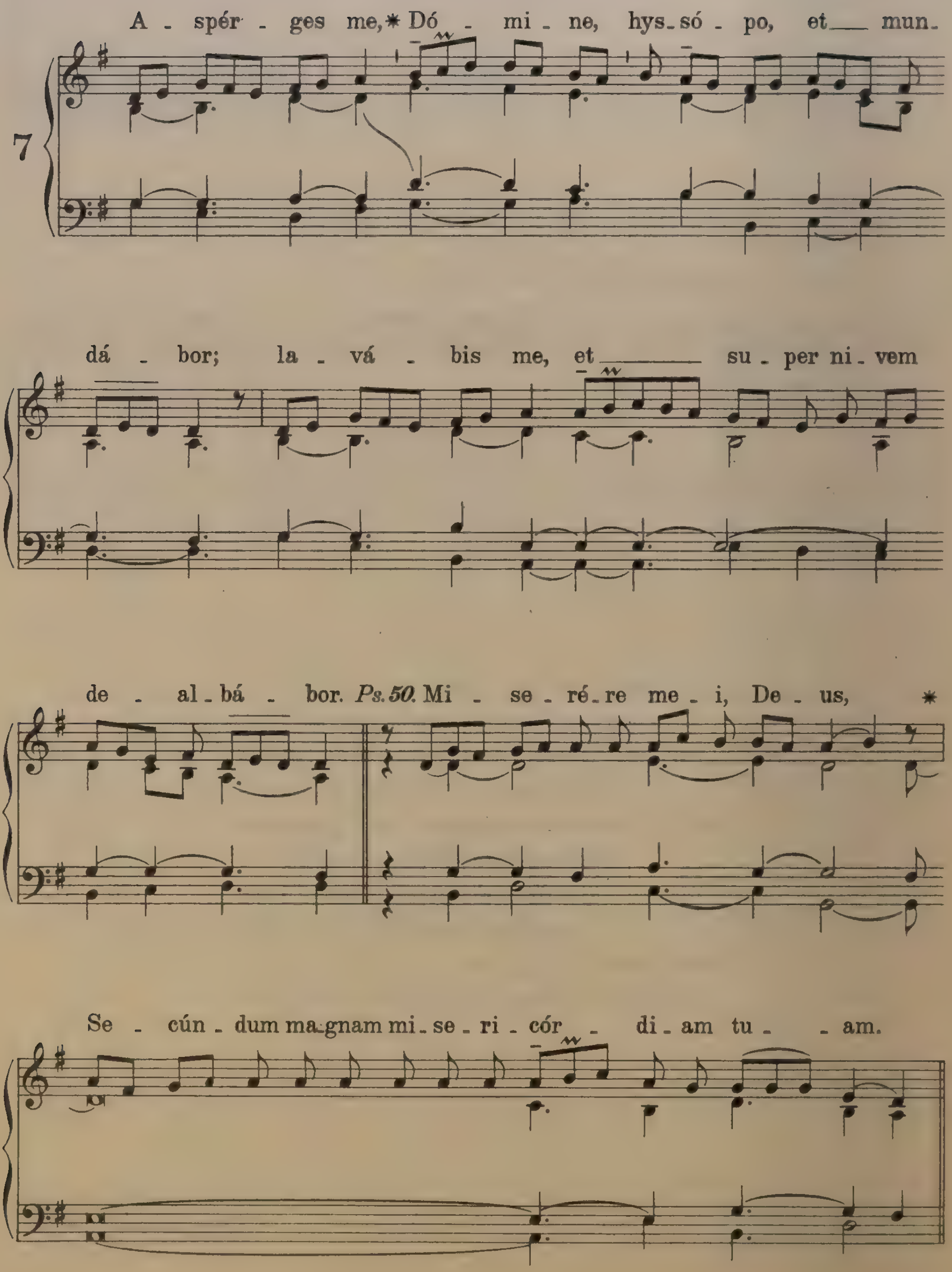
(*Accpt. A. le Guennant*
Hérelle et Cie. Paris)

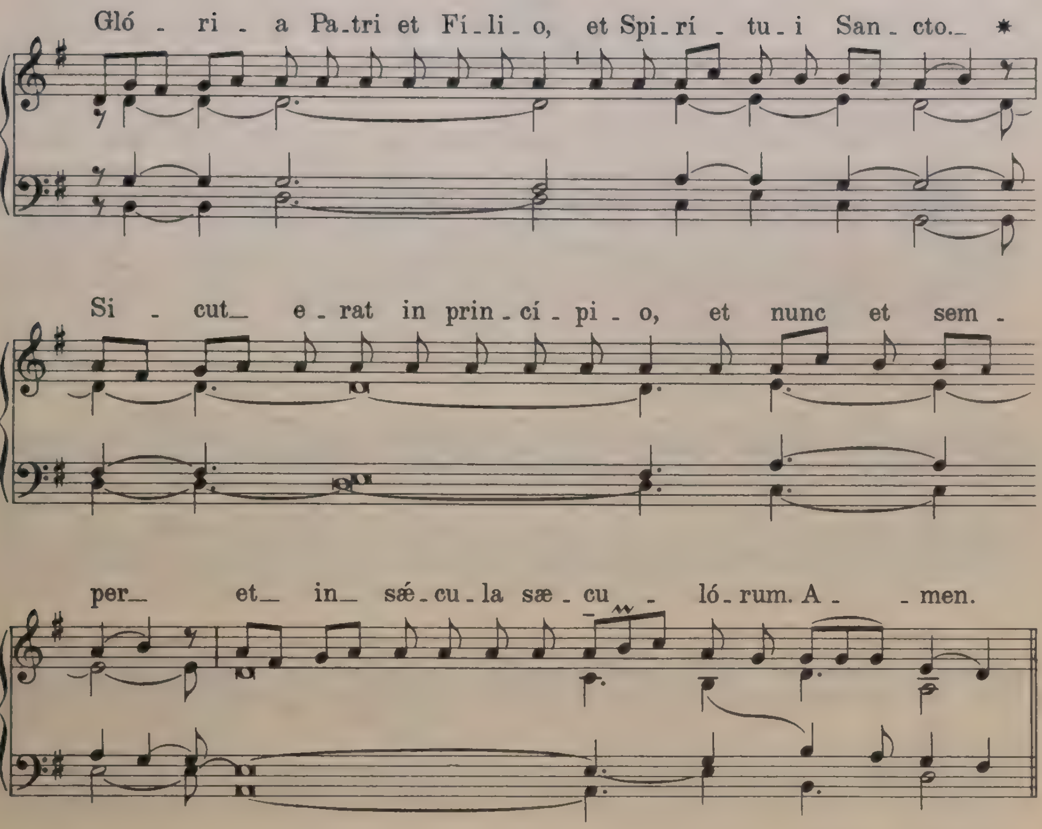
VI

VARIOUS

374

Asperges me


A - spér - ges me, * Dó - mi - ne, hys - só - po, et mun -
7
dá - bor; la - vá - bis me, et su - per ni - vem
de - al - bá - bor. Ps. 50. Mi - se - ré - re me - i, De - us, *
Se - cún - dum ma - gnam mi - se - ri - cór - di - am tu - am.


Gló - ri - a Pa - tri et Fí - li - o, et Spi - rí - tu - i San - cto. *
Si - cut e - rat in prin - cí - pi - o, et nunc et sem -
per et in sǽ - cu - la sæ - cu - ló - rum. A - men.

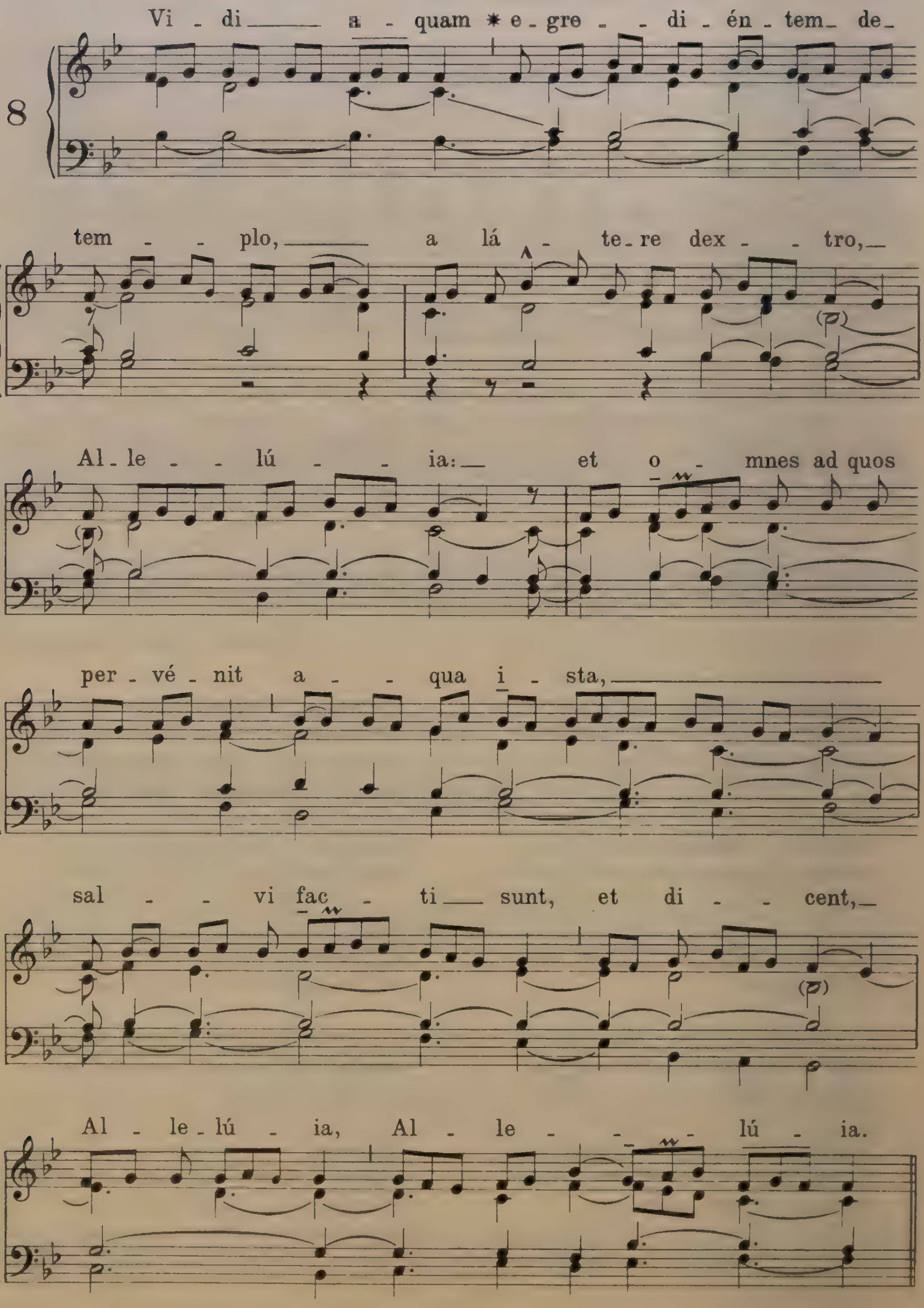
Repeat Antiphon Asperges me

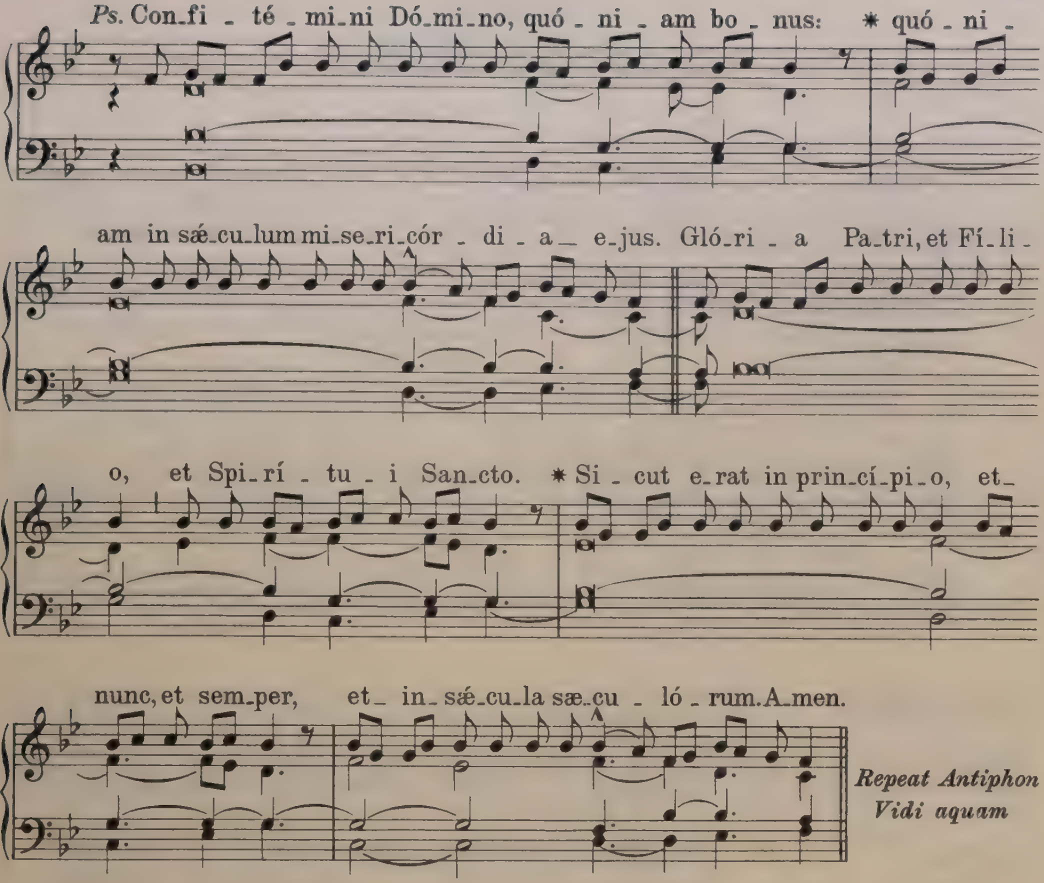
Antiphon. Aspérges me, Dómine, hyssópo et mundábor; lavábis me, et super nivem dealbábor.	Antiphon. *Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.*
Psalm 50. Miserére mei Deus, secúndum magnam misericórdiam tuam.	Psalm 50. *Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy.*
V. Glória Patri, et Fílio, et Spirítui Sancto.	V. *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.*
R. Sicut erat in princípio, et nunc, et semper, et in sǽcula sæculórum. Amen.	R *As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*
Antiphon. Aspérges me, Dómine, hyssópo, et mundábor; lavábis me, et super nivem dealbábor.	Antiphon. *Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.*

(Tr. Roman Missal)

375

Vidi aquam


8
Vi - di ___ a - quam * e - gre - - di - én - tem - de -
tem - - plo, ___ a lá - te - re dex - - tro, _
Al - le - - lú - - - ia: _ et o - mnes ad quos
per - vé - nit a - - qua i - sta, ___
sal - - vi fac - ti ___ sunt, et di - - cent, _
Al - le - lú - ia, Al - le - - - lú - ia.


Ps. Con-fi - té - mi-ni Dó-mi-no, quó - ni - am bo - nus: ✱ quó - ni -
am in sǽ-cu-lum mi-se-ri-cór - di - a - e-jus. Gló-ri - a Pa-tri, et Fí-li -
o, et Spi-rí - tu - i San-cto. ✱ Si - cut e-rat in prin-cí-pi-o, et-
nunc, et sem-per, et - in-sǽ-cu-la sæ-cu - ló - rum. A-men.

Repeat Antiphon
Vidi aquam

Antiphon. Vidi aquam egrediéntem de templo, a látere dextro, allelúia: et omnes ad quos pervénit aqua ista, salvi facti sunt, et dicent, allelúia, allelúia.	Antiphon. *I saw water coming forth from the temple, on the right side, allelúia: and all those to whom this water came, were saved, and shall say, allelúia, allelúia.*
Psalm 117. Confitémini Dómino, quóniam bonus: quóniam in sǽculum misericórdia ejus.	Psalm 117. *Give praise to the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever.*
V. Gloria Patri, et Fílio, et Spirítui Sancto.	V. *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.*
R. Sicut erat in princípio, et nunc, et semper, et in sǽcula sæculórum. Amen.	R. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*
Antiphon. Vidi aquam egrediéntem de templo, a látere dextro, allelúia: et omnes ad quos pervénit aqua ista, salvi facti sunt, et dicent, allelúia, allelúia.	Antiphon. *I saw water coming forth from the temple, on the right side, allelúia: and all those to whom this water came, were saved, and shall say, allelúia, allelúia.*

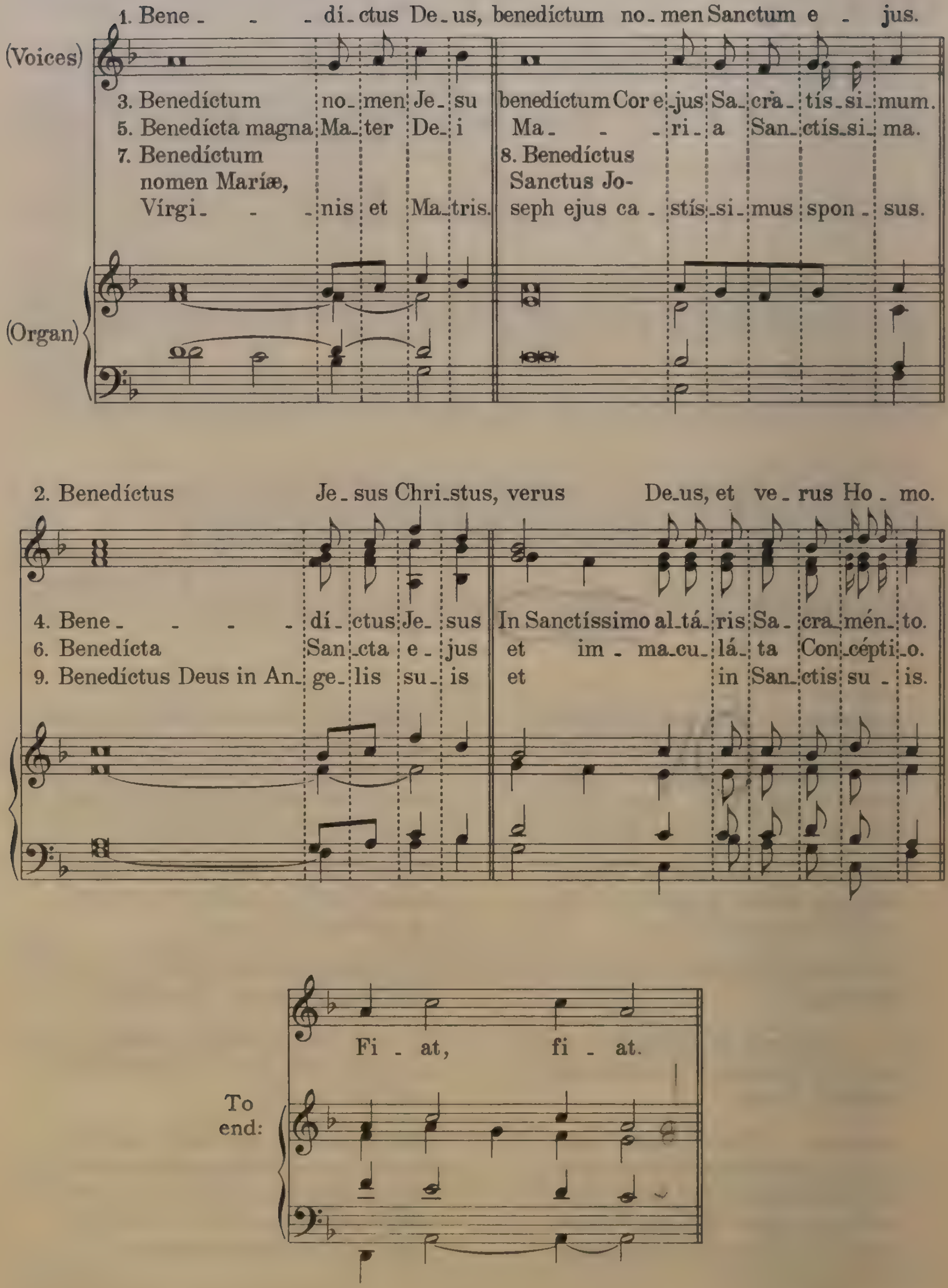
(Tr. Roman Missal)

(Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O.S.B.)

Various

376

The Divine Praises

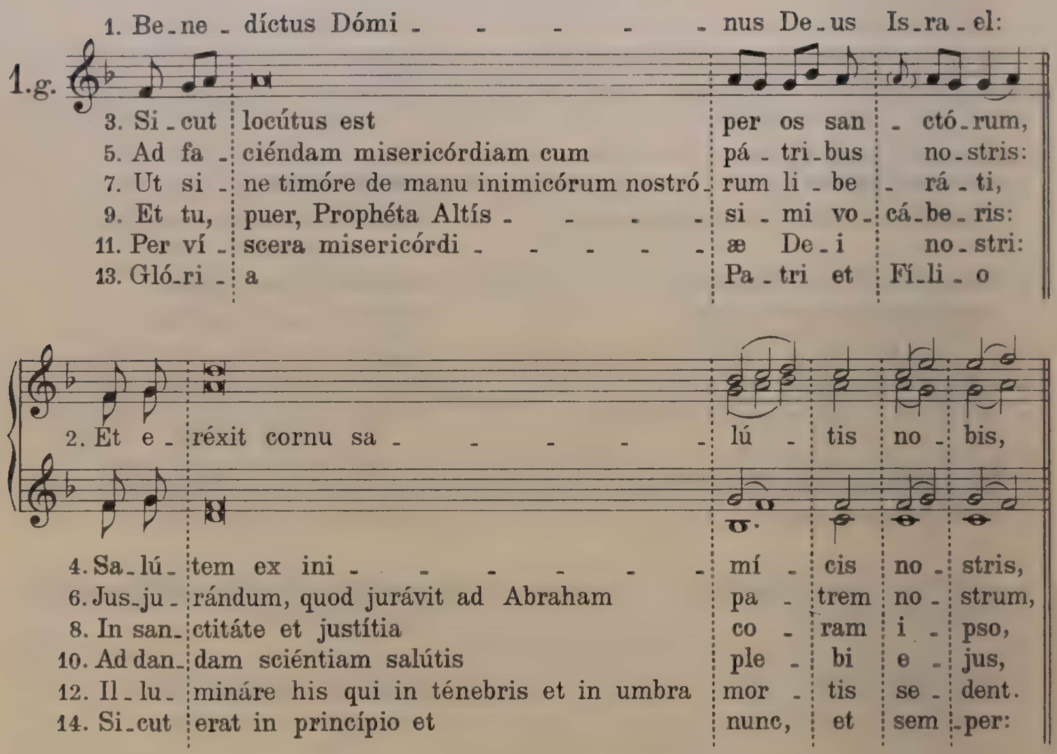

(Voices)
(Organ)
1. Bene - - - dí - ctus De - us, benedíctum no - men Sanctum e - jus.
3. Benedíctum no - men Je - su benedíctum Cor e - jus Sa - cra - tís - si - mum.
5. Benedícta magna Ma - ter De - i Ma - - - ri - a San - ctís - si - ma.
7. Benedíctum nomen Maríæ, Vírgi - - - nis et Ma - tris.
8. Benedíctus Sanctus Joseph ejus ca - stís - si - mus spon - sus.
2. Benedíctus Je - sus Chri - stus, verus De - us, et ve - rus Ho - mo.
4. Bene - - - - dí - ctus Je - sus In Sanctíssimo al - tá - ris Sa - cra - mén - to.
6. Benedícta San - cta e - jus et im - ma - cu - lá - ta Con - cépti - o.
9. Benedíctus Deus in An - ge - lis su - is et in San - ctis su - is.
To end:
Fi - at, fi - at.

1. Benedíctus Deus. Benedíctum nomen sanctum ejus.	1. *Blessed be God.* *Blessed be His Holy Name.*
2. Benedíctus Jesus Christus, verus Deus, et verus Homo.	2. *Blessed be Jesus Christ,* *true God and true Man.*
3. Benedíctum nomen Jesu. Benedíctum Cor ejus Sacratíssimum.	3. *Blessed be the Name of Jesus.* *Blessed be His most Sacred Heart.*
4. Benedíctus Jesus in sanctíssimo altáris Sacraménto.	4. *Blessed be Jesus in the most Holy* *Sacrament of the Altar.*
5. Benedícta magna Mater Dei, María Sanctíssima.	5. *Blessed be the great Mother of God,* *Mary most holy.*
6. Benedícta sancta ejus et immaculáta Concéptio.	6. *Blessed be her holy and* *Immaculate Conception.*
7. Benedíctum nomen Maríæ, Vírginis et Matris.	7. *Blessed be the Name of Mary,* *Virgin and Mother.*
8. Benedíctus Sanctus Joseph ejus castíssimus sponsus.	8. *Blessed be Saint Joseph,* *her most chaste Spouse.*
9. Benedíctus Deus in Angelis suis et in Sanctis suis.	9. *Blessed be God in His Angels* *and in His Saints.*
Fiat.	*May it be so.*

(Chant de Maredsous
by Dom Germain Morin O. S. B.)

377

Benedictus


1. Be-ne - díctus Dómi - - - - - nus De-us Is-ra-el:
1.g.
3. Si-cut locútus est per os san - ctó-rum,
5. Ad fa - ciéndam misericórdiam cum pá - tri-bus no-stris:
7. Ut si - ne timóre de manu inimicórum nostró - rum li - be - rá - ti,
9. Et tu, puer, Prophéta Altís - - - - si - mi vo - cá-be-ris:
11. Per ví - scera misericórdi - - - - - æ De - i no-stri:
13. Gló-ri - a Pa - tri et Fí-li - o
2. Et e - réxit cornu sa - - - - - lú - tis no - bis,
4. Sa-lú - tem ex ini - - - - - - - mí - cis no - stris,
6. Jus-ju - rándum, quod jurávit ad Abraham pa - trem no - strum,
8. In san - ctitáte et justítia co - ram i - pso,
10. Ad dan - dam sciéntiam salútis ple - bi e - jus,
12. Il-lu - mináre his qui in ténebris et in umbra mor - tis se - dent.
14. Si-cut erat in princípio et nunc, et sem - per:

1. Benedíctus Dóminus Deus Israel: quia visitávit, et fecit redemptiónem plebis suæ.

2. Et eréxit cornu salútis nobis: in domo David púeri sui.

3. Sicut locútus est per os sanctórum: qui a sæculo sunt, prophetárum ejus:

4. Salútem ex inimícis nostris: et de manu ómnium qui odérunt nos:

5. Ad faciéndam misericórdiam cum pátribus nostris: et memorári testaménti sui sancti.

6. Jusjurándum quod jurávit ad Abraham patrem nostrum: datúrum se nobis.

7. Ut sine timóre, de manu inimicórum nostrórum liberáti: serviámus illi.

1. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people.

2. And hath raised up an horn of salvation to us: in the house of David His servant.

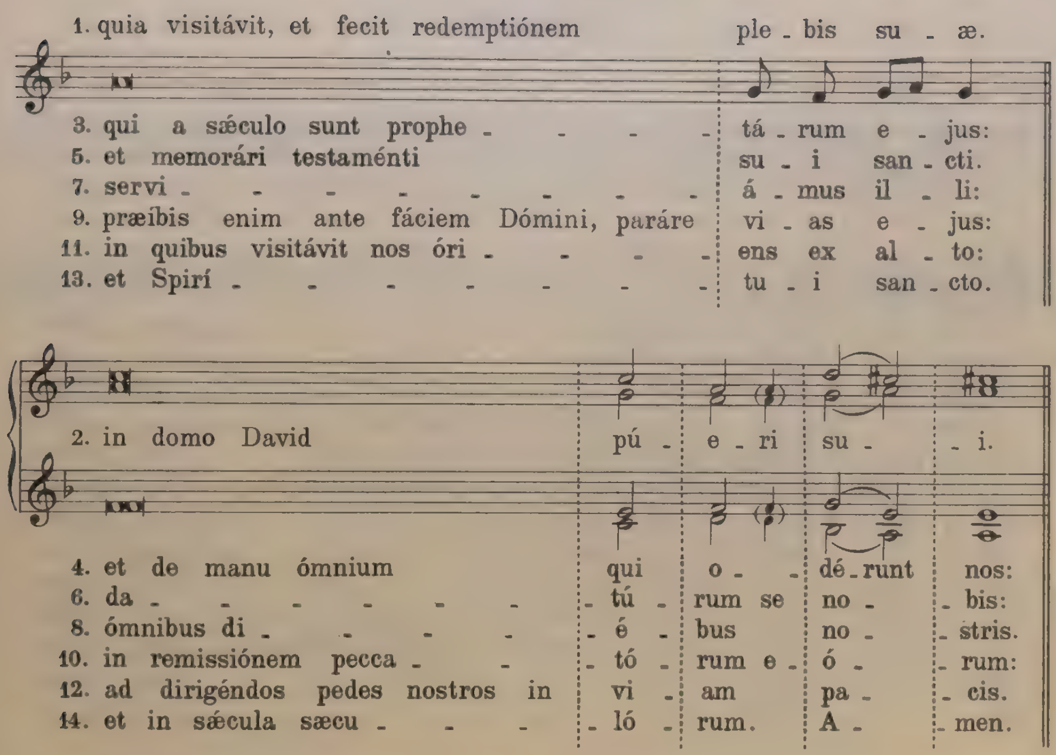
3. As He spoke by the mouth of His holy Prophets: who are from the beginning.

4. Salvation from our enemies: and from the hand of all that hate us.

5. To perform mercy to our Fathers: and to remember His holy testament.

6. The oath which He swore to Abraham, our Father: that He would grant to us.

7. That being delivered from the hand of our enemies: we may serve Him without fear.


1. quia visitávit, et fecit redemptiónem ple - bis su - æ.
3. qui a sǽculo sunt prophe - - - - tá - rum e - jus:
5. et memorári testaménti su - i san - cti.
7. servi - - - - - - - - á - mus il - li:
9. præíbis enim ante fáciem Dómini, paráre vi - as e - jus:
11. in quibus visitávit nos óri - - - - ens ex al - to:
13. et Spirí - - - - - - - tu - i san - cto.
2. in domo David pú - e - ri su - - i.
4. et de manu ómnium qui o - - dé - runt nos:
6. da - - - - - - - tú - rum se no - - bis:
8. ómnibus di - - - - - é - bus no - - stris.
10. in remissiónem pecca - - - tó - rum e - ó - - rum:
12. ad dirigéndos pedes nostros in vi - am pa - - cis.
14. et in sǽcula sæcu - - - - ló - rum. A - - men.

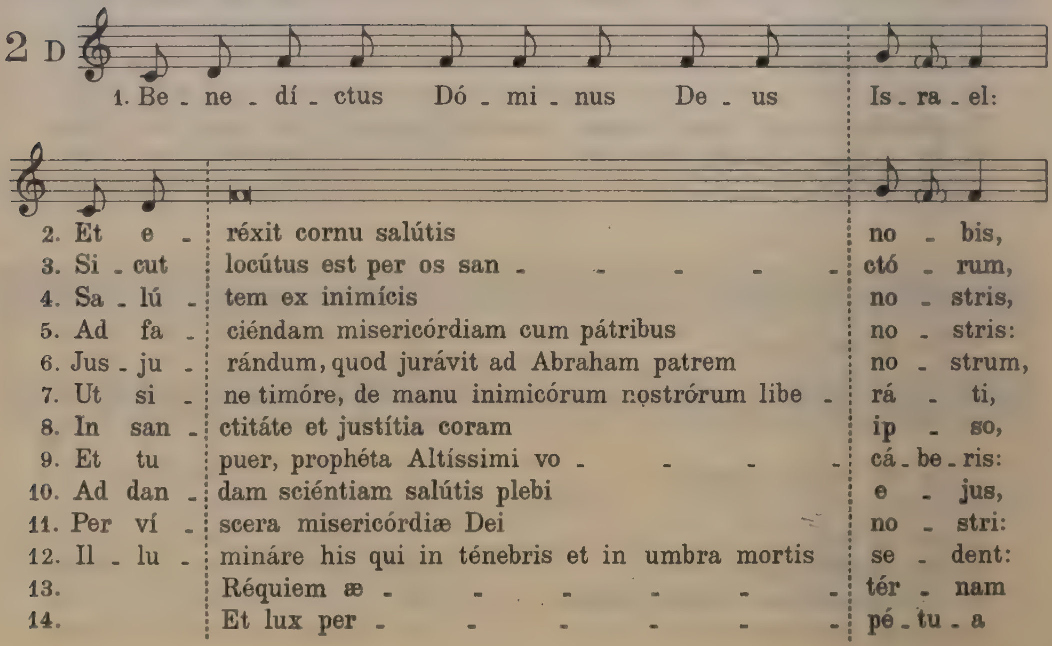
8. In sanctitáte, et justítia coram ipso: ómnibus diébus nostris.	*8. In holiness and justice before Him: all our days.*
9. Et tu, puer, Prophéta Altíssimi vocáberis: præíbis enim ante fáciem Dómini paráre vias ejus;	*9. And thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Most High: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways.*
10. Ad dandam sciéntiam salútis plebi ejus: in remissiónem peccatórum eórum:	*10. To give to His people the knowledge of salvation: unto the remission of their sins:*
11. Per víscera misericórdiæ Dei nostri: in quibus visitávit nos, óriens ex alto:	*11. Through the bowels of the mercy of our God: in which the Orient from on high hath visited us:*
12. Illumináre his, qui in ténebris et in umbra mortis sedent: ad dirigéndos pedes nostros in viam pacis.	*12. To enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to direct our feet into the way of peace.*
13. Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spirítui sancto.	*13. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.*
14. Sicut erat in princípio, et nunc, et semper, et in sǽcula sæculórum. Amen.	*14. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*

(Canticle of Zachary. St. Luke I) *(Chanoine Legrand)*

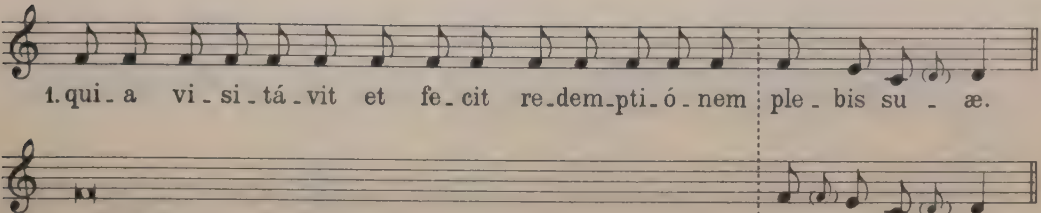
378

Benedictus

(For Funerals)


2 D
1. Be - ne - dí - ctus Dó - mi - nus De - us | Is - ra - el:
2. Et e - | réxit cornu salútis | no - bis,
3. Si - cut | locútus est per os san - - - - - | ctó - rum,
4. Sa - lú - | tem ex inimícis | no - stris,
5. Ad fa - | ciéndam misericórdiam cum pátribus | no - stris:
6. Jus - ju - | rándum, quod jurávit ad Abraham patrem | no - strum,
7. Ut si - | ne timóre, de manu inimicórum nostrórum libe - | rá - ti,
8. In san - | ctitáte et justítia coram | ip - so,
9. Et tu | puer, prophéta Altíssimi vo - - - - | cá - be - ris:
10. Ad dan - | dam sciéntiam salútis plebi | e - jus,
11. Per ví - | scera misericórdiæ Dei | no - stri:
12. Il - lu - | mináre his qui in ténebris et in umbra mortis | se - dent:
13. | Réquiem æ - - - - - - | tér - nam
14. | Et lux per - - - - - - | pé - tu - a

1. Benedíctus Dóminus Deus Israel: quia visitávit, et fecit redemptiónem plebis suæ.	*1. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people.*
2. Et eréxit cornu salútis nobis: in domo David púeri sui.	*2. And hath raised up an horn of salvation to us: in the house of David His servant.*
3. Sicut locútus est per os sanctórum: qui a sǽculo sunt, Prophetárum ejus:	*3. As He spoke by the mouth of His holy Prophets: who are from the beginning.*
4. Salútem ex inimícis nostris: et de manu ómnium qui odérunt nos:	*4. Salvation from our enemies: and from the hand of all that hate us.*
5. Ad faciéndam misericórdiam cum pátribus nostris: et memorári testaménti sui sancti.	*5. To perform mercy to our Fathers: and to remember His holy testament.*
6. Jusjurándum quod jurávit ad Abraham patrem nostrum: datúrum se nobis.	*6. The oath which He swore to Abraham, our Father: that He would grant to us.*
7. Ut sine timóre, de manu inimicórum nostrórum liberáti: serviámus illi.	*7. That being delivered from the hand of our enemies: we may serve Him without fear.*


1. qui - a vi - si - tá - vit et fe - cit re-dem-pti-ó - nem ple - bis su - æ.

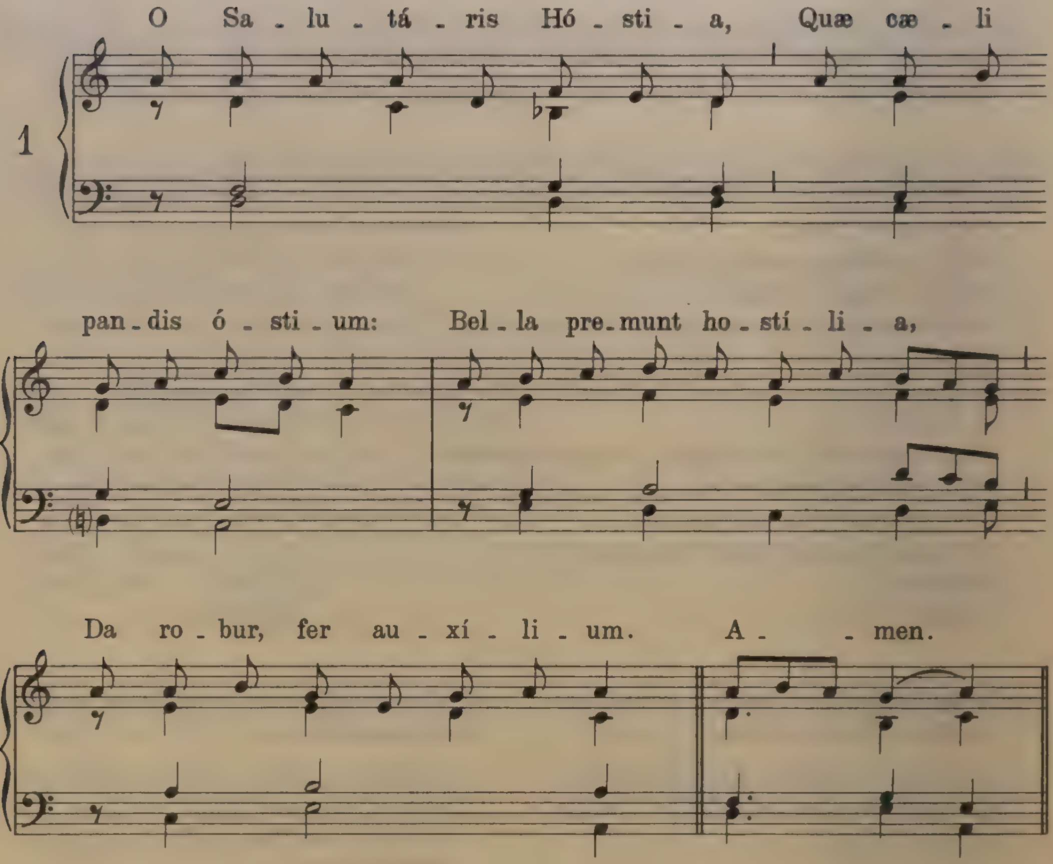
2. in domo David	pú-e-ri su - i.
3. qui a sæculo sunt prophe - - - - -	tá - rum e - jus:
4. et de manu ómnium	qui o-dé-runt nos:
5. et memorári testaménti	su - i san - cti.
6. datú - - - - - - - - -	rum se no - bis:
7. servi - - - - - - - - -	á - mus il - li:
8. ómnibus di - - - - - - - -	é - bus no - stris.
9. præíbis enim ante fáciem Dómini, paráre	vi - as e - jus:
10. in remissiónem pecca - - - - - -	tó - rum e - ó - rem:
11. in quibus visitávit nos, óri - - - - -	ens ex al - to:
12. ad dirigéndos pedes nostros in	vi - am pa - cis.
13. dona	e - i Dó-mi-ne.
14. lú - - - - - - - - -	ce - at e - i.

8. In sanctitáte, et justítia coram ipso: ómnibus diébus nostris.	*8. In holiness and justice before Him: all our days.*
9. Et tu, puer, Prophéta Altíssimi vocáberis: præíbis enim ante fáciem Dómini paráre vias ejus.	*9. And thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Most High: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways.*
10. Ad dandam sciéntiam salútis plebi ejus: in remissiónem peccatórum eórum:	*10. To give to His people the knowledge of salvation: unto the remission of their sins.*
11. Per víscera misericórdiæ Dei nostri: in quibus visitávit nos, óriens ex alto:	*11. Through the bowels of the mercy of our God: in which the Orient from on high hath visited us:*
12. Illumináre his, qui in ténebris et in umbra mortis sedent: ad dirigéndos pedes nostros in viam pacis.	*12. To enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to direct our feet into the way of peace.*
13. Réquiem ætérnam dona ei Dómine.	*13. Eternal rest give to him (her) O Lord.*
14. Et lux perpétua lúceat ei.	*14. And let perpetual light shine ou him.(her)*

(Canticle of Zachary St. Luke I)

379

O Salutaris Hostia


1
O Sa - lu - tá - ris Hó - sti - a, Quæ cæ - li
pan - dis ó - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho - stí - li - a,
Da ro - bur, fer au - xí - li - um. A - - men.

1. O Salutáris Hóstia,
Quæ cæli pandis óstium:
Bella premunt hostília,
Da robur, fer auxílium.

2. Uni Trinóque Dómino
Sit sempitérna glória:
Qui vitam sine término
Nobis donet in pátria.
Amen.

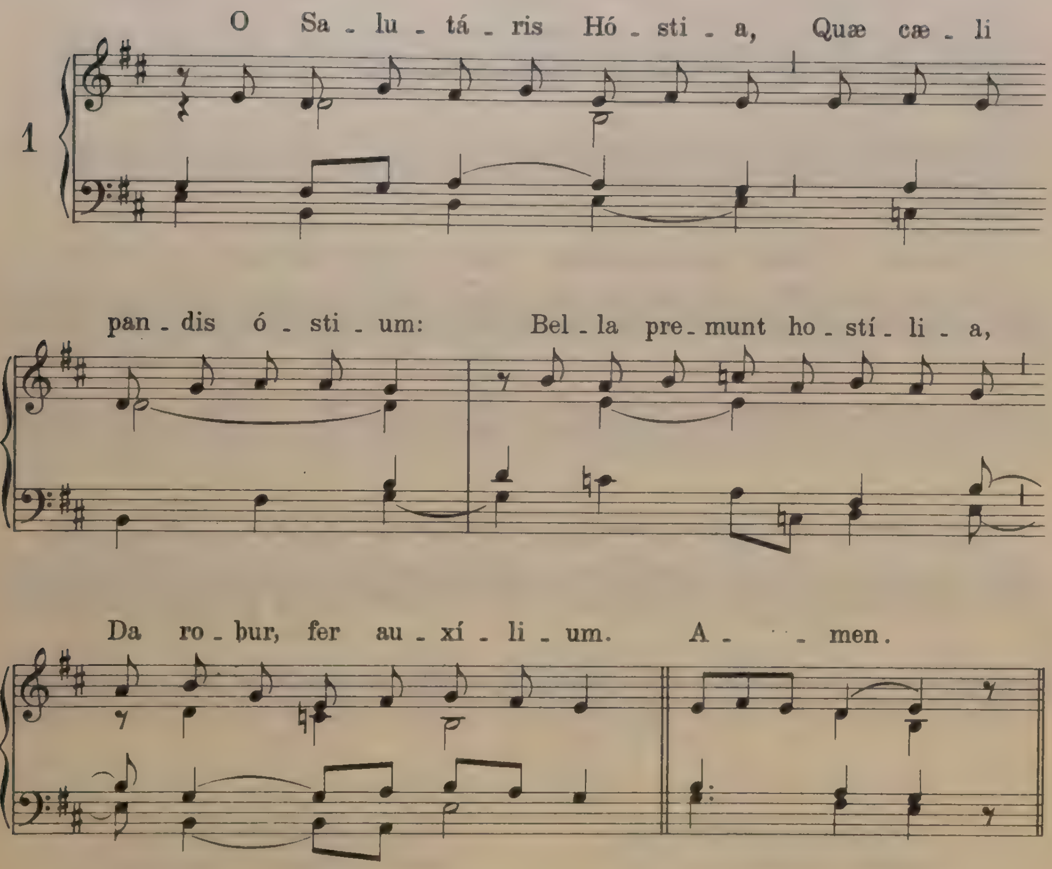
1. O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

2. To Thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three,
O grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee.
Amen.

(*St. Thomas Aquinas* † 1274)

380

O Salutaris Hostia


1
O Sa - lu - tá - ris Hó - sti - a, Quæ cæ - li
pan - dis ó - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho - stí - li - a,
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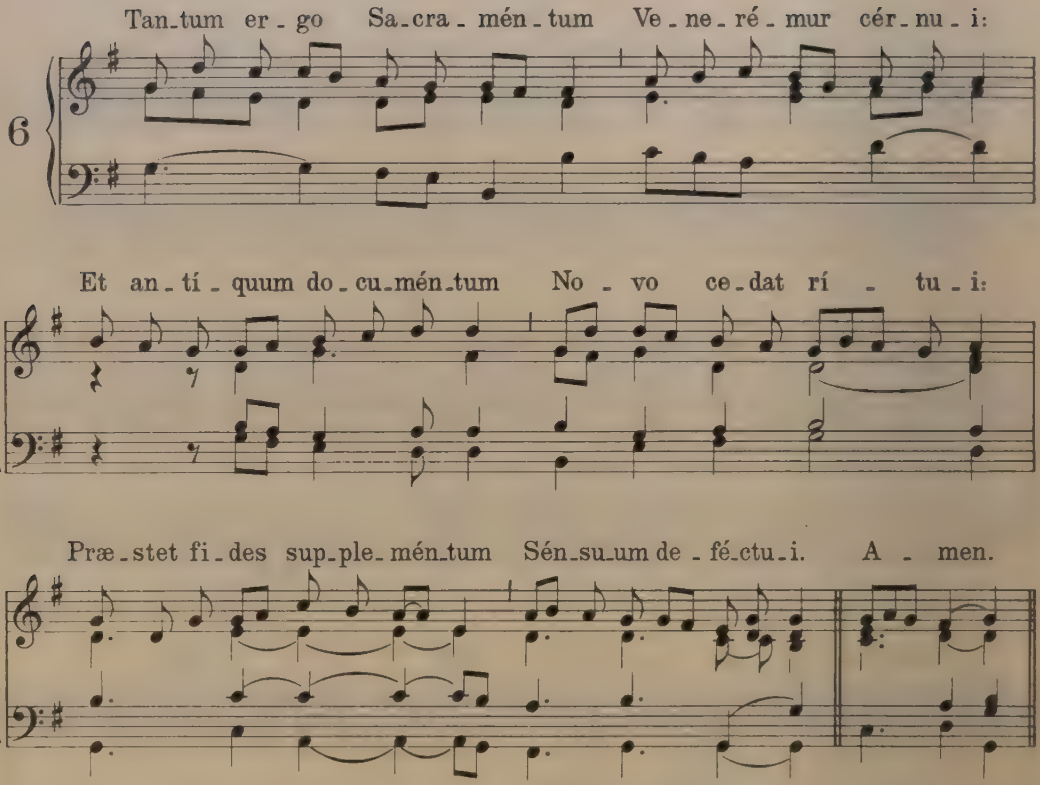
2. To Thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three,
O grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee.
Amen.

(St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274)

381

Tantum ergo


6
Tan_tum er_go Sa_cra_mén_tum Ve_ne_ré_mur cér_nu_i:
Et an_tí_quum do_cu_mén_tum No_vo ce_dat rí_tu_i:
Præ_stet fi_des sup_ple_mén_tum Sén_su_um de_fé_ctu_i. A_men.

1. Tantum ergo Sacraméntum
Venerémur cérnui:
Et antíquum documéntum
Novo cedat rítui:
Præstet fides suppleméntum
Sénsuum deféctui.

2. Genitóri, Genitóque
Laus et jubilátio:
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedíctio:
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudátio.
Amen.

1. Down in adoration falling,
Lo, the Sacred Host we hail:
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail.

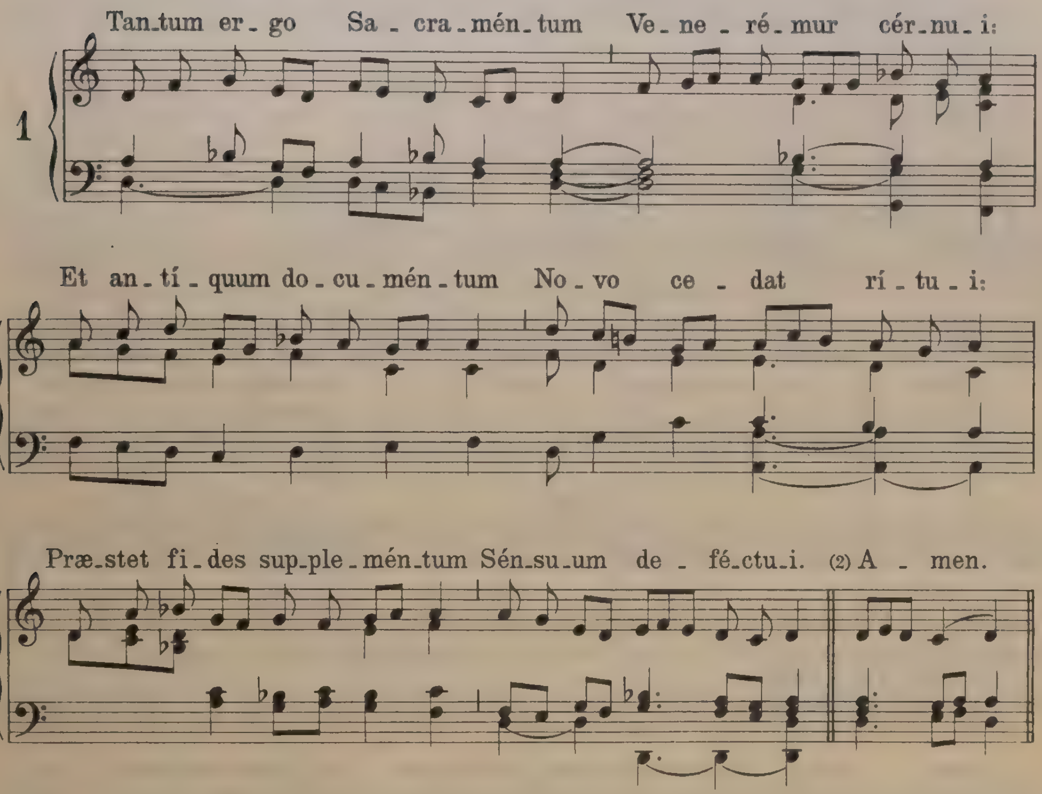
2. To the Everlasting Father,
And the Son Who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each eternally,
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
Might, and endless majesty.
Amen.

(*St. Thomas Aquinas* +1274)

382

Various

Tantum ergo


1
Tan_tum er_go Sa_cra_mén_tum Ve_ne_ré_mur cér_nu_i:
Et an_tí_quum do_cu_mén_tum No_vo ce_dat rí_tu_i:
Præ_stet fi_des sup_ple_mén_tum Sén_su_um de_fé_ctu_i. (2) A_men.

1. Tantum ergo Sacraméntum
Venerémur cérnui:
Et antíquum documéntum
Novo cedat rítui:
Præstet fides suppleméntum
Sénsuum deféctui.

2. Genitóri, Genitóque
Laus et jubilátio:
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedíctio:
Procedénti ab utróque
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And the Son Who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each eternally,
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
Might, and endless majesty.
Amen.

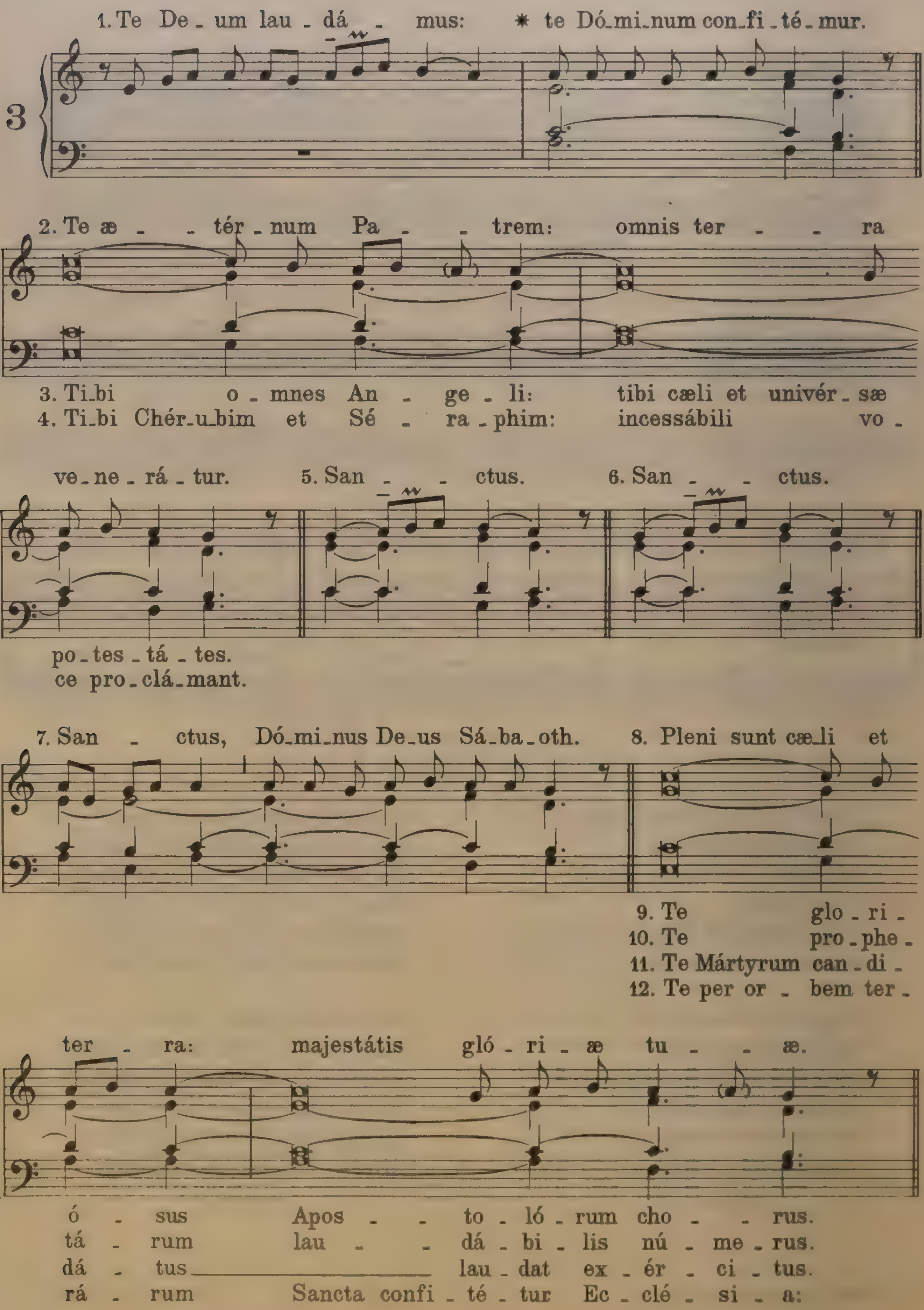
(*St. Thomas Aquinas* †1274)

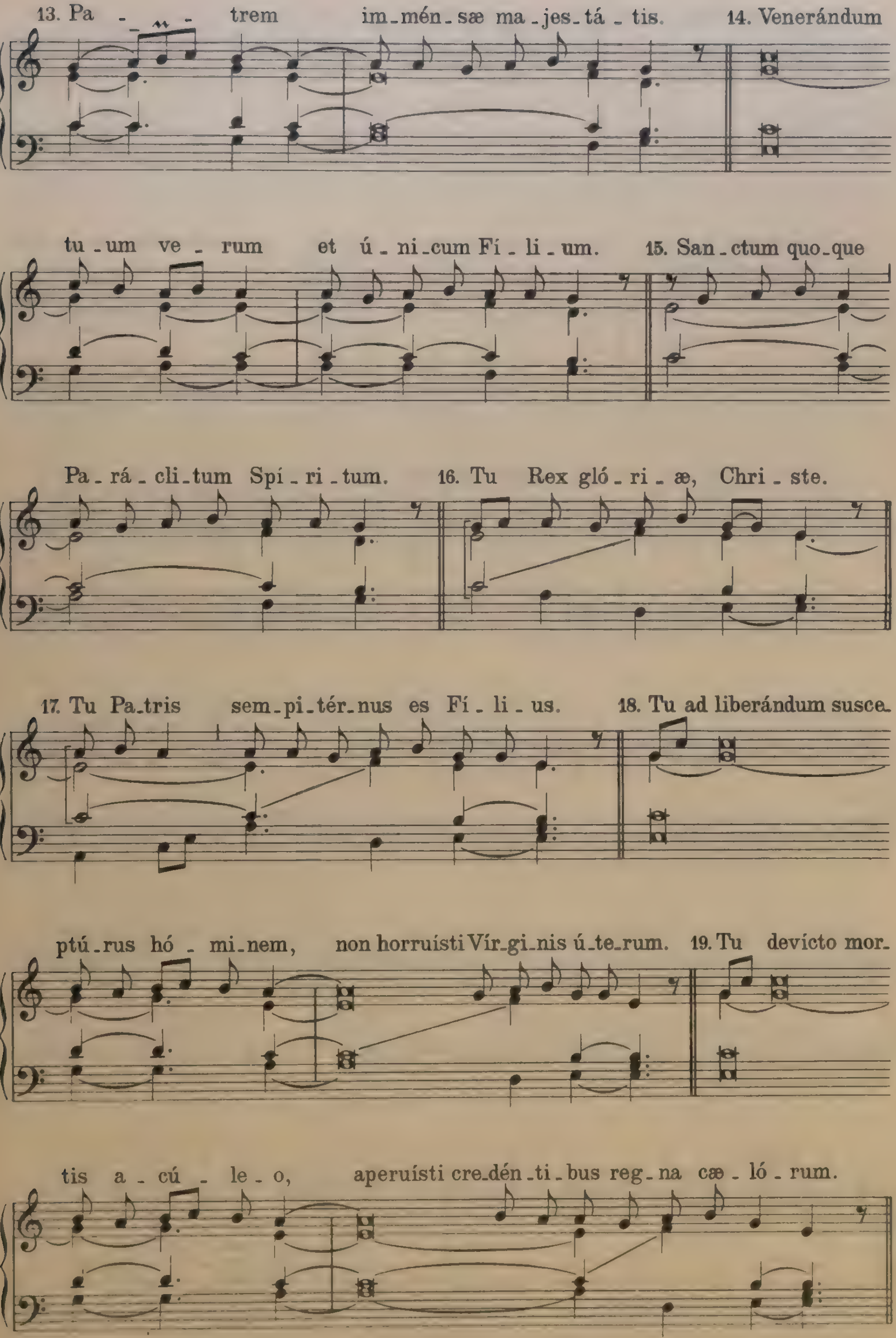
383

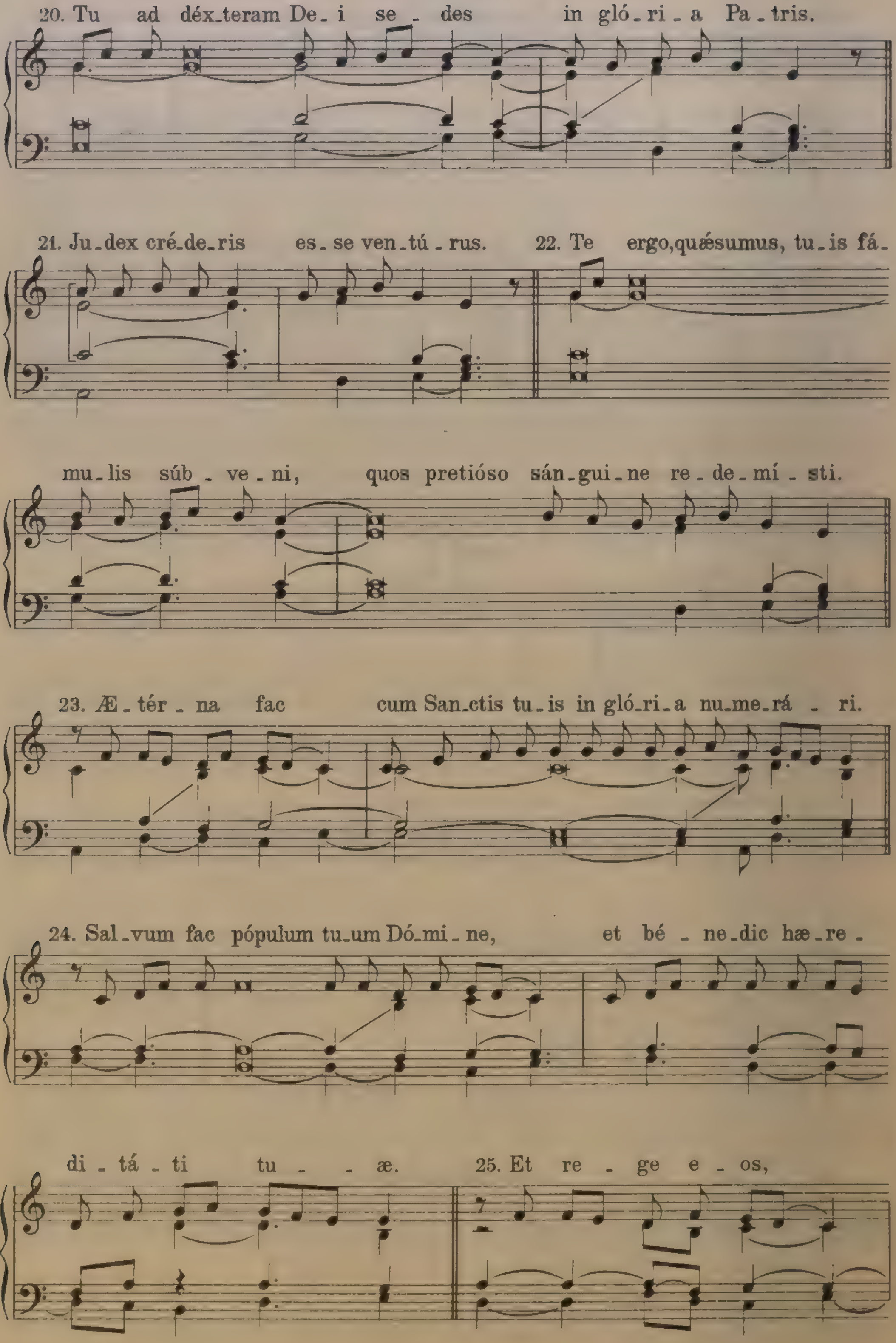
Various

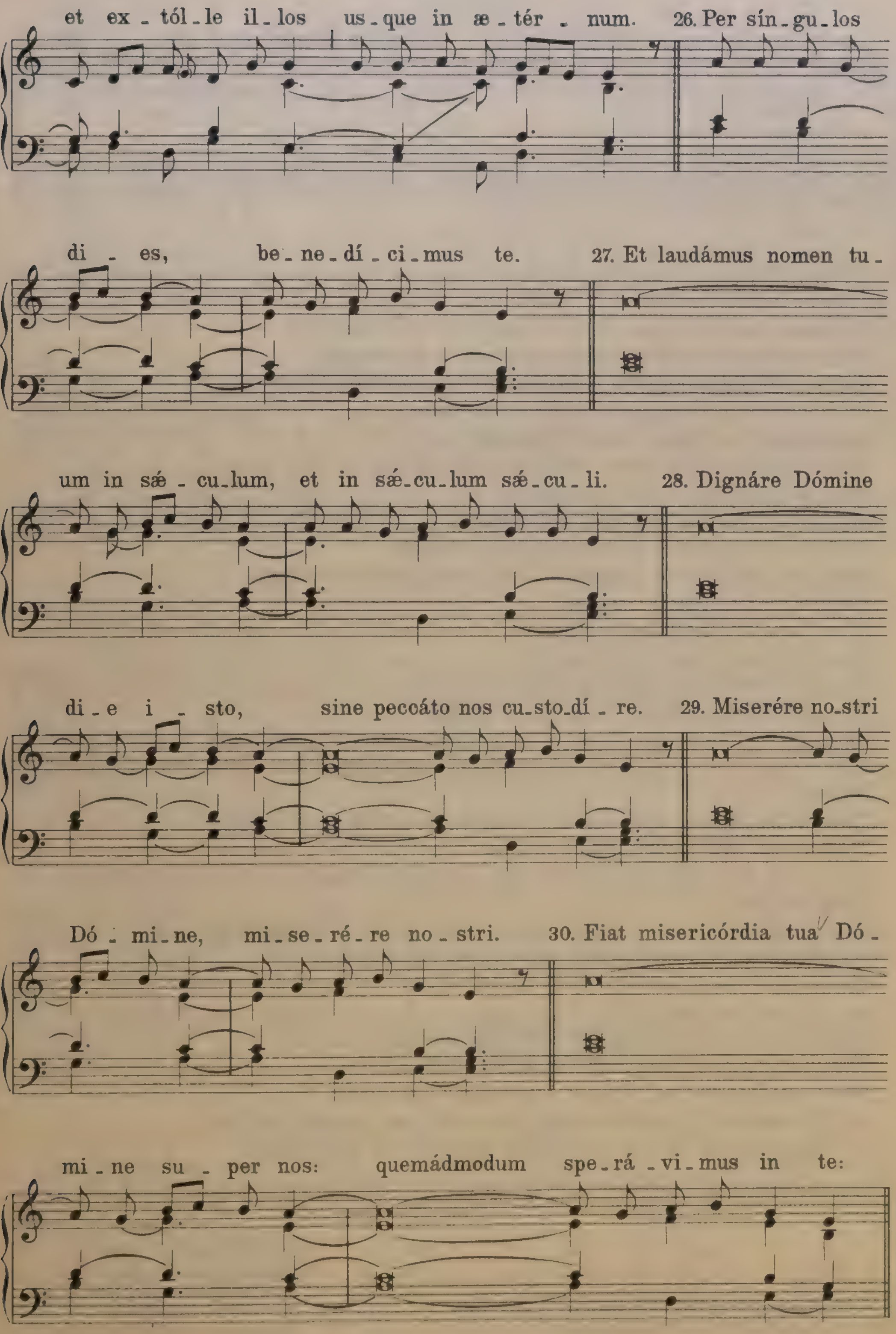
Te Deum laudamus

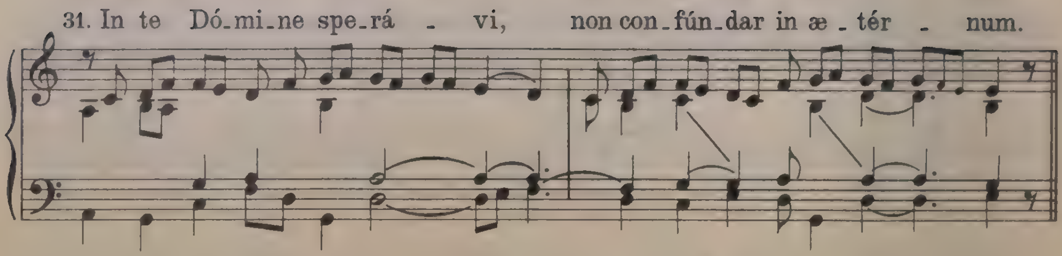
Simple Tone


1. Te De - um lau - dá - mus: * te Dó-mi-num con-fi-té-mur.
3
2. Te æ - tér - num Pa - trem: omnis ter - ra
3. Ti-bi o - mnes An - ge - li: tibi cæli et univér - sæ
4. Ti-bi Chér-u-bim et Sé - ra - phim: incessábili vo -
ve-ne-rá-tur. 5. San - ctus. 6. San - ctus.
po-tes-tá-tes.
ce pro-clá-mant.
7. San - ctus, Dó-mi-nus De-us Sá-ba-oth. 8. Pleni sunt cæ-li et
9. Te glo - ri -
10. Te pro - phe -
11. Te Mártyrum can - di -
12. Te per or - bem ter -
ter - ra: majestátis gló - ri - æ tu - æ.
ó - sus Apos - to - ló - rum cho - rus.
tá - rum lau - dá - bi - lis nú - me - rus.
dá - tus laudat ex - ér - ci - tus.
rá - rum Sancta confi - té - tur Ec - clé - si - a:


13. Pa - trem im-mén-sæ ma-jes-tá-tis. 14. Venerándum
tu-um ve-rum et ú-ni-cum Fí-li-um. 15. San-ctum quo-que
Pa-rá-cli-tum Spí-ri-tum. 16. Tu Rex gló-ri-æ, Chri-ste.
17. Tu Pa-tris sem-pi-tér-nus es Fí-li-us. 18. Tu ad liberándum susce-
ptú-rus hó-mi-nem, non horruísti Vír-gi-nis ú-te-rum. 19. Tu devícto mor-
tis a-cú-le-o, aperuísti cre-dén-ti-bus reg-na cæ-ló-rum.


20. Tu ad déx_teram De_i se_des in gló_ri_a Pa_tris.
21. Ju_dex cré_de_ris es_se ven_tú_rus. 22. Te ergo,quæsumus, tu_is fá_
mu_lis súb_ve_ni, quos pretióso sán_gui_ne re_de_mí_sti.
23. Æ_tér_na fac cum San_ctis tu_is in gló_ri_a nu_me_rá_ri.
24. Sal_vum fac pópulum tu_um Dó_mi_ne, et bé_ne_dic hæ_re_
di_tá_ti tu_æ. 25. Et re_ge e_os,


et ex - tól - le il - los us - que in æ - tér - num. 26. Per sín - gu - los
di - es, be - ne - dí - ci - mus te. 27. Et laudámus nomen tu -
um in sǽ - cu - lum, et in sǽ - cu - lum sǽ - cu - li. 28. Dignáre Dómine
di - e i - sto, sine peccáto nos cu - sto - dí - re. 29. Miserére no - stri
Dó - mi - ne, mi - se - ré - re no - stri. 30. Fiat misericórdia tua Dó -
mi - ne su - per nos: quemádmodum spe - rá - vi - mus in te:


31. In te Dó-mi-ne spe-rá - vi, non con-fún-dar in æ - tér - num.

We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
Thee the Father everlasting, all the earth doth worship.
To Thee all Angels; to Thee, the Heavens and all the powers;
To Thee, the Cherubim and Seraphim continually cry:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
The heavens and the earth are full: of the majesty of Thy glory.
Thee, the glorious choir of Apostles;
Thee, the admirable company of Prophets;
Thee, the white-robed army of Martyrs praise.
Thee, the Holy Church throughout the world doth acknowledge
The Father of infinite majesty:
Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete.
Thou, O Christ, art the King of Glory.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
Thou, having taken upon Thee to deliver man, didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.
Thou, having overcome the sting of death, hast opened to believers the kingdom of Heaven.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.
Thou, we believe, art the Judge to come.
We beseech Thee therefore to help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine inheritance.
And govern them, and lift them up, for ever.
Day by day, we bless Thee,
And we praise Thy Name for ever: yea, for ever and ever.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day: to keep us without sin.
Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us.
Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us; as we have trusted in Thee.
In Thee, O Lord, have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

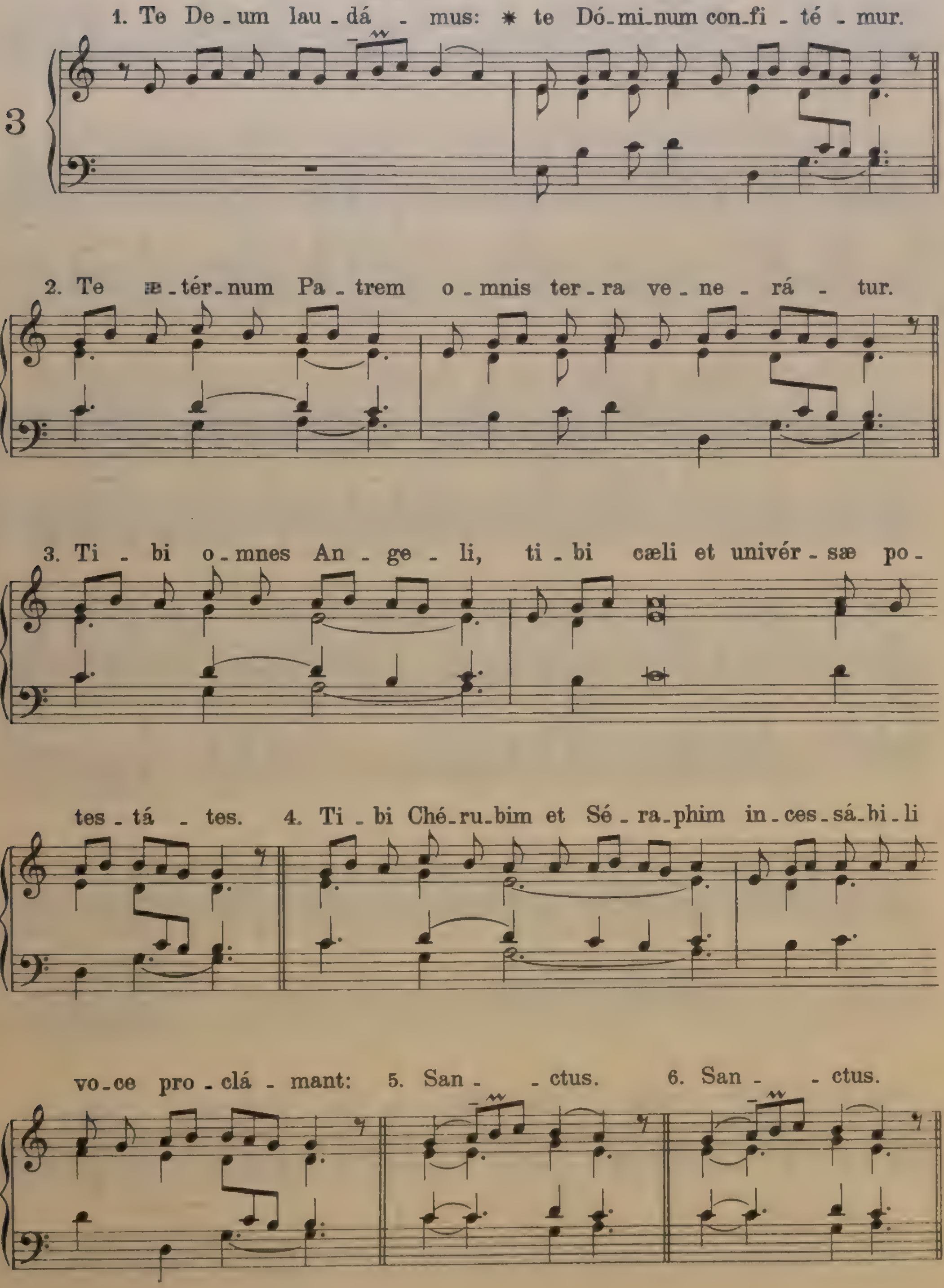
(*St. Ambrose Bp. of Milan* † 397
and St. Augustine Bp. of Hippo † 430)

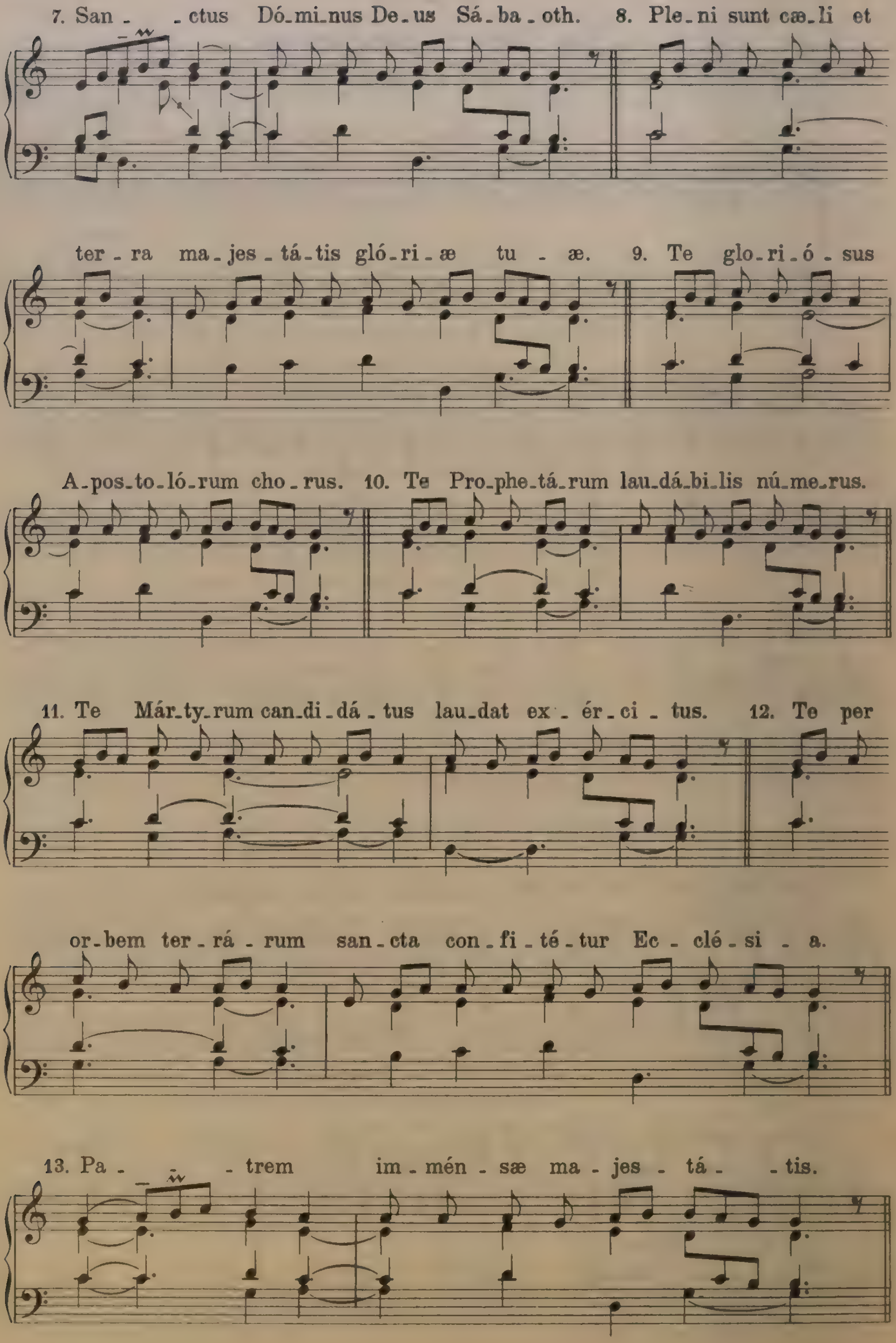
(*From "Chants des Saluts et des Processions" by Le Guennant with permission of the Editor.
Vve. L. J. Biton
St. Laurent-sur-Sèvre, France*)

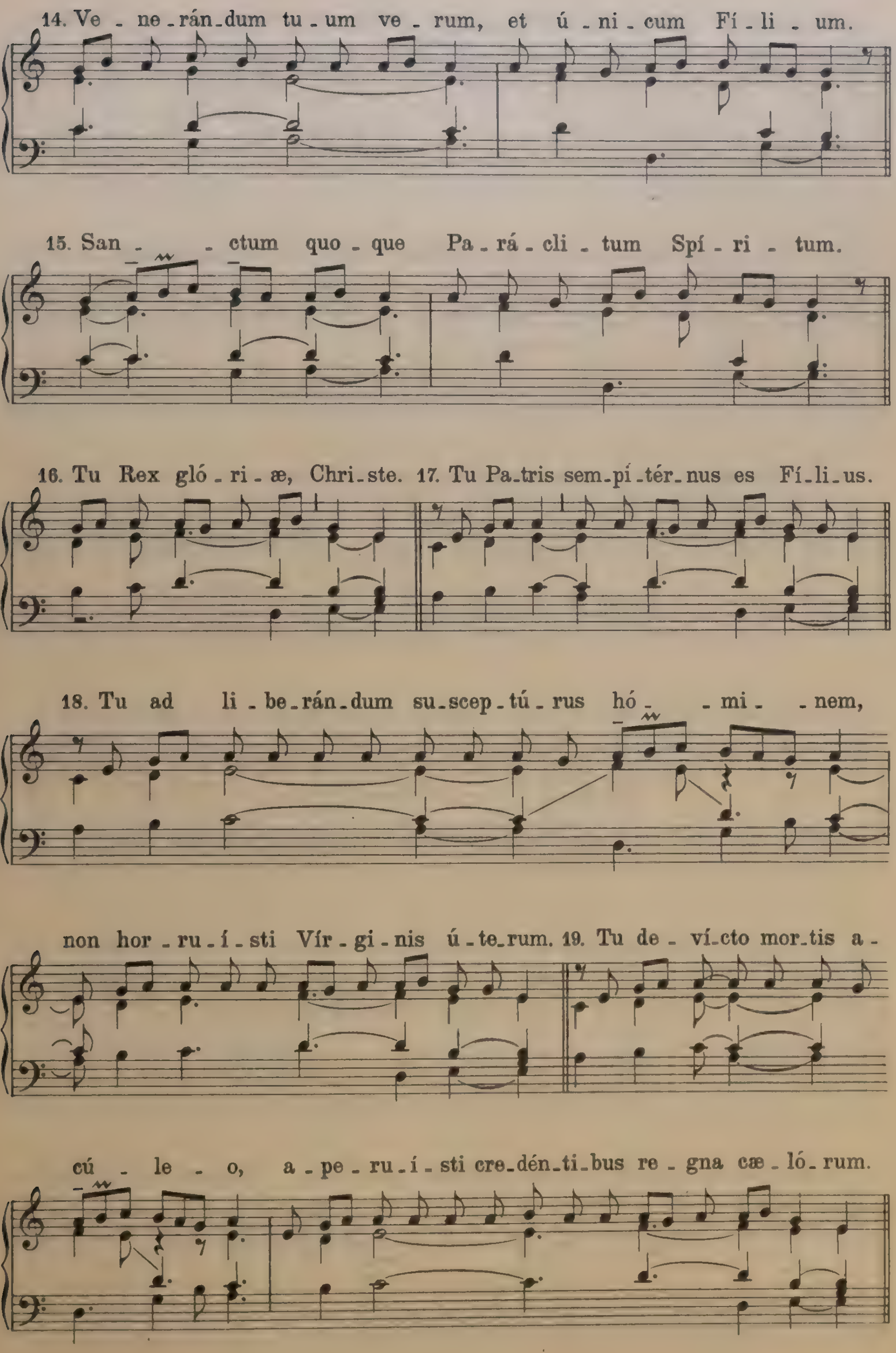
384

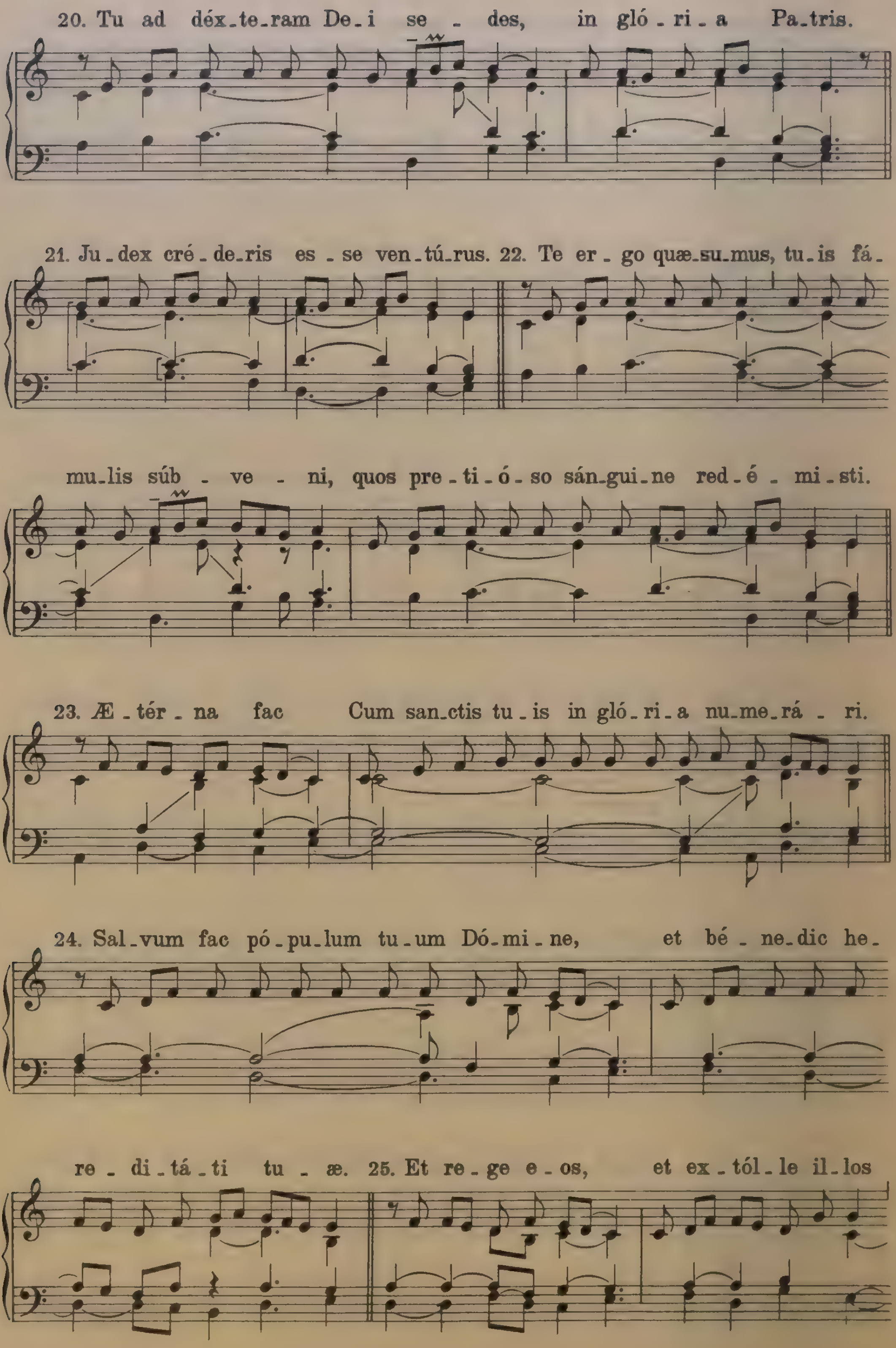
Te Deum laudamus

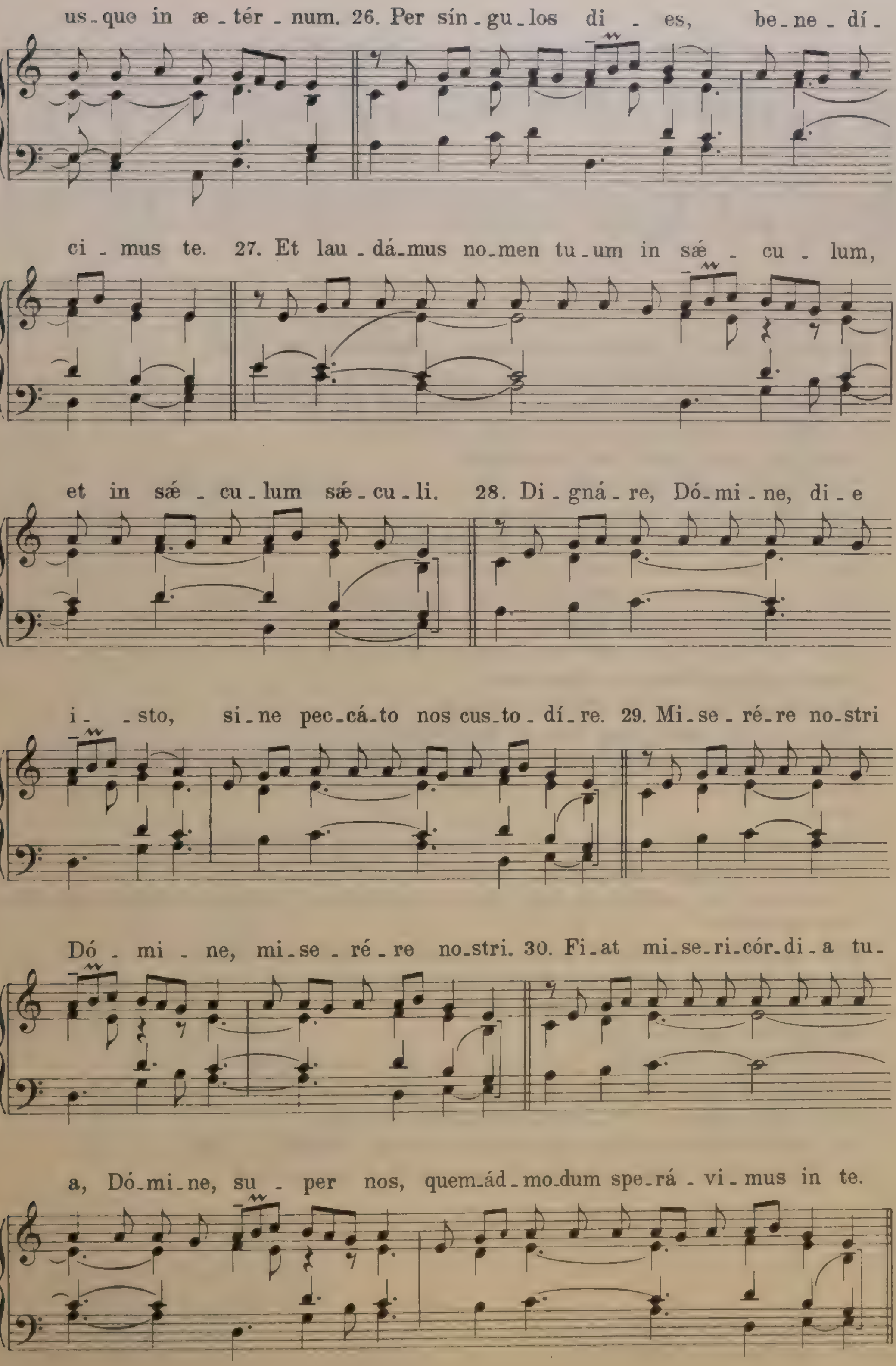
Solemn Tone

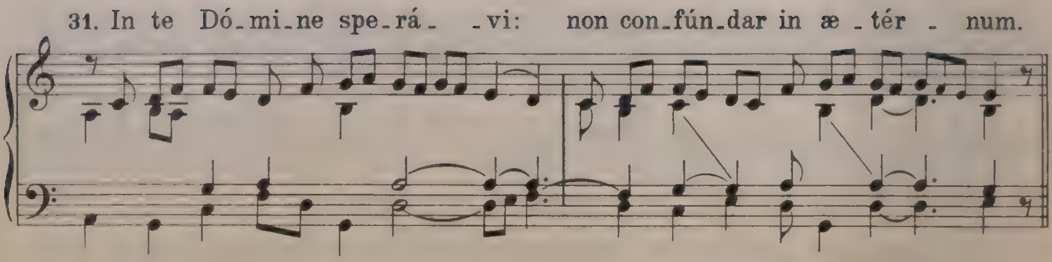

3
1. Te De-um lau-dá - mus: * te Dó-mi-num con-fi - té - mur.
2. Te æ-tér-num Pa-trem o-mnis ter-ra ve-ne - rá - tur.
3. Ti - bi o-mnes An - ge - li, ti - bi cæli et univér - sæ po-
tes - tá - tes. 4. Ti - bi Ché-ru-bim et Sé - ra-phim in-ces-sá-bi-li
vo-ce pro-clá - mant: 5. San - ctus. 6. San - ctus.


7. San - ctus Dó-mi-nus De-us Sá-ba-oth. 8. Ple-ni sunt cæ-li et
ter-ra ma-jes-tá-tis gló-ri-æ tu-æ. 9. Te glo-ri-ó-sus
A-pos-to-ló-rum cho-rus. 10. Te Pro-phe-tá-rum lau-dá-bi-lis nú-me-rus.
11. Te Már-ty-rum can-di-dá-tus lau-dat ex-ér-ci-tus. 12. Te per
or-bem ter-rá-rum san-cta con-fi-té-tur Ec-clé-si-a.
13. Pa - trem im-mén-sæ ma-jes-tá-tis.


14. Ve - ne - rán - dum tu - um ve - rum, et ú - ni - cum Fí - li - um.
15. San - - ctum quo - que Pa - rá - cli - tum Spí - ri - tum.
16. Tu Rex gló - ri - æ, Chri - ste.
17. Tu Pa - tris sem - pí - tér - nus es Fí - li - us.
18. Tu ad li - be - rán - dum su - scep - tú - rus hó - - mi - - nem,
non hor - ru - í - sti Vír - gi - nis ú - te - rum.
19. Tu de - ví - cto mor - tis a - cú - le - o, a - pe - ru - í - sti cre - dén - ti - bus re - gna cæ - ló - rum.


20. Tu ad déx_te_ram De_i se _ des, in gló _ ri _ a Pa_tris.
21. Ju _ dex cré _ de_ris es _ se ven_tú_rus. 22. Te er _ go quæ_su_mus, tu_is fá_
mu_lis súb _ ve _ ni, quos pre _ ti _ ó _ so sán_gui_ne red _ é _ mi _ sti.
23. Æ _ tér _ na fac Cum san_ctis tu _ is in gló_ri_a nu_me_rá _ ri.
24. Sal_vum fac pó_pu_lum tu_um Dó_mi_ne, et bé _ ne_dic he_
re _ di _ tá _ ti tu _ æ. 25. Et re _ ge e _ os, et ex _ tól _ le il_los


us-que in æ-tér-num. 26. Per sín-gu-los di-es, be-ne-dí-
ci-mus te. 27. Et lau-dá-mus no-men tu-um in sǽ-cu-lum,
et in sǽ-cu-lum sǽ-cu-li. 28. Di-gná-re, Dó-mi-ne, di-e
i-sto, si-ne pec-cá-to nos cus-to-dí-re. 29. Mi-se-ré-re no-stri
Dó-mi-ne, mi-se-ré-re no-stri. 30. Fi-at mi-se-ri-cór-di-a tu-
a, Dó-mi-ne, su-per nos, quem-ád-mo-dum spe-rá-vi-mus in te.


31. In te Dó-mi-ne spe-rá- -vi: non con-fún-dar in æ-tér- num.

We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
Thee the Father everlasting, all the earth doth worship.
To Thee, all Angels; to Thee, the Heavens and all the powers;
To Thee, the Cherubim and Seraphim continually cry:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
The heavens and the earth are full: of the majesty of Thy glory.
Thee, the glorious choir of Apostles;
Thee, the admirable company of Prophets;
Thee, the white-robed army of Martyrs praise.
Thee, the Holy Church throughout the world doth acknowledge
The Father of infinite majesty:
Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete.
Thou, O Christ, art the King of Glory.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
Thou, having taken upon Thee to deliver man, didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.
Thou, having overcome the sting of death, hast opened to believers the kingdom of Heaven.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.
Thou, we believe, art the Judge to come.
We beseech Thee therefore to help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine inheritance,
And govern them, and lift them up, for ever.
Day by day, we bless Thee,
And we praise Thy Name for ever: yea, for ever and ever.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day: to keep us without sin.
Have mercy upon us, O Lord have mercy upon us.
Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us; as we have trusted in Thee.
In Thee, O Lord, have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

(*St. Ambrose Bp. of Milan* + 397
and St. Augustine Bp. of Hippo + 430)

***(From "Chants des Saluts et des Processions" by Le Guennant with permission of the Editor.
Vve. L. J. Biton
St. Laurent-sur-Sèvre, France)***

GENERAL INDEX.

First Words of Hymn	Number	Page
A King when in the Crib He lay	277	304
Adeste fideles	11	19
Adorna thalamum	158	199
Adoro te devote	115	146
Adoro te devote	116	148
Adoro te devote	117	150
Ad regias Agni dapes	88	110
Alma Parens	150	188
Alma Redemptoris Mater (Simple Tone)	370 a	414
Alma Redemptoris Mater (Solemn Tone)	370 b	415
Angel of Schools	164	208
Angelus ad Virginem	179 a	224
Angelus ad Virginem	179 b	226
Anglorum jam Apostolus	165	210
Antiphons, the Great	6	10
Asperges me	374	426
Aspice ut Verbum Patris	54	67
Apostolorum strenuos	166	212
As the Bridegroom	344	380
At last Thou art come, Little Saviour	18	26
Auctor beate sæculi	137	174
Audi, benigne Conditor	65	83
Audi precor, O bona Domina	352 a	392
Aurora soli prævia	162	207
Ave Maria, gratia plena	1	2
Ave Maria, O Maiden, O Mother	361	402
Ave Maria, thou Virgin and Mother	362 a	403
Ave maris stella	159 a	203
Ave maris stella	159 b	204
Ave plena gratiæ	352	390
Ave Regina Cælorum (Simple Tone)	371 a	416
Ave Regina Cælorum (Solemn Tone)	371 b	417
Ave Verum	122	155
Behold the royal ensigns fly	82	100
Bethlehem of noblest cities	48	58
Benedictus	377	432
Benedictus (for Funerals)	378	434
Blessed Francis, holy father	263	293
Blessed Julie, hear thy children	184	231
Blessed Saint, so high in glory	297	324
Blest be the names that stand	199	242
Blest the day, the hour thrice blessed	327	363
Breathe on me, Breath of God	101	127
Christ before me	168	214
Christ be thy Light this year	40	50
Christ was born on Christmas Day	25	34
Christe sanctorum	176	221
Christus vincit	90	114
Cælestis aulæ virginum	270	298
Cælestis urbs Jerusalem	288	317
Come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams	102	128

	Number	Page
Come, O Divine Messiah	3	4
Come to Me all ye who labour	314	346
Come to the Manger	22	30
Come ye Shepherds	51	61
Concordi lætitia	368	412
Cor, arca legem continens	135	172
Cor dulce, cor virgineum	204	246
Creator alme siderum	2	3
Creator-Spirit, Lord of Grace	103	129
Crown Him with many crowns	96 a	120
Crown Him with many crowns	96 b	121
Crucis Christi	253	286
Crudelis Herodes	47	57
Custodes hominum psallimus Angelos	257	288
Custode rerum virgine	237	274
Day breaks on Temple roofs	294	322
Dear Angel, ever at my side	258	288
Dear Husband of Mary	170	215
Dear Little One	23	32
Dear Patron, who in youthful age	209	250
Dear Soldier of Jesus	231	268
Decora lux æternitatis	213	254
Decus sacrati Nominis	145	182
Deus tuorum militum (St. Stephen)	35	46
Deus tuorum militum (One Martyr)	300	328
Deus tuorum militum (One Martyr, Paschaltide)	301	329
Divine Praises	376	430
Domare cordis impetus	221	262
Ecce Panis Angelorum	123	156
Ego sum Panis vivus	119	152
Egregie Doctor Paule	155	192
En ut superba criminum	134	170
Exite Sion	56	70
Exsultet orbis gaudiis (St. John)	36	47
Exsultet orbis gaudiis (Apostles & Evangelists)	298	326
Fair are the portals of the day	283	312
Faith of our Fathers	214	256
Father of all those far-scattered sons of Christ	167	213
Father of many children	175	220
Fecunda sanctis insula	201	243
Festivis resonent	60	76
For all the sins that cause Thee pain	67	85
Forth comes the Standard	81	99
Fortem virili pectore	307	336
From day to day sing loud thy lay	356	396
From the highest heights of glory	227	266
Full of Glory, full of wonders	109	135
Full in the panting heart of Rome	216 a	258
Full in the panting heart of Rome	216 b	259
Gabriel to Mary went	178	223
Gemma lucens	208	248
Gertrudis arca Numinis	291	320
Gloomy night	27	36
Gloria, laus et honor	85	104

	Number	Page
Gloriam sacræ celebremus	58	72
Glory be to Jesus	73	91
Grant us Thy Fear	340	376
Great St. Francis, throned in glory	156 b	195
Hail Jesus, hail	218	260
Hail Mary, Pearl of Grace	355	396
Hail, Queen of Heaven	362 b	404
Hail, Thou Living Bread	131	166
Hail Wounds which through eternal years	68	86
Have mercy, Lord, on all who wait	284	314
He smiles within His cradle	26	35
Hear Thy children, Gentle Jesus	350	386
Holy Spirit, Lord of Light	100	126
How lovely are Thy tents	289	318
How to praise thee, O Mary	358	398
I dwell a captive	142	179
I lift my heart to Thee	326	362
I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high	341	377
I met the Good Shepherd	92	116
I need Thee, Precious Jesus	312	344
I sing of a Mayden	34	45
I worship Thee, sweet Will of God	342	378
In adoration bent	329	365
Inter æternas superum	173	218
In the light all light excelling	111	137
In this Sacrament, Sweet Jesus	130	165
Immensa Christi caritas	260	290
Insidens nostris peramanter aris	143	180
Is it not sweet to think?	259	289
Iste Confessor (Bishop and Confessor)	304	332
Iste Confessor (Confessor)	305	333
Jam sol recedit	104	130
Jam sol recedit	105	131
Jesus, as though Thyself wert here	66	84
Jesu Corona virginum	306 a	334
Jesu Corona virginum	306 b	335
Jesu decus angelicum	46	56
Jesu dulcis memoria	41	51
Jesu dulcis memoria	42	52
Jesu dulcis memoria	43	53
Jesu nostra Redemptio	273	300
Jesu Redemptor	13	21
Jesus, ever-loving Saviour	70	88
Jesus, Gentlest Saviour	324 a	359
Jesus, Gentlest Saviour	324 b	360
Jesus, Jesus, come to me	308 a	338
Jesus, Jesus, come to me	308 b	339
Jesus, Jesus, dearest Jesus	321	356
Jesus, long my soul's desired	320	355
Jesus, Lord, be Thou my own	331	367
Jesus, Lord, how good Thou art	319	354
Jesus, Lord, Who madest me	79	97
Jesus, my Lord, my God,... hear me	127	161
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All	126	160

	Number	Page
Jesus, Name all names above	45	55
Jesus, the dying day hath left us lonely	347	383
Jesus, the only thought of Thee	44	54
Jesus, Thou art coming	309	340
Jesus, Thou art coming	310	342
Joseph gentle, husband mine	15	22
Joy Bells	39	49
Joy, joy, the Mother comes	160	205
King of Kings and Lord of Glory	279	307
King of Kings, O Lord of Glory	280	308
Lacte quondam profluentes	240	276
Lauda Sion Salvatorem	113	139
Leader now on earth no longer	185	232
Let folly praise what fancy loves	28	37
Let sweet and holy sound	24	33
Lift up thine eyes unto the hills	261	291
Like the dawning of the morning	4	5
Little King, so fair and sweet	31 b	42
Live, Jesus, live	343	379
Long have we looked to see thy day	183	230
Lord, for tomorrow	337	373
Lord, for tomorrow	338	374
Lucis Creator	112	138
Lumen ad revelationem	158	197
Mærentes oculi spargite lacrimas	55	68
Magnificat	7	15
Magne Pater Augustine	244	278
Man of Sorrows	69	87
Maria Flos	369	412
Maria sæcli asylum	364	406
Maria quæ mortalium (June 27)	211	252
Maria quæ mortalium (May 31)	203	245
Martinæ celebri plaudite nomini	157	196
Martyr host, so dear to me	194	237
Martyrs of England	193	236
Mary from thy sacred image	212	253
Miris modis repente liber	232	269
Mother Mary, Mother dear	32	43
Mother, Mother, I am coming	366	409
Mother of Christ	31 a	40
Mother of God and Mother mine	91	115
Mother of God, we hail thy heart	365	408
Mother, the King, my Lord and thine	354	395
My God, how wonderful Thou art	108	134
My God, I love Thee	147	184
My soul doth long for Thee	311	344
My Lord, my Love	328	364
Non sola fervet pœnitens	262	292
Novus athleta Domini	234	271
O Blessed Feet of Jesus	83	101
O Bread of Heaven	129	163
O Christ, I stand beneath Thy Cross	346	382
O Christ the Glorious Crown	335	371

	Number	Page
O Christ, my Lord	323	358
O come and mourn with me	80	98
O Esca Viatorum	120	153
O filii et filiæ	89	112
O Flower of Grace	353	394
O Food that way-worn pilgrims love	132	167
O Gloriosa Virginum	238	275
O God of Loveliness	107	133
O God of Gentleness	325	361
O Godhead hid	118	151
O Heart of Jesus, Heart of God	140	178
O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord	336	372
O Jesus, Thou the Beauty art	332	368
O Jesus, through the weary night	313	345
O Jesus, what a wondrous grace	330	366
O King and Lord	133	168
O Lord, behold the suppliant band	195	238
O lux beata cælitum	53	66
O Maria, vitæ via	367	410
O Master of this house	10	18
O Mother blest	359	400
O Mother most afflicted	64	82
O Mother will it always be	360	401
O Paradise	282	310
O Pater Sancte	106	132
O quot undis lacrymarum	62	80
O Radiant Face of Jesus	235 b	273
O Sacrum convivium	124	157
O salutaris fulgens	219	261
O Salutaris Hostia	379	436
O Salutaris Hostia	380	437
O Sacred Head surrounded	71	89
O Sacred Heart	138	176
O Sacred Heart, all blissful light	139	177
O Thou, the Martyrs' Glorious King	223	263
O turn those Blessed Points	72	90
O turn to Jesus, Mother, turn	285	314
O Virgo pulcherrima	149	186
Obtulerunt	158	200
Of all Eternity's bright diadems	174	219
Omnis expertem maculæ Mariam	161	206
Once Thou wert lifted up	250	284
Once Thou wert lifted up	77	95
On the Cross lifted	78	96
Orat Gerardus, sculptilem	269	297
Out of the depths to Thee, O Lord, I cry	286	316
Pange lingua gloriosi	114	144
Pange lingua gloriosi lauream	59	74
Pater superni luminis	226	266
Placare Christe servulis (All Saints)	281	309
Placare Christe servulis (St. Gabriel)	177	222
Præclara custos Virginum	148	185
Praise to the Holiest	110	136
Praised be Jesus Christ, Our King	278	306
Praises, the Divine	376	430
Puer natus	12	20

	Number	Page
Quænam lingua	57	71
Quicumque ad astra tendere	233	270
Quicumque certum quæritis	136	173
Quicumque Christum quæritis	235 a	272
Quodcumque in orbe	152	190
Regina cæli (Simple Tone)	372 a	418
Regina cæli (Solemn Tone)	372 b	418
Regina cæli lætare (Carol)	33	44
Regis æterni, generose Miles	296	323
Regis superni nuntia	268	296
Rex gloriose Martyrum	302	330
Rorate Cæli	5	6
Sæpe dum Christi	198	240
Saint of our youth	290	319
Saint of the Cave of Bethlehem	171	216
Salutis humanæ Sator	95	119
Saint on whom the vision splendid	292	321
Salve mundi salutare	84	102
Salve, Pater Salvatoris	172	217
Salve, virilis pectoris virgo	202	244
Salvete, flores Martyrum	37	48
Salvete sacra Stigmata	252	285
Salve Regina (Simple Tone)	373 a	420
Salve Regina (Solemn Tone)	373 b	422
Sanctorum meritis	303	330
Silent Night	14	22
Sing, sing, each day	357	397
Sit Laus Altissimo	125	158
Sleep, Holy Babe	16	24
Sleep, Holy Babe	17	25
Sleep, my Little One	20	28
Sleep well, Thou tender Little Son	19	27
Soul of my Saviour	322	357
Souls of men	339	375
Stabat Mater dolorosa	61 a	78
Stabat Mater dolorosa	61 b	78
Stabat Mater speciosa	52	62
Stars of Glory	21	29
Summer suns for ever shining	247	282
Steep is the hill and weary is the road	75	93
Sweet Agnes, holy child	154	191
Sweet Jesus, sweetest memory	345	381
Sweet Jesus, Thou a Haven art	334	370
Sweet Sacrament Divine	128	162
Sweet Saviour bless us	351 a	387
Tantum ergo Sacramentum	381	438
Tantum ergo Sacramentum	382	439
Te Deum (Simple Tone)	383	440
Te Deum (Solemn Tone)	384	445
Te gestientem gaudiis	265	294
Te Joseph celebrent	169	214
Te Joseph celebrent	94	118
Te lucis ante terminum	351 b	388
Te sæculorum Principem	276	302

	Number	Page
Te splendor et virtus Patris	197	239
Tears on Thy Sacred Face, my God	76	94
The Angels sing around the Stall	50	60
The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap	30	39
The day is done and night steals on	349	385
The Lord is with thee	180	228
The Lord of Glory	316	348
The Lord of Glory	317	350
The Lord of Glory	318	352
The road is sacred all the way	146	183
The sun is sinking fast	348	384
The way is dark	187	233
They leave the land of gems and gold	49	59
Thou art so wondrous fair	363	405
Tibi Christe splendor Patris	274	301
To Jesus' Heart all burning	141	178
Tota pulchra es	224	264
Tristes erant Apostoli	299	327
Tuam Salesi prædicant	156 a	194
Tyburn's days are long forgiven	192	234
Ut queant laxis	210	251
Veni Creator Spiritus	98	122
Veni Sancte Spiritus	99	124
Veni, veni Emmanuel	9	17
Verbum supernum	121	154
Vexilla Regis	86	106
Victimæ Paschali laudes	87	108
Vidi aquam	375	428
We come to Thee, Sweet Saviour	315	347
We long to see Thee so	8	16
What a sea of tears and sorrow	63	81
When the herds were watching	29	38
When the Loving Shepherd	93	117
Who is she that stands triumphant?	215	257
Who is this cometh over the mountains?	246	280
Why is thy face so lit with smiles?	97	122
Ye Priestly Hands	74	92

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